

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

European Front

RUSSIA'S drive against Poland and Bessarabia is nullifying Germany's desperate bid for the initiative west of Kiev, where Germany seeks to restore the Dnieper line. The whole Eastern European front is exploding. Russia's carefully prepared winter campaign, which Moscow expects will smash the Wehrmacht, is being unlimbered over frozen steppes, swamps, and watercourses.

This new offensive derives its momentum from a succession of victories almost uninterrupted since mid-summer. Quickened by firm conviction that this will be the final winter push of the war in Eastern Europe, Russia's hopes are reinforced by knowledge that Britain and America are at last implementing their pledges for the second front, and by decisions taken at the series of recent conferences.

The German High Command is in a dilemma. Its effort to stop the Russians late this autumn was made possible only by stripping garrisons up and down Western Europe. The campaign has cost the Wehrmacht more than its directors bargained for. The eight armored divisions and 150,000 infantry hurled against General Nikolai F. Vatutin's forces west of Kiev, and General Konstantin Rokossovsky's lumbering steamroller west of Gomel, have both been badly mauled. Field Marshal von Mannstein's troops, in the battle of the Dnieper bend, are in worse difficulties.

The Balkans shiver

Russia's nearer approach to the Balkans worries the Nazis. The oil fields of Rumania, which supply the bulk of German aviation and motorized transport, are within long bombing range from the lower Ukraine already. Every Russian advance increases their jeopardy. As Bessarabia is penetrated, this danger will grow.

Increasing too are threats to the security of the great net of road and rail lines along the banks of the Danube. When ice halts Danube river traffic, Field Marshal von Wiek, commander of the Nazi forces in the Southeastern Balkans, must depend on these roads for his supply.

The edging of Turkey toward the Allied camp promises to place this entire German-held area at the mercy of Allied shuttle-bombing, based on three points of a triangle — Foggia in Italy, the lower Ukraine or the Crimea, and the Near East. The Bulgars, Rumanians, and Hungarians are alert to this threat. We are hearing of the flight of populations from Sofia, Bucharest, and Budapest. Everyone who can do so in the entire area is fleeing to the Balkan mountains. The wealthy are taking sanctuary in Turkey.

The Balkan plight urges the United Nations to speed assault against this vulnerable side of Hitler's "fortress." Every German satellite state in the region is seeking to get out of the war. Execution of thirty-five Bulgarian officers for mutiny, the refusal of the Bulgars to take over the policing of Albania, their flat rejection of Hitler's latest demands for levies against Russia, the desertion of Czech and Slovak regiments to the Russian guerrillas, the appearance of Rumanian soldiers as volunteers in the army of "Tito," leader of the Yugoslavian Partisans, the announcement of Hungary that she can lend no further aid to Hitler, and her loud protest that she isn't a Balkan state, anyway — here are a few noisy evidences of the growing defection from the Axis camp.

The Balkan partners of Germany are as fearful of an approaching Russia as are the German Junkers. The provisions of the Moscow agreements, which stipulate that each enemy country shall be admin-

istered by the army of the Ally which enters it first, fill them with terror. The atrocities inflicted by their armies in Russia are coming home to haunt them.

Turkey flirts

Turkey's hesitancy about entering the war is not occasioned by doubts as to who will win it. She waits until the British in the Eastern Aegean display sufficient aggressive power to assure protection of Turkish cities on the Bosphorus and Black Sea coasts from inevitable revenge bombing by the Nazis. The fiasco in the islands of Kos, Leros, and Samos, the mid-autumn lag in the Italian campaign, and the energy displayed by the Germans operating from Crete and Rhodes off Turkey's shores, seem to her to justify caution. Reconciliation of Russian and Turkish policies, and the stepping-up of Turkish preparations in Thrace after the decisive meeting at Cairo, indicate that action is near.

Should Turkey remain neutral too long, her custody of the Straits would certainly be menaced at the peace table by Russian demands which might find British support. That danger governs her decision.

Allied strategy in the Mediterranean is clarifying. Heavy reinforcements, huge naval concentrations, the presence of the whole Allied directorate of the Mediterranean effort at the Cairo Conference late in November, mean nothing less than a showdown involving the Balkans or Southern France or both.

Does all this imply that the grand smash into Europe from Britain is to be reserved as the final act? Certainly signs suggest that this blow will not be delivered until well past midwinter — unless deterioration of Germany's military and political position accelerates. One reliable gauge on the time factor is, of course, Russia's offensive. A better one is the progress of the air war against the Reich.

Germany runs for cover

As the year closes, the RAF and the American Eighth Air Force are dropping about 170 tons of bombs on Germany for every ton her flyers are able to dump over Britain, and are shooting down German planes at the rate of 11 to 1. The United States Fighter Command announces that it has doubled its strength in the past eight weeks — which means that protection for our bombers is now enormous, and that preparations for the coming invasion are speeding up.

The results of the air assault are pictured not only in the lurid inferno of Berlin. An even more significant portrayal of their consequences is to be found in accounts of social dislocation on the Continent. Germans rendered destitute by air raids exceed six million as the year ends. Some German press reports (via Switzerland) even place this figure above seven

million! A conservative estimate of the dead approaches 500,000.

Refugees are pouring into Leipzig, Halle, Vienna, and Dresden. Other droves speed to Belgium, Norway, and France. More than 100,000 a month are entering the Netherlands. Whole districts in Denmark are being cleared of inhabitants to make room for bombed-out supermen and their families.

Requisitions for quarters extend to schools, boarding-houses, hospitals, villas, public halls, and other public buildings. In every occupied country in Western Europe, homes once inhabited by Jewish victims of the Nazis are turned over to involuntary migrants from the Reich. Simultaneously, wholesale raids are conducted by the occupation authorities for furniture. Even sheds, if they are movable, are being seized.

Prelude to defeat

The ordeal by bombing has its repercussions in other directions. *Das Schwarze Korps*, the organ of the Elite Guard, is denouncing violently all Germans who tell of the raids at home in letters to soldiers at the front. At the battle areas, as well as in the occupied countries, desertions and mutinies are assuming proportions of real importance. Pitched battles have been fought recently between regular German divisions and revolting Czech, Slovak, and German mutineers. One of these involved nearly ten thousand men in a three-day engagement in Haute-Savoie.

Himmler's counter-terror is outdoing itself against obstructionists at home, against suspected Army officers, and against the patriots of the underground cadres and civilian resistance elements in the occupied countries. At Olmütz in Moravia, on the anniversary of Czechoslovakian independence, 519 Czechs arrested on a variety of charges were machine-gunned in one batch. This surpasses the grisly horror of Lidice, where the toll reached 483.

In the Netherlands sixteen Roman Catholic priests and fourteen Protestant ministers paid the death penalty within a fortnight. Confusion in France makes reliable figures regarding the muffled war there difficult to obtain. It is worthy of note, however, that recourse to assassination is more frequent in France than in any neighboring occupied territory.

The Darlan pattern

Imminence of invasion and rapidly ebbing German prestige in Europe are quickening intrigue all over the Continent. Politics and diplomacy race for position. Would-be emulators of "the Darlan technique" are in evidence in every associate member of the Axis. German home-front leaders — unable to stem public certainty of impending defeat, even though executions for "defeatism" and "obstruction and criti-

cism" approach a hundred a day — are bringing into play all their political skill to bolster morale.

Germany's aim in the political crisis of Europe still centers on salvaging her Army caste and their Junker partners, so as to preserve foundations for a post-war Reich under traditional controls. The Nazi Party is training new fifth-column experts, whose assignment, as described in reports trickling into Switzerland, is to infiltrate religious, political, social, and racial groups in the post-war world, preparing for a future German bid for power.

Renewed solidarity of the Junker-militarist combination in Germany is one of the most significant developments of the past autumn. It implies a collision with the Nazi Party hierarchy. Does the rising star of Hermann Göring mean that this Army-Junker pressure is directed at splitting the Party into moderates and last-ditch fanatics? Such a move would simplify the task of throwing Hitler and his more deeply compromised associates overboard. It might fortify prospects of success for an engineered coup designed to pave the way toward negotiations with the Allies.

Regardless of the rapprochement among Russia, Britain, and the United States, — a solidarity emphatically attested by the recent conferences, — Germany's directors still believe that fear of communism at London and Washington eventually will play into their hands.

Evidences of Allied concern lest Europe collapse into violent revolution, once the Reich yields, have not escaped Axis attention. Recent modification of strict policies toward Fascist leaders in Britain by the Churchill Government, including the release from prison of John Beckett, an official of the Fascist League, and Oswald Mosley, the chief of the British pre-war Fascist movement, are weighed in Germany with the policy of Britain and America in Italy, in North Africa toward the French Committee of National Liberation, and in Spain.

We hear of mysterious flittings by Count Franz von Papen, inveterate agent of German heavy industry and Junkerdom, from Turkey to Spain, where high officials of the German Dye Trust are encamped. There are also the astonishing theatricals at Vichy, where, as everywhere else in France, Germany calls the tune.

Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain's sudden emergence as a "convert" to democratic government (for which, during an unusually long life he has seldom concealed his contempt) fits into this pattern. The Germans see possibilities in the example of Marshal Badoglio in Italy. Observe that the main point

emphasized in the recent flurry at Vichy was the "legitimacy" of Pétain's role. Badoglio's position is similarly supported on loyalty to the Savoy dynasty — that is to say, "legitimacy."

What might Germany expect to achieve through rehabilitation of Pétain? The scheme might produce a split in the unity of Occupied France against the Reich, or a return of the pre-war appeasement politicians. It might break apart the French Committee of National Liberation, even if it failed of more ambitious objectives. Achievement of even part of this program would have obvious utility as the hour of invasion draws nearer.

How shall Europe be ruled?

The affair of Lebanon and Syria emphasizes the precarious position occupied by the French Empire in a world ruthlessly embattled. It points likewise to disquieting trends in the policies of Britain and the United States. Every small partner of the United Nations group is watching this episode in contemporary power politics with disrelish and disquiet.

That French relations with Britain and the United States are recklessly worsened by this whole business is certain. The object lesson given the less powerful members of the United Nations family is equally clear. Nor are they alone disturbed.

The drift of the Big Three toward arbitrament of the affairs of continental Europe, without adequate participation of smaller nations in decisions affecting them, is eliciting sharp warnings from the conservative London *Economist*, from diplomats as well versed in the realities of our times as Mr. Sumner Welles, from statesmen as notable as Marshal Jan Smuts.

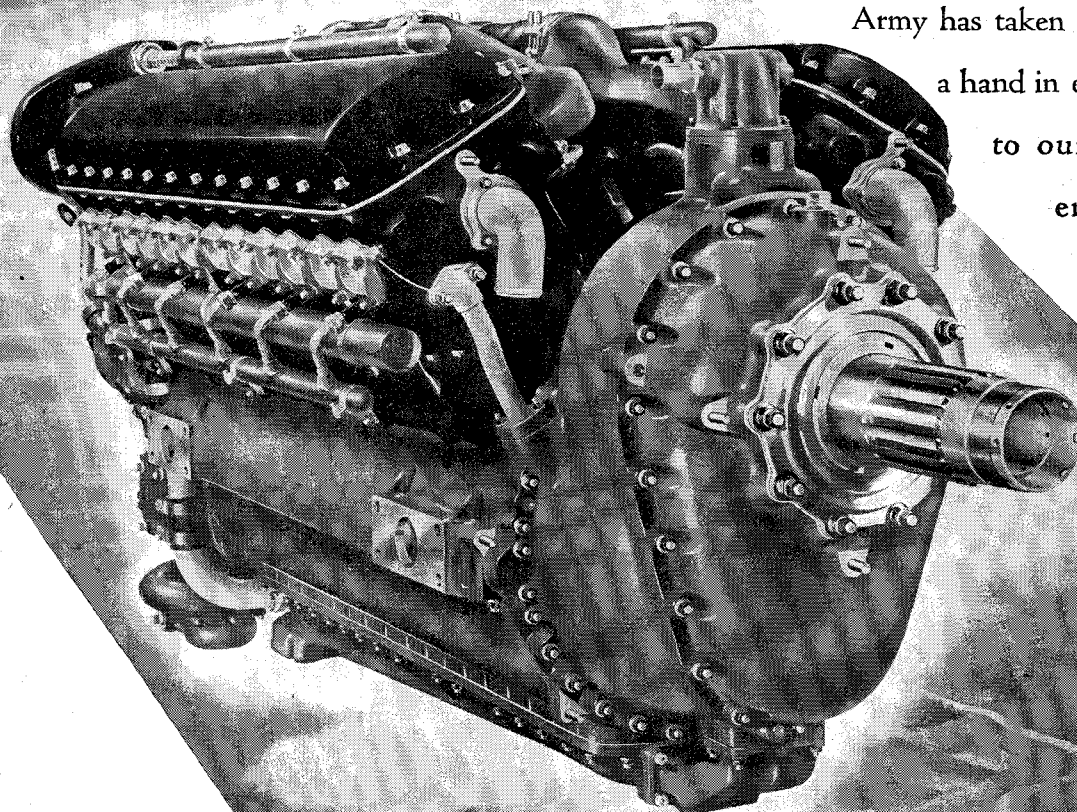
Toward "an enduring peace"

The future of small nations drew attention from the conferees at Teheran. Both communiqués issuing from the conference referred to the matter. "We shall seek," declared the leaders of Russia, Britain, and the United States, "the coöperation and active participation of all nations, large and small, whose peoples in heart and in mind are dedicated, as are our own peoples, to the elimination of tyranny and slavery, oppression and intolerance. We will welcome them as they may choose to come into a world family of democratic nations."

Achieving a genuine coöperative effort broad enough to ensure a proper voice for the smaller sovereignties in any reconstruction of the Continent promises to be exceedingly difficult. Exclusively tripartite decrees issued by Britain, Russia, and the United States through their representatives on the Committee established at London will not be enough. Here is a real challenge to statesmanship.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

The Pacific War

THE return of the *Gripsholm* on the same day that Roosevelt, Chiang, and Churchill released a statement of the results of their conference brought home to Americans how long these two years have been since Pearl Harbor.

We could face this boatload of refugees from the Prosperity Sphere, that greatest of all abstractions and most vivid of realities, with more pride in our accomplishment than we had when the *Gripsholm* made its first trip. We are now driving the enemy back. Our seizure of the military initiative is part of the unfolding of the grand strategy laid down in the early days of defeat.

One year ago we were strong enough to announce the real losses which we suffered at Pearl Harbor; today we have twice as many ships in commission as we had in January of 1943. Admiral Nimitz is more than keeping his promise of November 11: "Our time has come to strike; henceforth we propose to give the Jap no rest anywhere."

The Japanese, far from drawing advantage from their German alliance, are suffering from the application in the Pacific of experience and techniques learned in the fighting in Europe. They are watching also the relentless pounding of Europe's cities from the air and are drawing their own conclusions. The tide has turned in our favor.

Considering our position in December, 1942, and our share in the European war, this is a tremendous achievement. Men who lived through Bataan, and hoped against hope for convoys which never reached there, remember with bitterness our willingness to take tremendous losses in pushing through convoys to Murmansk. Others returning from the East find it hard to forgive us the strategy of defeating Hitler

first. But the relevant answer to this is the fact that the bulk of American forces has always been allocated to the Pacific. General MacArthur now has at his command larger land forces than the Allies are employing in Italy.

Near enough to strike

It took over a year to get these forces near enough to the Japanese to strike. For twelve long months a few thousand Japanese on Attu and Kiska immobilized hundreds of thousands of American troops in Alaska and forced us to build bases there with ships and materials which would have been very useful on other fronts. In the meantime the Japanese had plenty of time to refortify their northern approaches to Japan, which the development of our Alaskan outpost now puts us in a position to attack.

But surely, it is asked, the Philippines could have been relieved if units of the Atlantic fleet had been withdrawn for use in the Pacific? The feeling, so carefully fostered in some quarters, that President Roosevelt betrayed the Philippines will undoubtedly persist, if only because it is useful to unscrupulous politicians. But in the light of what we know now, and of what our General Staff knew then, few things could have helped the Axis more than a diversion of all American naval and military strength to the Pacific.

Thanks to MacArthur

We owe a great deal to MacArthur for his brilliant recovery of the initiative in New Guinea. The successful seizure of Guadalcanal was as important to the Pacific war as was El Alamein to the European.

The only effective strategy possible against Japan was to prepare for a contracting circle of offense. For this we had to clear the Aleutians, prepare a new

fleet for Pacific waters, build up Australia as a base, assist in developing the industry of India, keep open the air route to China, and hold the Nazis.

At no time could we have thrown our whole weight behind any single drive against the Japanese Empire. The best results would come by waiting for the time when the Japanese could be hit from many directions at once. That process began in November with the Bougainville campaign, the attack on the Gilberts, the bombing of Formosa, and the stepping-up of patrol activity in Northern Burma. We have to use as many as possible of the "many roads to Tokyo."

Evidence increases that we have convinced not only ourselves, but also the enemy, of the turning of the tide. The suicide of Seigo Nakano, an old enemy of Tojo and a violent as well as articulate expansionist, was perhaps a straw in the wind. Returning repatriates feel convinced that the Japanese see little hope of victory. Certainly many Japanese nationals in China are applying for passage back to Japan. It is also significant that the Japanese public was not asked to celebrate the sacrifice of several thousand Imperial marines on Tarawa with the same orgy of masochism as was whipped up for Attu.

Japan's ships go down

Since Pearl Harbor we have sunk more than two and a half million tons of Japanese merchant shipping. Junks and wooden vessels now ply the routes once served by modern cargo ships. To cover up their inability to exploit the Co-prosperity Sphere in the way they had planned, the Japanese are fobbing off on their newly "independent" satellites the theory of self-sufficiency.

Our first fears of Japan were based on the assumption that she could bring the raw materials of her empire back to Japan. If the present rate of sinkings continues, this will become increasingly difficult. Today Japan is without enough shipping to distribute food from areas where it is plentiful to those which are suffering from famine. Soon she will find it difficult to move essential raw materials.

The superior technological capacity of the United States is beginning to have more and more effect. Japan has a real problem in deciding where to allocate her priorities. The vigorous attack upon her shipping forced her about a year ago to put shipping first on the list of production. At the same time tremendous efforts were made to resolve the shipping problem by the construction of wooden vessels and by developing a continental rail network.

It would help Japan a great deal to be in full control of the great trunk line of China from Peiping to Canton. It is essential that she complete, as she is un-

doubtedly trying to do, a railway network linking Burma, Thailand, and Malaya.

But now, because of the success of our air offensive, Japan has changed her priorities again. Instead of asking for "one more ship" she is now asking for "one more plane." We can reasonably expect that concentration on plane production will not assist her shipbuilding program. The choice is not an easy one.

Japan tastes defeat

Growing difficulties on the industrial front may have led to the appointment of Fujiwara, a prominent industrialist, to the post of minister without portfolio. The three new cabinet advisers who came in with him, Suzuki, Aikawa, and Goto, are all industrial experts, especially the last two. Judging from the publicity which greeted them, however, it would appear that the militarists hope to gain political good will even more than increased production from their appointment. If the militarists are calling in the industrialists, they do it only out of dire necessity.

It is a long time since Japan's militarists have been able to report to the throne or to the people victories which really occurred. They probably need all the support they can get at home. In this connection we should not explain the extraordinary inventions of naval victories in November purely in terms of the weakened domestic position of the militarists.

Those claims were also a very shrewd blow at the credibility of our own naval communiqués. Japanese propaganda, which is admittedly based on the short-term view, certainly showed a short-term triumph which lasted until the occupation of the Gilberts. As it is, the course of events so rapidly disproved Japanese claims that they have gone far to restore the credibility of Mr. Knox, whose contrasting Pearl Harbor announcements of 1941 and 1942 have provided the Japanese with so much ammunition for propaganda.

The time when we shall test the efficiency of the Japanese militarists in Greater East Asia is already at hand. We wonder how successful they have been in persuading the masses under their rule to accept the words of Foreign Minister Shigemitsu, that "Asia is our home. What is more natural than that we should defend it with our lives? Should we lose this war, we should be forever deprived of rule over our homelands. To America and Britain this war is a war for colonies — on our side it is war of independence. We are fighting for our life."

Asia for the Asiatics

There is no way of saying how successful the Japanese are going to be in turning Asiatic peoples against us. Of some significance, perhaps, is the story that came

from Makin Island. According to natives, the Japanese were afraid to give arms to the Korean laborers they had brought with them. The Japanese can hardly claim lack of time and opportunity for the indoctrination of a people they have ruled since 1910.

The incident, if true, stands out in sharp contrast to the current campaign advertising the East Asia Charter. It is perhaps an encouraging commentary on Japan's efforts to arouse Asia to fight a race war.

There is no reason for us to tremble, as some would have us, at the prospect of a race war. It is those who have a nice but not historical conscience about imperial expansion in Asia who raise the bogey of a race war in its most extravagant form.

Without going into historical arguments, surely there is no equation between "race" and imperialism. What about the Japanese themselves? They are the chief argument against the theory that the white races are alone imperialistic.

The main point about the Japanese campaign of Asia for the Asiatics is not the emphasis on race solidarity. It is that the Japanese are offering these people something to fight for, however false their program may appear to us.

Our answer to this must surely stress not the bogus but the real interests of the people of Asia. Certainly a major part of our case is that we share with the Chinese and the Filipinos, as with the Czechs and the Greeks, a fierce desire to be free from the oppression of any master race, whatever its color.

A large part of Japan's quarrel with us is that we have consistently stood for the political independence of Asiatic countries, including Japan. The passage of the Magnuson bill repealing the Chinese Exclusion Acts is further evidence of our good faith. But most important of all is the international recognition which we have insisted be given to China.

As friends and equals

The joint declaration of Roosevelt, Chiang, and Churchill did not formulate our purposes in high-sounding phrases, but it went much further than would appear on the surface. For the first time in history the head of a great Oriental country sat in conference with the heads of two Western powers.

Great Britain and the United States gave formal recognition to China's claim to Manchuria and Formosa. All three powers cleared the air by forswearing territorial expansion for themselves. A first step was taken in definition of the treatment of a defeated Japan. The vexed question of Korea came a step nearer to solution with the statement that "in due course Korea shall become free and independent."

There were many things, it is true, that the statement did not cover. There is nothing about the future of Thailand or the status of French Indo-China. There is no mention of Hong Kong, of Indonesia, or of Burma. These things will come later. The main achievement was the status and recognition given to China. The main hope that arises from all these meetings is a clarification of the relations between China and the Soviet Union in Asia.

We back China

It is no secret that the United States has been China's chief sponsor in all these international gatherings. We believe it is to our interest to do this, not out of any sentimental, traditional sympathy for China, but because we feel that the basis for peace in Asia must in the last analysis be founded on an Asiatic power.

The Far East must not be re-established as an extension of the European political system. Without a strong and friendly China there would be little hope of adjusting the Asiatic interests of the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain. When Japan has been stripped of her continental conquests, her Pacific islands, and "all other territories which she has taken by violence and greed," China at long last will have the opportunity to carve her own future.

Americans, therefore, have something more than an academic interest in the future course of Chinese development. We are in the position now of sponsoring China as an ally at a time when we are most disturbed about the political trends in that country.

Some people hold the view that China after the war will become imperialistic. These are very often the same people who express themselves most bitterly on the fighting capacities of China's armies, the alleged corruption of her officials, the political repression of the regime, and disunity within the country. But there is no reason for us to be alarmed over the course that a free China will take. If any country stands to gain by international coöperation, it is China.

Few countries have been more articulate about plans for post-war reconstruction. Many of these plans show that the Chinese themselves are keenly aware of the enormous job that lies ahead of them domestically — and all of them take international coöperation for granted.

We shall be the better able to judge the value of these paper plans as we watch the Chungking government face the greatest task of its history — the revitalization of a war-weary people in preparation for the grim days ahead. We are more interested in China's future than in her past.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Latin America

POSSIBLY the biggest bombshell tossed on the inter-American front during the war has been heaved from Washington. It was the series of charges made by Senator Hugh Butler of Nebraska, that the United States has spent six billion dollars in the past three years mainly on "boondoggling" projects in Latin America in order to buy the good will of the neighbor republics.

Instead of good will, according to Senator Butler, this program has aroused hatred and fear of economic imperialism among the neighbors. It has fostered political corruption in their governments and want among the people by disturbing their labor and social economies. Besides, accuses the Senator, most of the Latin American countries are not democracies but dictatorships — the kind of dictatorships we are supposed to be fighting elsewhere.

Exporting domestic politics

All this was much bigger news in Latin America than it was in the United States. Here inter-American programs are only a fraction of the war effort, and occasional extravagance in senatorial criticism of national policies is a familiar feature of partisan politics.

But in Latin America, all war activity hinges on the inter-American relationship. If Senator Butler's attack presaged any drastic change in that relationship — especially in its economic phases — a good many of the Latin republics might have to revise, not only a great many of their war activities in support of the United Nations, but their attitudes toward the whole scheme of inter-American coöperation from now on into the post-war world.

Furthermore, it has been a chronic fear in the southern republics for years that a change of administra-

tion in the United States might mean the end of the Good Neighbor policy and a return of "dollar diplomacy" with all that it once implied of military interventions and imperialistic pressures in the weaker Latin nations.

Consequently, when a Senator of the party opposed to the Administration uses all the weapons at his command to discredit and destroy the Good Neighbor policy as it is now applied, all these fears are revived and widely disseminated. Necessarily, too, all the pro-Axis and anti-Gringo elements in the various republics — and every republic has some of them in influential political spots — are encouraged by the Butler charges to attack their own governments' policies of collaboration with the United States.

The Butler bombshell, then, was an even heavier shock to Latin America than the Argentine militarist revolution of last summer. The Argentine coup concerned only Argentina and, in varying degrees, three or four of her nearest neighbors. But the Butler charges, if they could conceivably lead to an about-face in Washington's inter-American politics and a withdrawal from other outstanding inter-American commitments, would concern pretty nearly everything that has been built up during the past ten years in inter-American understanding.

Senator McKellar retorts

What are the chances that Senator Butler's charges will have any such effect? In the first place, his charges lack some of the practical impact of strict accuracy. The figure of six billion dollars he used as an overall total for our expenditures in Latin America for all agencies dealing with the southern republics was boiled down, in an initial reply made by Senator McKellar of Tennessee, to something nearer two billion dollars, of which more than one billion dollars

has been paid out for essential war supplies duly purchased and received. The bulk of the remaining billion, according to Senator McKellar, has been put out either in loans or in indirect expenditures for the improvement of the facilities of the Latin republics for producing war supplies rapidly.

There were even more striking inaccuracies in Senator Butler's accounts of the wages paid to Latin American labor on war supply and other projects at Washington's expense. In general, wage scales somewhat higher than the previously prevailing ones have been paid, partly for the "good will" effect on the people in the producing areas and partly to adjust workers' incomes to the general wartime rise in prices from which most Latin American countries have suffered acutely. But some of Senator Butler's figures suggest that he actually mistook wages paid in depreciated local currencies for dollars.

A further calculation neglected in the Butler charges is the fact that a good deal of the money put out for physical improvement of production facilities has been supplied in the form of loans — many of them good loans. Some of them are so good, in fact, that they have been repaid already. Others should not be too difficult to take care of during the post-war adjustment period, if only because of the huge dollar balances which the Latin American states are piling up in the United States in the wake of their immense shipments here of vital war supplies.

In other words, the Butler suggestions of wasted billions tend to shake down in most cases to an exhibition of heavy, but not abnormally heavy, wartime spending.

False premises, colored conclusions

Most of the other concepts expressed in the Butler reports belong, basically, in the same category. The Nebraskan legislator learned, for example, of shocking cases in which Latin American workmen on United States projects, after collecting their first wage increase, declined to work the second half of the week or even after the first Monday night. Among expatriate Gringos who favor low wages, these stories are a dime a dozen. They are like the "coal in the bathtub" stories popular among upper-bracket groups in American localities where slum clearance projects have been instituted rather suddenly.

It depends on who the investigator is, and how he investigates, whether he determines that such abuses of access to temporary prosperity are characteristic of whole societies or are simply tidbits of gossip about individual departure from normal behavior.

Senator Butler, from this point of view, seems to have been one of those wishful investigators who can gen-

eralize from practically any particular legend to support a cherished primary thesis.

Senatorial boondoggling?

The end product, however, could be permanently damaging only in proportion to the seriousness with which the Butler reports are taken in the United States. If the Senator's charges about the uselessness of the Good Neighbor program and the spending of a minor fraction of our war funds on improving the war production capacities and the living conditions of the neighbor nations are slapped down fairly quickly by authoritative spokesmen on foreign policies in both the Republican and Democratic parties, then the chances are that Latin American leaders will quickly forget them.

If, on the other hand, the Butler reports are used as anything like the spearhead of a Republican attack on the Roosevelt administration's Hemisphere programs, a new era of distrust of Washington's Hemisphere statecraft could open almost any minute. The awakening of these latent feelings of distrust, moreover, would almost inevitably, and poisonously, affect the usefulness of the American nations at the peace table.

The truth is, of course, that the countries where Senator Butler says Americans are "hated" — for their "boondoggling" extravagances among other things — have given the Allies vital military bases and vast stores of essential war supplies, and have expelled or disciplined Axis fifth columnists. All but one of the twenty neighbors have broken relations with the Axis, and thirteen are now in some state of belligerency against our enemies. If it is true that we are "hated down there," then, as the *Washington Post* put it editorially in answer to the Butler charges, "the emotion has been well dissembled."

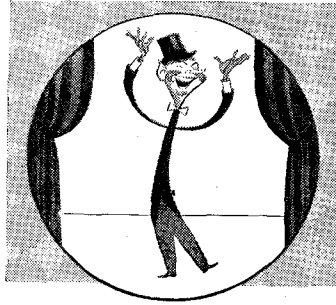
One main thing, however, is to be learned from the Butler incident, regardless of how much or how little damage it does. All that is constructive, and even much that is vitally helpful in a military sense, in the working relationship between the American nations is still perilously at the mercy of politicians and their political followers who do not understand it.

Colombia joins up

Meanwhile, to give accent to the feeling of reasonable confidence of Latin American leaders in the United States, in the very week when the Butler bombshell was being readied for discharge, another South American republic — Colombia — became a belligerent.

In mid-November there had been another U-boat sinking of a harmless Colombian schooner, the *Ruby*, with some loss of life. The Colombian government, having received neither apologies nor explanations for similar sinkings in 1942, decided that the dignity of

IS TELEVISION READY?



I am Alec Electron. I know all about Electronics, Electricity, Radio and Television. I'm here now to bring you up-to-date on Television.

1. Is Television ready?

Yes: 9 U. S. Television Stations are broadcasting regularly. There are three in New York including station W2XWV operated by DuMont, one in Schenectady, one in Philadelphia, two in Chicago and two in Hollywood. Only wartime manufacturing restrictions are retarding Television's expansion today.



2. When will new Television Receivers go on sale?

New Television sets probably will be available within 6 months after peace in Europe. Many Television sets are in use today. These were distributed before the war principally by five manufacturers, one of which was DuMont.



3. What will be the sizes of Television pictures?

Depending on the size of the Receiver, from about 8" x 10" up to approximately 20" x 24".



4. What will be the sizes of Television Receivers?

Virtually the same as radio receivers—from the size of larger portables to wide-screen de luxe console models.



5. What will Television Receivers probably cost?

The first models of Television Sight-and-Sound Receivers probably will range from \$200 to \$700.

6. How far can Television programs be broadcast?

Today, the best reception is within 60 miles of the station. Engineers hope, by using improved equipment, to have Television networks cover the whole world.



7. Will Television carry news events, sporting features and motion pictures into your home?

Yes: Television can carry any scene that cameras can record from the studio or field.



8. How perfect will Television pictures be?

Television is as good as 16 mm. motion pictures; after the war it may equal the cinema.



9. Who invented Television?

Many engineers have made valuable contributions. It was Allen B. DuMont who brought from a laboratory curiosity to commercial reality the heart of the modern Television Receiver—the Cathode Ray Tube.



10. What part will DuMont play in post-war Television?

DuMont's activities will fall in three divisions: the manufacture of fine Television Radio Receivers; operation of its own Television Stations; and manufacture of Precision Electronic Equipment for Television pick-up and transmitting stations. 3 of the 9 Television Stations regularly on the air are DuMont equipped.

Precision Electronics and Television **DU MONT**

Allen B. DuMont Laboratories, Inc., Gen. Offices and Main Plant, 2 Main Ave., Passaic, N. J. Television Broadcasting Studios and Station W2XWV, 515 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

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The Precious Memories of

DEPARTED LOVED ONES

*What Is the Best Way
of Commemorating Them?*

What form of commemoration could possibly be more fitting than that of the celestial music of a Deagan Carillon sending forth a daily message of inspiration from the tower of your church or university chapel?

What type of Memorial could be more beautiful than one which lifts the mind and touches the heart of succeeding generations of men, women and children?

What thought could be more satisfying than that of having kept alive the memory of a loved one, and at the same time having bequeathed to those who follow us a living symbol of our presence?

We have a plan by which you may arrange now for a Memorial Carillon to be installed immediately after the war. For particulars, please address Department P—J. C. Deagan, Inc., Chicago 13, Ill.



More than 425 men and women have selected a Harmonically Tuned Deagan Carillon as their means of commemorating precious memories.

LATIN AMERICA (continued)

the country required definite action. Accordingly, the Senate passed a somewhat unusual resolution to the effect that Germany had put herself in a state of belligerency with Colombia, and therefore Colombia must assume the same status.

Nevertheless, for all practical purposes it was a declaration of war. The government, functioning for the present under Acting President Echandía during the absence of President López in the United States, called up the reserves for army service. Stricter surveillance of German nationals and fifth column elements was ordered, and German property was seized as an indemnity for the losses sustained in the *Ruby* and other sinkings. Also, negotiations were initiated with Washington for Lend-Lease armament.

This last step, incidentally, may have its bearings on South America's broader politics. For instance, Colombia has by no means asked for, or received, so great a bulk of Lend-Lease arms from the United States as most of the other South American powers have claimed. At the same time, potentially disturbing conditions toward her southwestern border have undoubtedly put Colombian leaders in a frame of mind during the past few months in which larger armaments might prove desirable.

It is common knowledge in western South America that there is still bad blood between Peru and Ecuador over the old boundary dispute which was terminated, but hardly settled, by Peru's occupation of considerable border territory after an undeclared small war between the two countries in 1941. It is also common gossip in South America that "the war after the war" on the continent will consist of an attack by Peru on her weaker neighbor, either to take all of Ecuador up to the Guayas River, or, if the going seems to be good, to annex the whole republic.

New conquistadores?

Colombia, which has hundreds of miles of Pacific shoreline, naturally does not relish the idea of finding herself neighbor to a Peru of greatly increased population and resources. A conquest of Ecuador, too, would about double Peru's strategic advantages in respect to Colombia, and more than double her boundaries with Colombia.

In its deeper backgrounds, though, the Peruvian-Ecuadorian sore spot, and the tensions between Peru and Colombia over Ecuador, are the kind of issues which an effective concert of American powers, based on the Good Neighbor policy, could settle. There is no really plausible chance that a war against Ecuador, or a war over Ecuador, could occur among the South American west coast powers if the other nations of the continent actively opposed it.

But both action and unanimity would be pretty much out of the question if confidence underlying the Good Neighbor relationship between the American republics were destroyed either by some uninformed decision of the voters, or by irresponsible attacks.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Washington

How the war with Germany will end is the subject of anxious and intense discussion in Washington. Our demand at the Casablanca Conference for "unconditional surrender" was no inducement to the German military to lay down their arms. Even less inviting was the decision taken at Moscow to send back to the scene of their crimes those Germans who have committed atrocities or have taken a "consenting part" in them. But the Teheran declarations made no further mention of either condition.

Accordingly we may expect from now on that all manner of pressure will be exerted on Washington to enable the Germans to surrender under easier conditions. The pressure will be resisted, if only because of the new relation with Russia. There is a realization here, as abroad, of the vital necessity of making the Germans, military and civilian, feel they are utterly beaten.

Then the letdown

In all likelihood there will be a letdown in this country when the war with Germany is over. The prospect is disquieting because we shall still have on our hands a war with Japan. That campaign must be given the fullest kind of publicity.

It is the consensus among newspapermen here that the publicity about the Gilberts exploit marked the turning point in Navy information policy. News was released promptly. It was well written and well distributed. Some of the credit must be given to the persistent efforts of Elmer Davis and Palmer Hoyt to persuade the Navy to relax its grip on news.

Other ways to present news are under canvass. The Navy is seeking to bring back to this country more data and pictures about the savagery with which the Japanese are waging war. It is even suggested that the

Navy might take a leaf out of the Marine notebook and commission official reporters. That would be an excellent method of enlarging the flow of war news when peace news begins to take up much of the front pages.

Salute for General Marshall

Reorganization of the military command will signal that we are on the home stretch in the Atlantic. For some months back, General Marshall has been building up a staff in London. The time is appropriate to pay tribute to him. It was very fortunate for this country that he was Chief of Staff when war came. He is a great organizer. His influence percolates through the great Army which he and Secretary Stimson have created.

General Marshall is held in the highest respect by all his associates as a strategist. He won his spurs in the Philippines. He was an observer during the Russo-Japanese War. In the last war, as aide-de-camp to General Pershing, he planned the Saint-Mihiel offensive. He retains the lessons of his experience and his wide reading. He can talk well, which is unusual in a military man. Just as rare is his facility with his pen. For instance, it was left to him to prepare for Stalin the report on the Quebec Conference. There need be no doubt that as a strategist or a diplomatist Marshall is worthy to represent this country overseas.

Marshall's shoes may be difficult to fill. They are reportedly to be filled by General Eisenhower. The runner-up for the job would be the ambitious and able General Brehon Somervell.

If there is any general who approximates the quality of Marshall, it is Dwight Eisenhower. He is an organizer *par excellence*. He is the man who has really

integrated the coalition in the field. A story that Sir Hastings Ismay, Winston Churchill's Chief of Staff, brought to Washington illustrates Eisenhower's genius in this respect. Ismay wanted to meet Eisenhower's staff. One by one the officers filed into Eisenhower's office to be introduced. Some time after one of them had left the room, Ismay asked Eisenhower the officer's nationality — was he British or American? Actually Eisenhower had to scratch his head before he could answer. As Chief of Staff, Eisenhower would bring to the office the gifts and traits which make Marshall such a success at it.

Patton errors

To be sure, there is a soft side to Eisenhower. This was shown in the Patton affair, when Eisenhower failed to apply the articles of war, which called for either a court-martial or the retirement of Patton. As the *Army and Navy Journal* said, Pershing would never have made this mistake. But that was an error as a disciplinarian in the field.

The Patton case has left a huge question mark over the information policy of the War Department. It was fantastic to think that the incident could remain secret. Hundreds of thousands of men in the Mediterranean theater knew it, they communicated it to people at home, and every returning traveler passed it around.

Common sense alone dictated release of the news. The Army's ineptitude was compounded when the publication of the news met with a virtual denial from Algiers. This denial has caused more indignation with the Army than the failure to mete out justice to General Patton.

The people think they have been treated with contempt. In Congress there is the same resentment. Patton's name was before Congress for promotion, yet not a word had been said to the members about his conduct.

It is unfortunate that an impression remains of disingenuousness. Particularly at this time, with demobilization plans in the formative stage, the Army needs to be on a plane of confidence with people and Congress. Most of these plans require legislation. One of them, of course, is a scheme for at least a year of service training for the country's youth in peacetime.

Emergency spending

A similar lack of respect for the public could be charged against the War Department in the dispute over the Canol oil project in Canada. This is the first of many War Department extravagances to get an airing. The project is now under fire before the Truman Committee. The object was to have an

alternative source of oil on the Alaskan land side in case the Japanese interfered with transport by tanker. It was to be completed in a short time. Begun in April, 1942, it will not be finished till next year. Expected to cost 25 million dollars, it has already cost 100 millions, with another 30 millions due. The results are meager and can never be more than meager. Secretary Ickes says the entire project should be junked before good money is thrown after bad.

But the War Department, instead of acknowledging a mistake, issued a justification of the project on grounds of military necessity. Worse, the implication was given that the project was sponsored by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. This argument satisfied the newspapers in the Capital. It was later discovered, however, that the Joint Chiefs had not approved the project until October 26, 1943.

This fact appeared after the Truman Committee had started the investigations. Accordingly the newspapers retracted their own whitewash of the War Department, and another example of "the public be damned" publicity has been spread on the record.

If peace is sudden

Post-war planning is under way in earnest. It is about time. A well-known Briton recently confided to a Washingtonian, "Victory, of course, is in the bag, but what I'm mortally afraid of is a sudden peace." There is something in it. We must not be caught unprepared for peace. That would be a way of handing Hitler the victory which he cannot get on the field of battle.

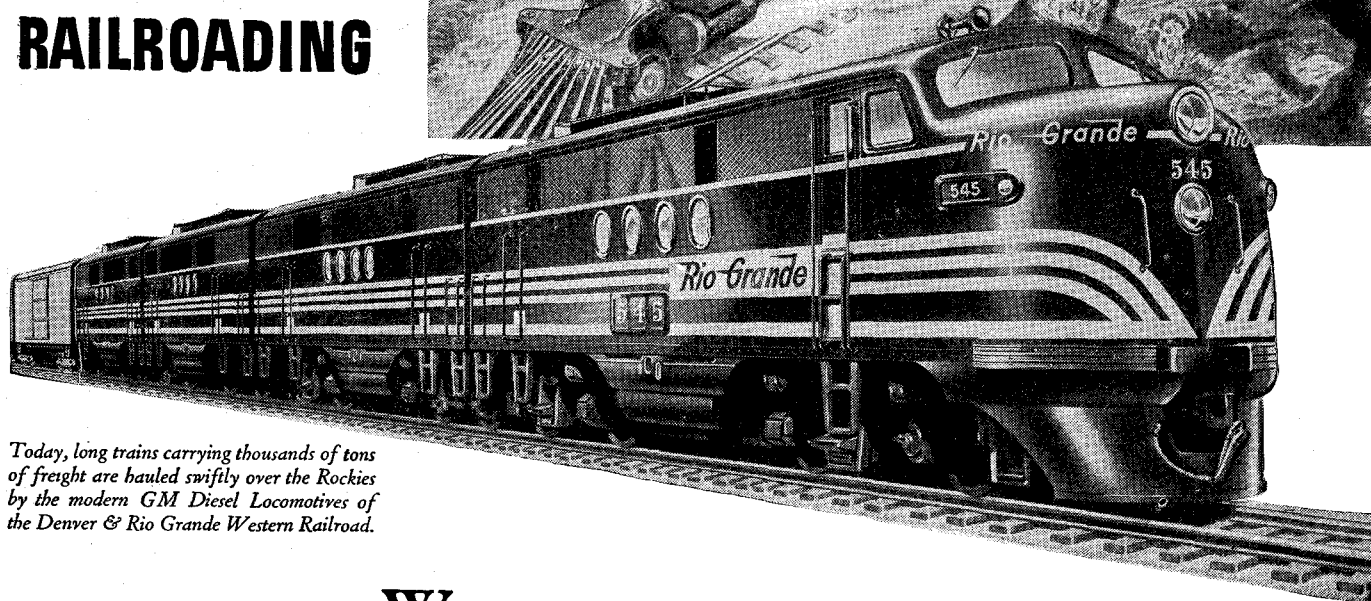
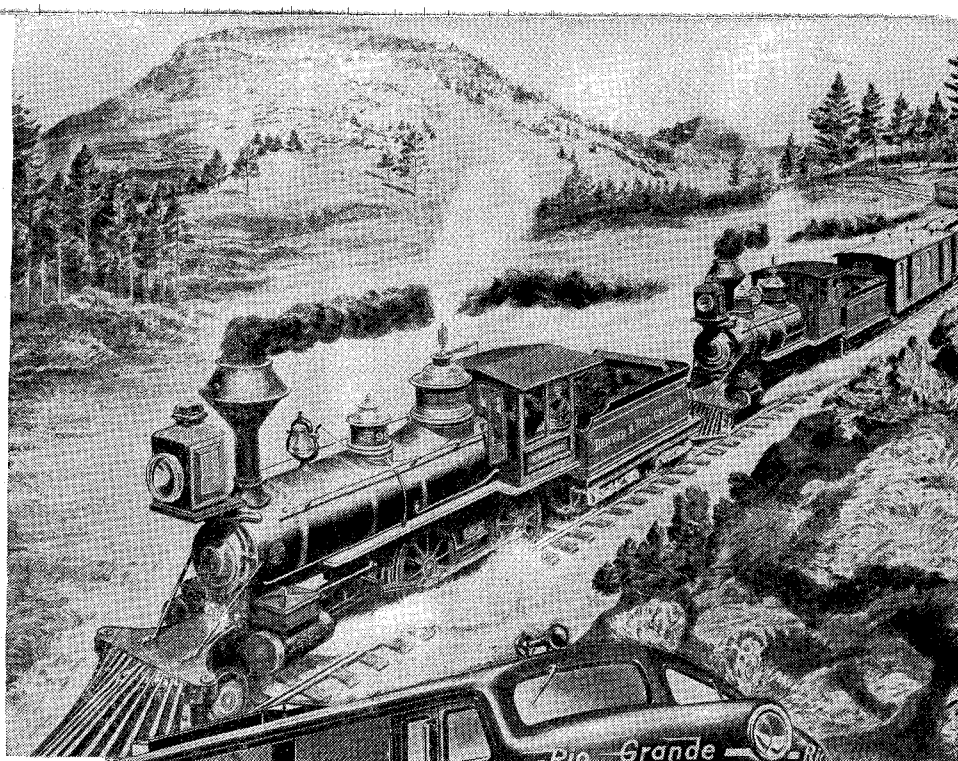
The businessmen of the country have been astir for months back on schemes for making smooth the transition to peace. Of first importance from their standpoint is the lifting of the ban on statistical information about the country's economy, for no businessman can plan intelligently unless he has access to trustworthy data. Unreliable data mean catch-as-catch-can planning, added costs, production loss, and manpower waste. A manufacturer, for instance, must know the total output of at least his own industry. Therefore Chairman Nelson of the WPB has decided to relax the ban on publication of industrial statistics, past and present, which have hitherto been available for war agencies only. This is the first step in the retransformation of industry.

Businessmen and civil service

There will be increasing difficulty in keeping businessmen on duty with the government at their war posts in Washington. They have had many more kicks than commendations. Life in the Capital is uncomfortable. They are cramped for space in temporary offices and in temporary homes.

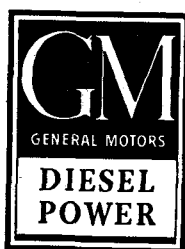
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They all hear their businesses and their families calling. The drain on their capital in order to keep up domestic establishments and home obligations is becoming sizable. But it would be folly to let them go prematurely.

This was the attitude governing Justice Byrnes in persuading Charles E. Wilson, General Electric's head, to withdraw his resignation. Wilson would lead the list in any poll of informed Washington of the men who have made the best contributions. But for him we should be nowhere near the present output of aircraft and escort vessels. He took these items under his wing, besides running WPB as Executive Vice Chairman — and the word "took" is used advisedly. But others equally restive may not be retained. That will be a pity, for the country can ill spare some of these men on the home stretch or during transition.

This prospect is making many observers think of ways and means of improving our government services. The rewards are too slim; tenure is too uncertain; abuse is constant. Yet even when war is over, the government will remain in equal need of expert personnel, for government cannot be demobilized for some years. Under Secretary Forrester suggests permanent staffs in all the departments "headed possibly by a permanent Under Secretary."

Reform will take a great deal of pushing, for politics stands in the way of the extension of the merit system. As for better salaries, it is almost impossible to expect Congress to hike government salaries as long as Congressmen are held to \$10,000 a year.

A bargain should be in order. If there were more sympathy, as there should be, for pensions for Congressmen, then there would be some hope of hoisting the salaries of government officials until they are on a par with private salaries. The trade would prove of enormous good to the American future. Yet it will be hard to stir up any enthusiasm for it. The inattention to the improvement of the government is an example of what a visiting Britisher said recently of this country: "I know of no country that is more unfair to itself than America." It is a source of constant amazement that in all the circumstances government functions as well as it does.

"You never tell me anything"

But the paramount reform is to develop a liaison between Congress and the President. Mr. Roosevelt simply has no time for Congress. His eyes are abroad even when he is not. The liaison is left to the informal contacts established by Justice Byrnes. Mr. Byrnes is our deputy President. He is a good politician, but in American parlance that means he is a mixer and a compromiser. Besides, Mr. Byrnes is so overworked

that he seemingly cannot attend to the simplest matters of liaison. For instance, it was a foolish oversight to send the American delegation to Atlantic City for the Relief Conference without including in it at least one member of Congress. We need something more formal.

Secretary Hull established a useful precedent when he addressed Congress on the Moscow Conference. A bill has been submitted by Representative Kefauver that would continue this excellent practice. House rules would be amended to provide for a question period for heads of departments and independent agencies. Some objection might be forthcoming that the proposal would be the opening wedge to transform our system into a parliamentary system on the British model. But only the most hidebound legislator could so object. It was not the intent of the Founding Fathers, when they set up our system of separation of powers, to keep the Executive and the Legislature in watertight compartments. On the contrary, there was the expectation that the two branches would consult.

It is equally important that the two chambers should take counsel together more frequently. Especially is the need great in the matter of demobilization. On the executive side Bernard M. Baruch has been appointed to study the necessary programs. But those programs can be carried into effect only by new legislation — as, for instance, in the termination of contracts. In Congress, however, only the Senate seems to have bestirred itself, and even in the Senate several committees are covering the same ground.

A special joint committee of both Senate and House should be at work with Mr. Baruch in planning a legislative program.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital is that our successes abroad will bail out our mistakes and confusion at home. Congress and the Executive are at odds more than ever on the stabilization program.

Congress even wants to take a hand in the railroad labor trouble, which the President left to simmer. The trouble, as in the coal case, was the conflict among the government agencies. All that the President could do before he left was to extract a promise from the brotherhoods not to take strike action until he got back.

When there is a vacuum in the White House, when there is conflict among the agencies, Congress finds it difficult to sit back and do nothing. But its interference merely adds to the general confusion.



LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Isolated Americans

Sir:

By now, discussion of "The Hoover Frame of Mind" is probably old stuff. But your August issue reached me only today, and I find myself so moved by the assorted indictments leveled at Miss West that I feel sure you and she will be interested in the point of view of an American overseas, even though the subject is no longer a live one to your readers.

What Miss West sees clearly, and what her critics in their effete letters, with the exception of Miss Thompson, entirely miss, is the character of war. War is kill or be killed; seize every means at hand; draw upon your last ounce of energy; crush, destroy, annihilate your enemy. This or die. What Miss West is striking at is any influence which may motivate the application to the enemy of anything less than maximum destructive effort.

The criticisms, which deal with such incidental matters as whether the article is in good taste, whether it is a good review, and whether it bespeaks the self-interest of Great Britain, are an astonishing revelation of the safe distance from which too many Americans are looking at this war. They are in themselves evidence of the validity of Miss West's main point: that to win, our intellectual shooting must be as straight and forceful as that of our arms, and that to keep it that way we must sense our shots.

"Sense" is an artilleryman's word meaning to observe and announce the degree to which a round fired misses its mark.

Our job over here is to eliminate those physical forces which, unchecked, would destroy that environment which is essential to keeping our principles alive. The principles, and their defense, we have entrusted to those at home. That issue of the *Atlantic*, and that article, are reassuring evidence that the defense is powerful and alert. And a soldier gets a keen thrill in finding Miss West on target and firing for effect.

CAPTAIN WAYNE SNOWDEN
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

What Price Children?

Sir:

In "What Price Children?" appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, the author begins his article with the statement that three persons have made him think. I should like to be the fourth.

Increased income does not necessarily increase the birth rate. All the evidence available on this point indicates the contrary to be true. Persons having large incomes, among whom the cost of rearing children entails no sacrifices on the part of anyone concerned, do not produce numerous offspring. As a class, the birth rate among them is lower than among the lower classes. This is shown by every comprehensive set of statistics ever assembled. Doubtless there are many individual families whose size has been restricted by the influences Mr. Andrews refers to, but there is nowhere any evidence that these families are all in the upper intellectual class. Truck drivers are more numerous in the population than engineers or college professors. Are we to assume that no truck driver will respond to a subsidy by producing more children? This is obvious nonsense.

Some other nations offer bonuses for the birth of children. In all of them, this action is mostly in furtherance of a policy of maintaining or increasing (they hope) the population rather than of improving its quality. Even in this, there is little evidence that any of them are successful. Bonuses may have had some effect in the direction of preventing further decline in the birth rate, but so many factors are involved that it is impossible to say even this with certainty. Nothing whatever is known as to any effects upon quality. Nazi Germany, to be sure, refuses the bonus to Jews in an attempt to promote what it regards as racial purity.

Mr. Andrews's third assumption is, if anything, still more dubious. There is no conclusive evidence — and very little evidence of any sort — that men would live longer or die happier if the birth rate in the upper classes were increased to equal or exceed that in the lower classes. It is the fashion for sociologists and others to wring their metaphorical hands and shed academic tears over this question, but one

To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said on this subject:

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"Today I received a check for \$165 for a story. Another I sold for \$34. Not bad for a beginner, is it? The other day I counted up just how much I made previously. It amounted to \$1,620.00" — Mrs. L. L. GRAY, 579 E. McHarg Ave., Stamford, Tex.

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ning is certain: so long as the birth rate is lower in the upper classes, there is opportunity for advancement of individuals born in the lower classes — at least so long as no artificial barriers are imposed, and educational opportunity is available. Presumably, the more able individuals from the lower classes will win advancement through the process of competition. The upper classes will be stimulated by competition from below, and by the addition of new members and new blood. Degeneration of the upper class — a phenomenon common in history — is thus prevented. A very good case can be made for the proposition that this vertical circulation of individuals in a society is essential to democracy, and that a relatively low birth rate in the upper classes is an important contributing factor.

Mr. Andrews's reference to "the survival of the unfittest" violates the proper meaning of the term "fit" as used in Darwinian theory. The "fit" are those best able to survive under the existing environment. It is not implied that their characteristics are ethically or esthetically admirable.

If it is really desirable to equalize the birth rates in the different social classes, it could be accomplished much more effectively and cheaply by providing simple surgery for the Joe Corrigan.

M. J. WEBSTER
Reno, Nev.

● Mr. Webster, I suspect, is up to an old, old trick. First, he sets up certain shaky assumptions which he alleges are mine, then he lays about him with a bludgeon so that their natural collapse seems to be the result of his skill, and finally on the cleared field he sets up his own thesis — with the wreath of his synthetic victory on its brow.

Most of his letter is devoted to refuting three dubious assumptions, shakiest of which is that "a higher birth rate in the lower classes than in the higher is a menace to society" — which he implies I said.

My article said nothing of the sort; I quote — exactly — what it did say: "The situation into which we have somehow drifted sentences all parents to a lower standard of living than their friends and associates of the same income who have no children. . . . The result . . . is [often] few or no children in families which have high standards of child care and education, and would provide healthful, stimulating environments for America's future leaders, but large families of children among the careless and improvident."

After a few interesting side excursions, he demolishes this straw man of superiority of the "higher" classes, and proceeds at once to set up his thesis — which appears to be that "vertical circulation of individuals in a society is essential to democracy, and that a relatively low birth rate in the upper classes is an important contributing factor."

Alas, I'm not interested in an argument over which "classes" contribute most to democracy, and which — if any — should be decimated. What deeply concerns me is finding an effective

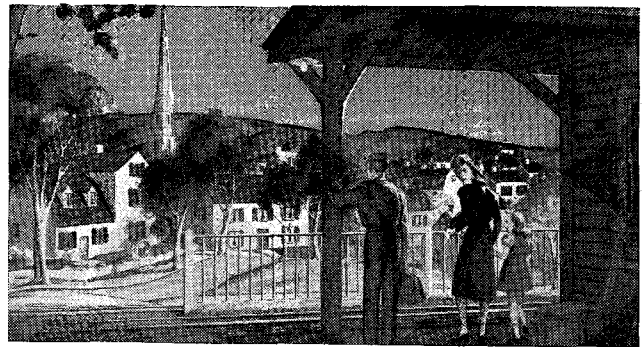


Westinghouse and your private life...

One of our peacetime goals is to be as big a part of your life as possible. Before we went 100 % into war production, there were Westinghouse products which would heat your water, cook your meals, preserve your food, light and clean your house, help keep you warm in winter and cool in summer, wash your clothes, help take you to work and bring you home. Each time you did any one of a hundred simple things such as snapping on the radio or going to a movie—we helped with that, too.

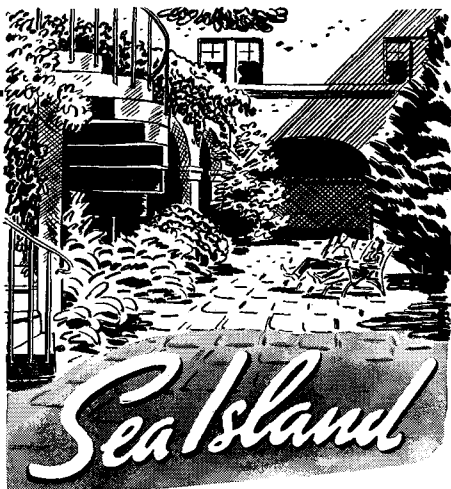
Westinghouse and your home town...

Another of our peacetime aims is to help make your town a better place to live in. Well-lighted streets, plenty of steady power for homes and stores and factories, better transportation—these are a few of the dozens of ways in which electricity and Westinghouse can help a city.



Westinghouse and your Country...

By combining thousands of skills that in the past have let us contribute to your comfort and your town's progress, we have been able to develop many new weapons that are making a major contribution to our country in war. We have increased our production of vital war materials month by month until thousands of Westinghouse products now are fighting in every battle and on every front. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Plants in 25 cities, offices everywhere.



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way — not necessarily mine — for making the family once again a going economic unit, so that families in all classes may have the children they want, and children in all families may have a fair chance at useful, happy, creative lives. — F. EMERSON ANDREWS

I Personally —

Sir:

I am stimulated again by the consistently fine articles and pieces of fiction in the *Atlantic* to write expressing my gratitude. I have particularly enjoyed "A Going Concern," by Mr. Weeks, and "The Conservative Is Sometimes Right," by Arthur Ballantine, in the October issue.

But I wonder if Mr. Ballantine is aware of the inconsistency inherent in some of his views. I have particular reference to the discussion of "property rights" and freedom. Mr. Ballantine is a conservative because his ideal for a workable state of affairs "bears a striking resemblance to the system we now have" — minus the New Deal, I suppose. The chief feature of the present system which is so desirable consists of "property rights," including such things as control of instruments of production and stocks. As a matter of fact, if I read aright, he refers chiefly to those forms of "property rights."

Mr. Ballantine believes, as do I, that property rights are the very "basis of freedom as we Americans have understood them." One must understand, however, for whom this freedom exists. It is the man who has the property rights who is free. Yet one of the most striking things about our present system is that it has acted to concentrate property, and hence freedom of action, in the hands of an ever decreasing group of people. So Mr. Ballantine is in the unusual position of championing property rights and at the same time championing the system which acts to restrict the number of people who enjoy a right in property.

The so-called "European radical" has an answer to that problem. His answer is to control the power accruing to property by tremendously increasing the power of the government and/or the labor unions. Thus he fights power with more power. Mr. Ballantine correctly assesses the dangers connected with that policy. There are very real dangers, the chief of which is a loss of freedom of action. The solution of this dilemma is the chief problem facing the American Radical of Dr. Conant (May *Atlantic*). I suspect that Dr. Conant's suggestions concerning property rights were made, not with any desire to do away with property ownership, but to protect such ownership from the abuses which would eventually lead to the scrapping of the right to own property.

Incidentally, the article by Dr. Conant is one of the best of the past year.

FRANK OECHSLI
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sir:

Quincy Howe's article concerning radio commentators (November *Atlantic*) was very interesting. If I were not in the government, and therefore subject to complete misunderstanding, I would give you all the answers myself. I would start by saying that the



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It was 1865 when Louis Pasteur showed the wine makers of his native France how to keep their product from souring by heating it to about 145° F.

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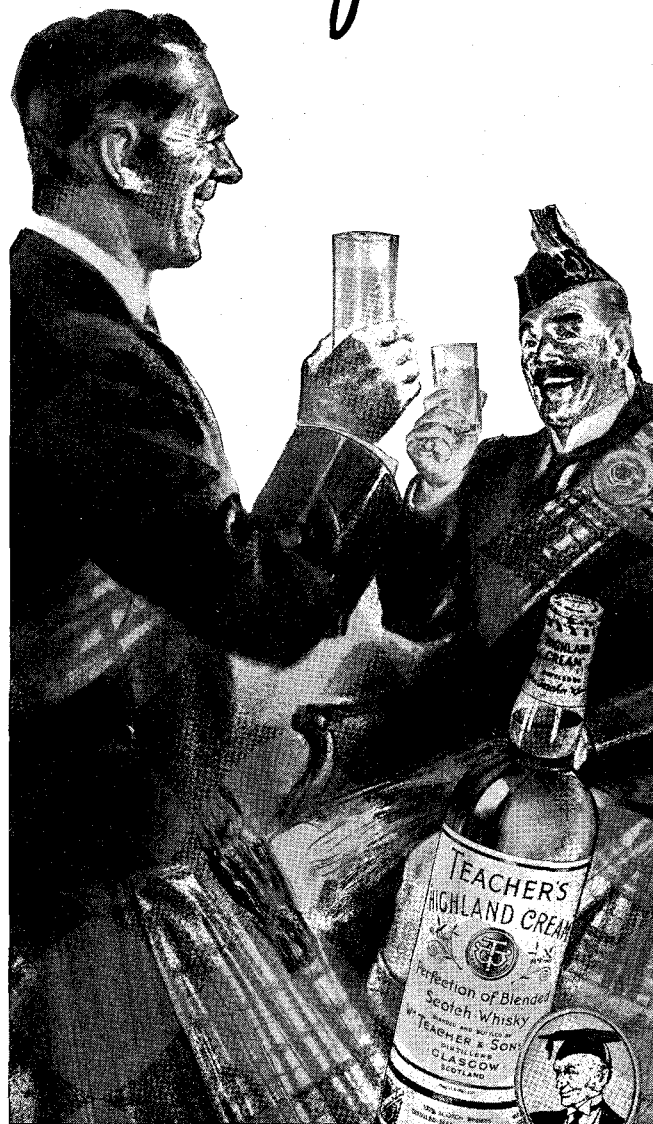


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government should not shirk its duty to inform the people just because private interests insist on monopolizing that function and manage to make it uncomfortable for any government that undertakes to accept its responsibility in this field. I would say that the government should have sufficient stations of its own to enable it to reach the American people with information and discussion concerning public affairs.

The present radio operation could be left as it is, a purely advertising business. Citizens would merely have the opportunity to listen to their government if they desired to do so. This would be not only a wholesome check on private agencies now dispensing information and opinion, but would enable serious-minded people to receive information that now does not reach them in any manner.

The system I envision would require — not merely permit — responsible public officials to report to the people by radio. It would provide full time for representatives of the party not in power to do the same. The minority in Congress, for instance, would be given adequate time and be permitted to use it in its own way.

A. B. C.
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

I was very much interested in Mr. Weeks's article, "A Going Concern" in the October issue of the *Atlantic*. I wish we could read more like it. I, for one, am very much ashamed of my very limited knowledge of the British people and their way of life. It seems to me that if we took the trouble, we could learn a great deal from them that would be good for us.

I'm afraid, however, that we're often inclined to be a little cocky and think we know it all. We know all about this war. We've lost thousands of men and supplies. We know what rationing is, too. Why should we learn from Britishers? This reflects our own national pride — or conceit — and also shows that we're just lazy.

But Americans are also very curious. When we are faced with an innocent-looking article like "A Going Concern," full of amusing anecdotes and vivid new pictures, we devour such new fare with interest. But if we get a whiff of "moral education" in the breeze we turn up our noses in disgust.

This is what I liked so much about Mr. Weeks's article. It was simply an honest picture of British life as he saw it, told amusingly and interestingly. It gave you the satisfying feeling that you yourself were discovering something, not that you were being preached at.

MARTHA DIMOCK
Summit, N. J.

Sir:

This letter is two years overdue. Each time I receive my *Atlantic* I say I will write and thank the Editors for the great pleasure which the magazine gives me. Now at last this letter goes forth.

It is excellent — the articles are so enlightening and satisfying. I lend my copy all round our little district. As you know, we cannot send money from

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ONE DAY SOON, someone will come to see you.*

He, or she, will ask you to lend your Government at least an extra \$100 this month. To put at least an extra \$100, over your regular Bond buying, into War Bonds for the 4th War Loan.

Don't—don't say you can't afford it even though you may wonder how you're going to get that money.

If you think that getting the money is going to be hard, why, before the doorbell rings, look at the faces of these dead countrymen of yours. Read their stories.

Then think how hard it would be to have to tell Americans like these that *other* Americans can't afford to lend at least an extra \$100!

**If, by chance, you should be missed—don't think your money isn't needed! Go and buy those extra Bonds, yourself!*



Lieutenant William G. Farrow was one of Jimmie Doolittle's Tokio raiders. His plane made a forced landing in Japanese territory and Lieutenant Farrow is believed to be one of the American aviators who was executed by the Japanese some time later.



Rear Admiral Daniel J. Callaghan commanded the U.S.S. San Francisco. Driving his ship straight through the midst of a greatly superior Jap fleet, he directed operations from the deck of his flagship until blown to pieces by a Jap shell.



Lieutenant George H. Cannon, U.S.M.C., was mortally wounded during the Jap bombardment of Midway, Dec. 7th. He refused to be taken to a hospital till all his men had been evacuated, and as a result, he died of loss of blood.



Lieutenant Alexander Nininger fought his way, hand-to-hand, into the Jap lines on Bataan. Wounded 3 times, he continued to advance until he was killed. When his body was found, a Jap officer and two Jap soldiers lay dead around him.



Seaman first class James R. Ward was stationed in a gun turret in the Oklahoma on Dec. 7th. When the order was given to abandon ship, he stayed in his turret holding a flashlight so that the rest of the crew could see to escape. He was drowned.



Captain Albert H. Rooks was commanding officer of the U.S.S. Houston. Engaging an overwhelming Jap force, the Houston smashed into them and went down, guns blazing. Rooks went down with his ship.



Keep backing the attack!



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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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For the year to come we promise an ATLANTIC that will be a record-breaker, too.

Faithfully yours,

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

here for new subscriptions; my subscription is paid for by an American friend.

Thank you again. I send my heartiest congratulations to you on the achievement of a magazine which is in all ways the acme of perfection.

MOLLIE ARCHIBALD
Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

Sir:

Who is going to decide the interesting Lieber problem? (September *Atlantic*.) Perhaps the Atlantic Editor? Personally I will take Job No. 2 and not try to beat myself out of what is coming to me by misstating the contract as the Liebers' critics have done. The Liebers do not say anything about an increase every 6 months *at the rate of* \$50 per year, but an actual increase of \$50 every 6 months. I will have a written contract in the exact phraseology of Liebers and if my employer does not pay me \$550 for the second 6 months, \$600 for the third 6 months, and so on, I will sue him — and I do not think that there is any lawyer smart enough or any judge foolish enough to deal me a \$25 increase only, from the bottom of the deck.

LOUIS LIGHTNER
Columbus, Neb.

● Let it stand as a no-decision bout. Readers are warned, however, that we shall present an even more agonizing problem from the Liebers in the February *Atlantic*. — THE EDITOR

Sir:

My husband is a musician who returned to tool-making when the war began. He has a long face and when he is tired his jaw drops; also his eyelids go to half-mast, as did Greta Garbo's in sadder moments. It was to these facial contours that I attributed the finer moments of his interview with the local U.S.E.S., but after reading Mrs. Klaw's account of her experience with the same agency, I begin to doubt if they so much as glanced at his skull structure.

Anyway, the factory in which Joe worked closed down his particular job. So, full of confidence in the press and the radio, he went to the U.S.E.S. The government worker he met was more active than was Mrs. Klaw's. He not only proffered the blank but he read it to Joe word for word, and explained it as he went. Joe was mystified but listened intently and said "Yes" at proper intervals. He produced the proper papers for inspection, and the man began filling in the questionnaire with penciled notations.

Turning to Joe, he said, "Now, you can just trace that over in ink." This super-service somehow irked Joe, but he thanked him and reached for the pen. The agent held the paper a moment longer while he marked down a penciled "X."

"You should sign your name here," he said kindly, "but can you write?"

It had been a long, hot day for Joe, and irritation was in his answer. "A little," he admitted grimly. "I have two university degrees."

He found a good job the next day, but no notice of any opening has ever come from the U.S.E.S.

MRS. H. K. L.
Milford, Mich.

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THE FUTURE OF AIR TRANSPORT

A British View

by PETER MASEFIELD

Air transport, a child of peace reared in war, approaches maturity. Under the spur of war, flying has found its technical independence. It is free to start anew in the peaceful skies of tomorrow, bound only by such artificial restrictions as the nations choose to apply.

We have a great responsibility before us. On the international decisions made in the next few years will depend the service which air transport can afford mankind over generations to come. We must see to it that the technical shackles now cast off are not exchanged for more binding national shackles of restriction.

Mr. Grover Loening and Mr. William Burden, in the preceding articles of this series, have set down sane and competent considerations from the American point of view. In Britain there is undoubtedly general agreement with the principles they propound. Mr. Loening and Mr. Burden, whom I am happy to count my friends, look forward to the post-war air age with high expectations which are shared in Britain and throughout the British Commonwealth.

Yet, while the technical future seems assured, the political and diplomatic future is less certain. The

possibilities which air transport holds out are matched only by the problems which attend them. Those problems seem to me to fall into three main categories. All of them have international aspects.

The Three Great Problems

There are, first of all, the problems of policy and diplomacy — the questions of air bases, of freedom of the air in all its grades, of military security. These difficult propositions can be resolved only by international discussion conducted in a spirit of good will and coöperation. The United Nations can set an example to the world.

Second come the operational problems — the matters of subsidy, of monopoly, of national air routes, of traffic, of frequency of service, and of control. For the most part they are national problems. But they have their international aspects where agreement on standards is required.

Third, and easiest of solution, the technical problems. They concern the building of aircraft and of their equipment — especially radio. Again they bring with them the compelling need for world-wide standards so that aircraft can be operated equally and safely everywhere.

We must face these problems frankly and boldly. Technically and operationally I believe we can see forward, albeit with increasing dimness, for about fifteen years. Those fifteen years must be a period

Personal adviser on civil aviation to the British Lord Privy Seal, Lord Beaverbrook, PETER MASEFIELD, perhaps better than any other Britisher, is able to discuss Britain's policy on post-war air transport.

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of development in air transport operations; a period which compares with, but far transcends, the years when the great railroads were driven across continents. With sense, fairness, coöperation, and good will it can be a period of world renaissance in trade, prosperity, and understanding resulting from swift communication — just as famine, disaster, misery, and ultimately war, follow the erection of national barriers.

Outline of the Future

A good deal of independent thought has been given to the overall problems of air transport in Great Britain in recent months. I believe that the following brief summary represents a cross-section of British informed but unofficial opinion as it stands at present.

1. *Air Bases.* Obviously many recently built air bases throughout the world are mutually necessary to the United States and the British Commonwealth for national defense. As such they must be shared. Air commerce is a separate thing. The sovereignty of bases must always belong to the peoples of the countries in which they are situated.

2. *The Freedoms.* Freedom to operate air services through air bases on foreign soil will, almost inevitably, depend on reciprocity during the early post-war period before the broad issues are settled. More general freedom will follow.

3. *National Security.* Air transport in itself can be no menace to world peace. Air bases throughout the world are themselves guarantees of peace as harbors for the police air forces of the United Nations.

4. *International Control.* An international air transport authority on which nations of good will would be represented is needed to lay down standards and to regulate international routes, operated by national companies.

5. *Operating Policy.* General opinion in Britain favors regulated rivalry rather than uncontrolled competition in national and international airline operation. Monopolies are not favored or considered efficient. Participation by shipping and railroad concerns will be welcomed so long as it promotes efficient commercial operation for the good of air transport in general.

6. *Subsidy and Economics.* Sound commercial operation is a necessity. Air transport can pay its way economically so long as it does not meet the competition of noncommercial subsidies. Direct subsidies should be forsworn internationally as soon as possible and be replaced by payment for services rendered in mail contracts and by the provision of airports, meteorological, lighting, and control services, and radio facilities free to all.

7. *Aircraft.* For civil purposes aircraft are likely to increase in size up to about 150 tons, after which frequency of service will be more important than extra size. Military aircraft may grow bigger. Pressure cabins, thermal de-icing, and — eventually — jet propulsion will make air transport swifter, safer, and more comfortable.

8. *Administration.* In Great Britain many believe that a new Ministry of Civil Aviation, separate from and coequal with the military Air Ministry in time of peace, would confer great benefits on British civil flying. This Ministry as well as the individual operators would be represented on an international air transport authority.

9. *Radio.* Radio and radar will be among the most important attributes of safe and regular air services. International standards are essential. These things emphasize the world-wide nature of air transport and how any narrow national view or lack of coördination is impossible in the future unless progress is to be hamstrung.

10. *Private Flying.* A great increase over pre-war private flying is certain, but under strict safety regulations on behalf of regular air services. Helicopters are likely to have wide use, but as air taxis rather than as private automobiles.

Such is a broad view of the possibilities. Immediately after the war, one can foresee swift development of international flying. The size, speed, and economic range of transport aircraft flying the trunk air routes will increase as steadily as the cost of operation will fall. Short-range hops between big cities will be the most paying. The power and the glory will belong to the world-circling arteries of air trade moving in giant leaps across ocean and deserts.

Post-war Prospects

The indications are that shortly after the end of the war, over the longest air routes, block-to-block speeds of about 130 miles per hour will be maintained in all weathers on regular schedules. The most modern main-line transport aircraft available then will cruise at rather more than 200 miles per hour for ranges of about 1500 miles nonstop. The cost is likely to work out at about 12 cents per passenger-mile, or less than 50 cents per ton-mile for cargo. That means a passenger fare of about \$420 from London to New York if no direct subsidies are given — only landing facilities. Short-haul fares will be at a lower rate.

Between ten and fifteen years after the end of the war, I believe we can look forward to round-the-world block-to-block schedules of about 270 miles per hour, cruising at speeds of up to 350 miles per

hour at 25,000 feet for ranges of as much as 3500 miles nonstop — the ultimate necessary. I believe that costs can drop to less than 6 cents per passenger-mile or 22 cents per ton-mile over even the longest ranges, with costs for shorter ranges down in proportion. And those will be true commercial rates, so that direct subsidies will be unnecessary. The great technical advances in methods of propulsion which are impending for transport aircraft when the war is over make this prospect no mere fantasy, but sober, calculable fact.

Developments of this sort mean that, immediately following the war, New York will be within twenty-four flying hours of London, even against the most severe headwinds known. The time will shrink to twelve flying hours between ten and fifteen years after the end of the war — by 1960 at any rate. And the cost of a single passage will fall to about \$200 per passenger or about 40 cents per pound package. For short hauls Mr. Loening's hope for rates of 3 to 4 cents per ton-mile may well be achieved, putting air transport on an economic level with surface transport for all except the heavy, bulky loads for up to 600-mile hops.

These things can be attained technically without a doubt. They can be attained internationally by wholehearted, vigorous, and coöperative planning — now. They can open up a new era of trade and prosperity through swift and frequent air services.

What is the aim? We must not mislead ourselves by enthusiasm. We must not become dazzled by the prospects. For no other situation in the world's history has bristled with so many political difficulties. The reason is that nations are being brought closer together than they had ever reckoned to be. The old strategic barriers of oceans, icecaps, mountains, and rivers are now as nought.

The difficulties, complex as they are, resolve themselves into one major question: "What is your object in opening up airlines across the world?" Can we answer it frankly? If one of the major objects is, honestly, to better communications and to build up new arteries of trade for mutual benefit, then all will be well. International collaboration will be attained with good will on all sides. But if the object is merely to get in and shut out the other fellow, whoever he may be, then the seeds of future antagonisms are sown.

Let us have rivalry by all means, for from that comes efficiency of operation. But let us not have rabid cutthroat competition, nothing barred. For along that road lie bankruptcy, chaos, and — war.

This view might be termed idealistic. It is. Idealism is needed, but not impracticable goals. We need honest enthusiasm linked to horse sense and knowl-

edge of the way to get things done. We should be blind if we believed that national rivalry will be or can be sunk in international bonds.

Air transport is and will remain individualistic. But we start after the war with a clean slate. Let us keep it clean and, in the new start, build up a solid structure founded on common sense and the will to progress.

The ten major issues to be faced I have summarized already. When those ten points are settled to the satisfaction of all nations and of all, or nearly all, operating concerns, then — and only then — can the world start to reap the full benefits from a method of transportation which has shrunk its comparative diameter from that of a baseball to that of a pea, judged by the standards of a hundred years ago.

The space of a book would be needed to deal with all the political, diplomatic, economic, operational, and technical facts of the ten points. But some slight elaboration of considerations on four of them is essential — on the thorny subjects of air bases, the freedoms, operating policies, and aircraft.

Air Bases

Undoubtedly the biggest issue between Great Britain and the United States today is that of air bases. Thanks to the efforts of its aviation pioneers, the British Commonwealth possesses suitable and convenient air bases spread around the world at intervals which rarely exceed 1000 miles. Only in the Pacific is there any serious gap. British aircraft can fly around the world without once calling on foreign territory.

Hitherto the possession of these bases has not been a subject for intense discussion, because ships have had so much range, and aircraft so little, that there has been no need to exploit them. Now, in consequence of war, aircraft have been developed with sufficient range to span oceans while carrying a commercial load. At the same time bases have been constructed where no aircraft flew before. It is the first stride forward toward real world air transport. But it brings us up against the question of bases with a bang.

The matter is all the more complex because, as a result of war, the United States has spent much money on the construction of air bases on British territory. Military air bases, such as those at Bermuda, Jamaica, and Trinidad, are leased to the United States for ninety-nine years. At present the right of civil aircraft to operate through them is restricted. What will happen as soon as the war is won?

The answer must take into account three things:

(1) national security; (2) freedom of air passage; (3) the sovereign rights of peoples. From the point of view of hemisphere defense the British possessions in the Atlantic and the Caribbean are outposts of American security — and will remain so. That is but one of the many powerful reasons why the two great English-speaking nations must forever progress side by side in mutual coöperation.

The fact that the United States has spent much money and labor on air bases where none existed before is, I know, regarded in America as establishing an American civil right to those bases. On the other hand, one might argue that the expenditure was a wartime necessity of self-defense. It matched the necessity of the British to concentrate labor and money on fighter and bomber production to the exclusion of all else, and to sacrifice the best lives of the nation in the Battle of Britain — which saved the world. The one expenditure has resulted in permanent bases for American defense; the other in military aircraft which become obsolete and in men dead who can never be restored.

Be that as it may — and it is one of the decisive chapters of history — the problem of the bases looms large. No detailed official view is forthcoming as yet. It is probably too early to expect any.

My personal opinion — and all the opinions expressed here are of course entirely unofficial and only my own interpretations — is that whereas the bases, under the terms of the lease, will naturally continue as bulwarks of American strategic defense, their sovereignty belongs unquestionably to the peoples in whose countries they are built. The bases were made for military purposes — for the defense of American and British hearths and homes. In the post-war world they will — indeed must — continue that defensive function. Their use for air trade and as steppingstones for air commerce is an entirely separate subject. It is a subject which can be dealt with only in the whole broad issue of freedom of the air.

In the meantime, before these freedoms are thrashed out and settled for the benefit of generations to come, some temporary agreement is obviously necessary so that air commerce can begin after the war without delay and with a minimum of restriction. It is a prime point for a future conference table.

The Freedoms

Complete “open skies” are an impracticable ideal which would lead to chaos. The four freedoms of the air can depend eventually only on frank coöperative international discussion and agreement. All the portents suggest that the freedom to fly through the

air space of a state without landing, provided certain prohibited areas are avoided (and the fewer the better), will be universally acknowledged.

Freedom of transit — that is, freedom to refuel without picking up or setting down passengers or cargo — is likely to be granted on a reciprocal basis, in the early stages after the war. Later a greater freedom can, one hopes, prevail. But even in the early days the reciprocity need not be on a mere *quid pro quo* basis, but on much broader lines.

Freedom to set down passengers on through services is certain to be on a reciprocal basis until a larger freedom prevails.

Freedom to operate air services to pick up and set down passengers on terminal services is again certain to be founded on reciprocity. The important aspects are: first, that reciprocity should be freely given, whether one nation is in a position to operate services or not; and, second, that internal and motherland and colonial services should be reserved to the country concerned.

The details can be arranged only over the conference table, for the issues are complex in the extreme and national sovereignty is jealously guarded. Air transport presents new and as yet unfamiliar problems for statesmen to solve. Their comprehension of all the considerations involved must be gradual. Thus we may have to proceed more slowly than experienced operators would desire.

Operating Policies

Both Mr. Burden and Mr. Loening have sided against monopoly in their previous articles. So has every non-governmental committee which has studied the matter in England. Regulated rivalry rather than uncontrolled competition is the desire. And surely rightly. This air transport business is far too big for monopolies. Nor has past British experience with Imperial Airways and with the British Overseas Airways Corporation tended to increase faith in the efficiency of “chosen instruments” — however Biblical they may sound.

The situation is largely political. If my reading of the indications is correct, the Conservative Party in Parliament would vote for private enterprise, whereas the Labor Party would be in favor of a state-controlled instrument or instruments.

Undoubtedly the trend of informed opinion in Great Britain is for separate companies on all the major routes: one for the North Atlantic, another for the South Atlantic, another for European airlines, another to South Africa — and so on. An Anglo-Canadian company might operate between England and Canada, and an Anglo-South African company between London and Cape Town. More than one

company might operate over one route, though perhaps not on a strictly comparable basis. For instance, Australia can be reached from England by at least three different ways with different average length of nonstop stages — each bearing different traffic.

The British shipping lines are taking a great interest in air transport. Contrary to the American point of view, few people in Britain see in this any attempt to strangle air commerce. Rather it is regarded as a chance for the shipowners to use surplus capital gained through insurance and so preserve company interests in spheres of transportation developed over years. So long as the shipping and railroad companies are not given powers to freeze out established independent airline companies which have borne the heat and burden of the day in pioneering, then their participation will be welcomed. Traffic-handling experience and booking agencies built up over years, when they are allied to existing airlines, can be of real value to air transport as a whole.

Aircraft

Many people in Britain have felt concern because no British transport aircraft have been in production, while hundreds of fine transports are turned out each month in the United States. The survival of Great Britain — and indeed of the civilized world — depended on the flow from British factories of Hurricanes and Spitfires, Wellingtons and Blenheims, and the other military aircraft which held the Luftwaffe at bay in 1940 and 1941. There was no time or opportunity to build transports.

But when Germany has gone down into defeat, the need for transport aircraft to carry the war to the Far East and to feed stricken Europe will be greater than ever. Some small proportion of British night bomber production can then be turned over to transport production until the defeat of Japan. By the time the world has been cleansed of Japanese foulness by united American and British efforts, there should be at least a nucleus of British transport aircraft in existence to begin air services and on which to found a planned program of development.

Many different types of aircraft will be needed for the varying problems of specialized routes. Pressure cabins will be needed. Modified jet propulsion is likely to emerge during the next ten years as a commercial proposition, making possible cruising speeds fully 50 per cent higher than those standard today.

Size will thus depend on range. As the longest ranges necessary will not be more than about 3500

miles, the largest airplane necessary would appear to work out at about 150 tons loaded weight, carrying up to 150 passengers or 40 tons of cargo. Such a size is probably too small for the true all-wing airplane, except as a cargo carrier or bomber, both of which may reach much bigger sizes. So we may expect to see, during the next fifteen years, most transport aircraft with more or less conventional fuselage, with wing arrangements much cleaned up, with revolutionary methods of propulsion, and with a cruising speed up to 350 miles per hour. The landplane will, I believe, almost — but not quite — supplant the flying boat up to weights of 150 tons.

These observations touch but the fringe of the immense subject and leave much unsaid. But as one fundamental fact, I should like to endorse Mr. Burden's remark that "any constructive policy must be based on the realization that air transportation is a good thing, and that the more we have of it the better for the human race." Fundamental also is Mr. Loening's thesis that "we must approach problems realistically and with a thoroughly sound fundamental understanding of this philosophy: that the granting of private initiative does not carry with it the warrant for totalitarian private greed." All nations should remember that caution if we are to escape new and more disastrous wars.

Most British people will also agree profoundly with Dr. Edward P. Warner when he writes: "Competition between British and American airlines should be as keen but at the same time as friendly and as coöperative, in matters where co-operation is mutually advantageous, as competition between any two airlines within the United States. . . . As in the case of many another problem of British-American relations, the underlying spirit will be more important than the legal form of the solution." Mr. Joseph Kastner has spoken truly in writing that "the world must realize how small a suggestion of the awful might of air power this war has revealed; how small and foolish our present planes will seem in the eyes of history, how greatly airplanes will take over future travel."

All the signs are here. America and the British Commonwealth see their future in the air, proclaimed in many tongues. United in war to defeat common foes who have threatened our freedom, we must remain united in the ideals of peace. We can build upon the new foundation and bond which air transport gives us a better, more prosperous, more closely knit civilization than any we have known before.

THE SOLDIER RETURNS

by EDGAR L. JONES

1

MORE than three months have passed since I arrived home, yet I still am lost between two worlds. Every man returning from overseas invariably is asked the same two questions, and I have not found the answer to either of them. When someone says to me, "You must have had a great experience. What was it like over there?" I am confounded. That, to a man fresh from war, is like rushing up to a survivor crawling from the wreck of the Congressional Limited and asking him to describe his "great experience." There is no doubt that I, and thousands of others, have had an experience which we shall remember all our lives, but it is one we could have done very well without. I have yet to find a reply that will adequately represent sand, bombs, fleas, hunger, shells, disease, desolation, and death.

The second question: "How does it feel to be home?" is relatively easier to answer, if one is content to respond without thinking. It feels very good, of course, to be home. And yet, what sensations can a soldier afford to have? A battlefield is no place for emotions. A man going overseas must leave his feelings behind. The difficulty, I find, is to regain those lost emotions which enable a man to take his place in civilian life. Except for taste sensations, I am numb to everything I used to find stimulating. I can understand now why members of the so-called "lost" generation of the 1920's went to such extremes in their search for animation. It may sound like exaggeration, but I actually feel like a stranger in my own home, because everyday living in America requires emotional responses which I am incapable of giving.

The part of civilian life most difficult for me to become accustomed to is the mental agitation, the

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fluctuating enthusiasm, which accompany each day's news of the war. While I was overseas a friend who had been invalided home wrote and urged me to stay away as long as possible because the war on the home front would drive a man crazy. Now I know what he means. The overintensified, glamorous version of war which comes to us each day via headlines and excited voices of radio announcers is far removed from the actual fighting. Because our reading habits are based on emotions, the war news must be highly dramatized to compete with murders, accidents, and sports for top place in public interest.

The true story of a soldier's dull, routine existence, told without benefit of adjectives, would never sell papers. I am not blaming anyone. My reaction is purely a personal one — now that I have been judged unfit for further service I must adjust myself to the civilian approach to war. But I should like to make people understand that war is not glamorous or exciting or even a "great adventure."

Every time I hear a commentator rhapsodizing on another Allied victory, or am told that the war is practically over, I think back to the wet November day last year when the British Eighth Army huddled around radios in the Libyan Desert and heard England and America celebrating the Battle of Egypt. Rommel had been defeated at El Alamein and chased through Halfaya Pass. Britons were wildly ringing church bells, and American officials were running out of adjectives. We of the Eighth Army were shivering in the rain and wishing we had a hot meal and a dry bed.

We had pulled up at dusk, after driving since dawn. The rain had made the desert as mucky as a mudflat at low tide, and digging a place to sleep in was a long, discouraging task. As fast as we shoveled, the wet earth oozed back into our holes, but I at least had a roof over my head by virtue of getting first claim on the tailboard of a blown-up

truck. Breakfast that day had consisted of porridge and two pieces of bacon, we had had no lunch, and for supper we opened cans of cold corned beef and packages of hardtack — the omnipresent meal which the Tommies call bully and biscuits. The country was the same barren, desolate wasteland that extends with few interruptions from Alexandria to the hills of Tunisia.

Our supplies had failed to catch up with us. There was no water and no prospect of a decent meal. Even brewing tea was out, because a fire would have attracted the deadly attention of Rommel's "defeated" army. A dive bomber had taken the measure of a near-by artillery unit and filled our hastily pitched dressing station with groaning, spewing men. It was impossible to locate a hospital for them before daylight. There was nothing to do but hang around the headquarters truck and listen to the sound of church bells ringing out our victory. The Battle of Egypt was over, yet I can remember how difficult it was to sleep that night — not because of exhilaration, but because I was so bitten by fleas I could not stop scratching. As one Tommy put it, "Chum, if this is victory, give me steak and chips!"

2

CERTAINLY, if any army should feel the joys of victory, in the sense that we at home revel in our troops' reflected glory, it was the Eighth Army after Alamein. For the Aussies, New Zealanders, Tommies, Indians, and South Africans who made up Montgomery's legion of desert fighters there was never a doubt as to the eventual outcome of the war in Africa. Rommel was out-numbered and out-equipped. It was only a matter of time before the Axis forces would be trapped between Montgomery's men and the Yanks coming from the West.

Yet the British troops, most of whom had been blooded at Dunkirk, Greece, and Crete, kept their sense of proportion. They realized that war for a soldier is not unlike a bloody football game. He gives all he's got to achieve a certain goal and then must line up at midfield to start the battle over. So the Tommies, always aware of tomorrow's demands, cursed in time-worn basic English at today's gains and went on fighting. There was no satisfaction for them in herding together hungry, sodden Italians who would surrender to anyone who would feed them, nor in capturing shell-shocked, beaten Germans who had fought valiantly but unsuccessfully.

The entire march from Alamein to Tunis was one

of hardship and misery, not only for men in the front lines but for everyone in the desert. They say in Cairo that you can tell anyone who has been in the Western Desert by the way he unconsciously waves his hand across his food to ward off flies — flies which are no longer there. This is no exaggeration: the flies were horrible. There were hundreds of them at every meal. They swarmed over the food and could light on a spoonful of stew before one could get it to his mouth. The Tommies referred to the flies as the meat in their meat and vegetable rations. Active as soon as the sun came up, the flies maintained a shuttle service from open latrines to the food, and their efficiency in spreading infection, dysentery, and fever sent more men to our hospitals than the Afrika Korps.

The Eighth Army in defeat or victory lived exclusively on the ground. Mobile warfare provided no time to pitch tents, and the towns were uninhabitable. Shells and bombs were minor discomforts in comparison with the flies, fleas, scorpions, black spiders, and sand vipers which demanded a major share of the Tommies' living space in the Egyptian and Libyan Deserts. Throughout the green belt around Benghazi there were malarial mosquitoes and typhus-bearing lice. Tripoli was a synonym for hungry red ants.

Added to these extramartial discomforts was the fact that from Alamein to Tunis the slightest wind was laden with stinging sand. After two or three years in the desert, troops could fight and sleep in a sandstorm, but no one could ever eat in one. At mealtime, as we squatted in the desert, blowing grit formed a layer over everything we ate. It was impossible to chew the food: it had to be swallowed whole, with stomach cramps for dessert. At the end of a three-day storm, men were dizzy from hunger, for no one — not even the stoutest hero — can live by sand alone.

Meals under the best of circumstances were never satisfying. The faster an army advances, the less it has to eat. The Eighth Army lived month after month on limited battle rations — corned beef fried for breakfast, served cold for lunch, made into stew for supper; a can of peaches for dessert to be divided among a dozen men; a vitamin tablet to prevent scurvy. Fresh meat (mutton), occasionally available for troops within easy reach of the supply lines, was rationed at three ounces per man. The monotony of hardtack and margarine three times a day was sometimes, perhaps once a week, relieved by semi-white bread so spotted with dead weevils that it resembled raisin toast. What local produce was available was unsafe for army consumption because the natives used human manure for fertilizer.

During the year I spent with the Eighth Army I was always hungry, except when a box of food arrived from home, and then I was sick from gorging myself. We used to curry favor with the cooks, as housewives here at home try to get on the right side of their butchers. Supper was always served by four, or four-thirty, so that all fires could be extinguished before sundown, and by nine o'clock men were so hungry that guards had to be posted around the cook truck to keep them from stealing a can of cheese or a piece of stale bread.

Yet, scarce as food was, water was even more so. A well in the desert is a major objective, and a retreating army must ruin the water supply with the same thoroughness that it destroys bridges and buildings. Water points in Libya, after changing hands several times, contained oil, salt, dead camels, or anything else that might spoil their purity for oncoming troops. Although the heat on the desert often reached 120 or 130 degrees, the Eighth Army survived on virtually no water. The customary ration was one pint of water a day — one pint of tepid, brackish water to drink, wash with, shave in, and use for laundering. At Mareth the ration was lowered to a single cup of water a day, and the supply had to be so heavily dosed with chemicals that milk curdled in the tea. Faced with the choice of how to use our precious water, most of us gave up washing. I did not have a bath in nine months, but I always brushed my teeth, convinced as I am that it does more for morale than any other single gesture toward cleanliness.

Water was so scarce in the weeks immediately following the break-through at Alamein that in our medical units we were scooping rain water from mud puddles, straining it through gauze, and boiling it to get enough water for washing patients. Then it rained every day in November, December, and January, and usually all day. Anyone who still believes war is glamorous should go out into his back yard some night when it is raining hard and imagine having to dig a hole in the ground for his bed. That is what the British and American infantrymen will have to do this winter in Italy. That is what the same Eighth Army now in Italy had to do last winter, and the winter before, and the one before that. Sometimes in the desert the rain and sandstorms came at the same time, and it was like being pelted with mud pies.

3

TO A soldier it is just as uncomfortable being hungry and wet four miles from Tunis, or ten miles from

Rome, as it was to be wet and hungry at Alamein or Salerno. War for him is a timeless existence in which today is much like yesterday or tomorrow. In terms of food, water, bedbugs, and the chance of being killed, victory is seldom sweeter than defeat. He knows he can be killed just as thoroughly on a day when the papers announce light patrol activities as when the headlines herald a major break-through. No fighting man is going to cheer raucously about Salerno, for example, when the battle for Naples begins the next day. The end may come for him one mile from Berlin, or even while the generals are debating the terms of surrender. The only battle he wants to cheer about is the last one.

Despite rather thorough jamming, the soldier overseas occasionally hears jubilant sounds emanating from America, and his repugnance is expressed with Chaucerian simplicity. I shall never forget an incident which occurred on the fourth night of landing operations on Sicily. Our ship had survived its twenty-fifth air attack, but shrapnel from a bomb which landed twenty yards away had knocked out our two favorite gunners. In the lull between attacks Sparks emerged from his wireless room to give us a copy of the day's news. The first item was the triumphant announcement that Allied forces invading Sicily had encountered "very light aerial resistance." The expletives which greeted this assuring summary of our situation should have burned out every radio tube in America. The announcer should have tried to tell that to the one dazed survivor of our sister ship, which was blown into a million pieces of arms, legs, and twisted machinery by two well-placed portions of his "light aerial resistance."

Whenever I hear civilian strategists discuss the war, whether they are on the air, writing for newspapers, or talking around the table after dinner, I involuntarily wince. I suppose this is because, as an ambulance driver in North Africa, I was constantly trying to comfort those men over whose mangled bodies victory was won. Public fanfare over a current success rouses in me the guilty realization that the men who did the fighting are hunched, chin on chest, beside their foxholes, unenthusiastically opening a tin of cold rations, scratching at their fleabites, waiting for the night bombers to begin their attack, and thinking only of tomorrow's battles. Blatant optimism makes me shudder, because I have seen tired fighting men throw down a magazine in disgust or turn off a radio in embarrassment. Premature applause turns their stomachs.

Because the men in the Eighth Army maintained their mental and emotional stability they were able

to survive one of the worst setbacks of the war, reform their battered regiments, and fight back across 2000 miles of desert to Tunis and to victory. Those Americans who suffered the Kasserine setback, but came back to beat the powerful Tenth Panzers in a return engagement, must have arrived at a similar attitude towards war.

Men who have been in action have developed a marked sense of humility. They have seen death strike with illogical fury to their left and right, and their own survival makes them feel small and unworthy. War to them is a dirty job that must be done, the sooner the better. Their attitude towards it is never expressed in words that would make inspiring copy for a war bond campaign; but they have an unemotionalized spirit of determination that allows them to take defeat and victory in their stride. While the sale of war bonds fluctuates, and the amount of public participation in Red Cross activities varies with the changing headlines, they steadily fight on, today the same as yesterday, the same as tomorrow.

4

FOR a former ambulance driver to talk about America's post-war obligations may be out of place. For nearly a year and a half, however, I was isolated from all things American. I saw the United States through the eyes of the common man in other countries; through the hopes and fears of the British, South Africans, Egyptians, Syrians, Indians, Australians, New Zealanders, Fighting French, Arabs, Italians, and even a few Germans. In most cases we were the first Americans to whom these men had ever talked. Because we were constantly serving as interpreters of the way Americans think, we were more aware of the United States than ever before. We read as foreigners American newspapers and magazines; we listened as aliens to American broadcasts. I can say without hesitation that America is the best-loved nation in the world — and add, with reluctance, that it may become the most hated.

Life in the desert was a communal existence. The nearer one was to the front, the more the essentials of existence were on a give-and-take basis. Food, clothing, blankets, and water were shared without hesitation — and what is more important, without ceremony. Cigarettes were precious, but no one took one for himself without offering the pack to whoever might be standing near-by. The men who had things took care of those who had not. Packages from home were divided up — each man feeling that it was the fortunes of war that brought his box through; so it should be shared with those less

fortunate. Survival of the fittest was not the rule of life; the strong helped the weak. There was no room in battle for bickering over who owes whom what.

Some of this spirit, I find, has developed in America since I left. The rationing system is all new to me. Out of it has grown a new neighborliness, which I like. Friends share their butter, meat, and sugar; strangers climb into taxicabs together; the comradeship in trains and buses these days makes the crowded conditions bearable. War has made us personally less self-sufficient, more aware of one another.

The same spirit prevails throughout the United Nations. All trade barriers are down for the duration. The countries that have, supply those which have not. Money is no motive; if England or Russia wants food, we send all we can spare. American troops wear clothes made in New Zealand and Australia; Indians drive Canadian trucks; the Fighting French eat South American corned beef. And nations are flourishing as never before under a system which has replaced competition with co-operation. The Moscow Conference has stimulated hope for permanent unity, a foundation for everlasting peace.

Yet there are other changes in America that are shocking to anyone just back from the war. Searching for ulterior motives has become a national pastime. Each move on the part of governmental bureaus, labor, or industry is eyed with suspicion, viewed with alarm. Outspoken racial prejudices hit the returning American these days like a blow in the face. The undercurrent of criticism against the Administration has all the terrifying qualities of any underground movement. If this atmosphere of distrust were confined to domestic affairs it might be considered pre-election politics, but unfortunately it undermines our international associations as well. The war has never come close enough to our doors to make us feel ashamed to ask what we are going to get out of Lend-Lease, who is going to own the air bases after this war, or how we are going to get our share of the oil, rubber, and tin.

Since I have been home I have thought often of the posters I saw in Arab shops throughout the Middle East. One of the most ubiquitous is a picture of President Roosevelt. I could not read what was written in Arabic under the smiling, benevolent face. A second line in French, however, says: *On ne vous oublie pas* ("We are not forgetting you"). The more I talk with people here, the more I wonder who of us it is that does not forget the Arabs. Few Americans I have met know anything about conditions in the Middle East. Yet the people of Egypt, for example, though thirteen out of sixteen million of them cannot

read or write, and though they live under unbelievable hardships, regard us Americans as their one great hope and salvation.

Whenever we stopped to prepare a meal along the roads in Egypt, Libya, Tripolitania, or Tunisia, Arabs appeared from nowhere to watch like hungry dogs while we ate. They begged for whatever scraps of food were left in our mess tins; young and old, they searched ravenously through our garbage pits; they gathered up the used tea leaves which the cooks tossed out on the ground. The men and women used to shake our hands warmly, after we had given them a package of biscuits or an old pair of shoes, and repeat over and over, like a prayer, "Americans very good. Americans very good."

I am sure that if the American people learned of the plight of the Arabs they would raise several million dollars overnight to send to them. But the Arabs don't want charity. They want a share in the life that to the rest of the world has come to mean the American way of living. And they are not alone. Millions of Moslems face the East to pray for spiritual guidance, but look to the West, America, for economic liberation. In Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea, we were followed up and down the streets by children shouting, "The Americans are here!" (There were only two of us!) Men and women in every house came out to greet us. High in the mountains of Lebanon a man took me in to meet his aged mother. She smiled from within, like so many other blind persons, and cried, "Ah, you have come at last, Mr. American. God bless you all!"

5

AT LEAST two-thirds of the British troops I talked with wanted to come to America after the war — some to visit, but many of them to find a satisfying future. Among the peoples of India the American promise is a ray of hope. For the Australians and New Zealanders life in the United States is an ideal towards which they are trying to build. Through us the peoples of the South Pacific expect to build up their secondary industries and become more independent.

Yet if you read American magazines and newspapers as an English civilian would read them, or listen to the radio as though you were a Chinese soldier fighting for the sixth year against the Japanese, you can understand the adverse reaction to American propaganda in the minds of many of our allies. We used to hide some of our magazines from home so that the Tommies would not misunderstand

the attitude of our country. I do not believe that most Americans are eager to exploit the world after this war. Yet many industrial advertisements, heralding the golden vista of world-wide markets, create the impression that the shores of the United States are lined with twentieth-century carpetbaggers ready to Americanize the world for their own profits as soon as the last shot is fired.

Some of us in America are so jealously concerned with what we are going to get out of this war that we have turned the people in England against us. I have great faith in the British Tommies. They have been away from home so long that they have changed their entire perspective. They are determined to return to England and change many of the things that now seem unfair to them. But they, and the letters they get from home, repeatedly express a fear of the United States. As a result many Britons are more interested in an alliance with Russia than with us.

So, when someone asks me how it feels to be home, it is in the light of these post-war problems that I try to answer. I came home eager to discover how much public support stood behind the promises that sounded so encouraging while I was overseas. I wanted to learn what plans the average citizen had for collective security after the war. I have found a general feeling that some sort of "League of Nations with teeth in it" should be established after the war. This is encouraging. So is the new neighborliness I have mentioned. Offsetting these heartening changes is a host of ominous fears — the mercantile, profit-seeking suspicion brought back by the five Senators; the whispering campaign against the Russians, our supposed enemy in a war to follow this one; the distrust over whether or not our allies are contributing a fair share; the lack of confidence in anything but force as a means of maintaining peace; the ever increasing resentment toward any measure, good or bad, that the Administration proposes.

For more than a month I have put off writing to a young New Zealander who lost his arm at El Alamein. During the two weeks he and I occupied beds side by side in a hospital in the desert outside Cairo, we spent long hours discussing our respective countries. He had complete faith that out of this war would come a bright new world. That is what he was fighting for. He is waiting for me to tell him how I find things here in America. He, like millions of other men, is waiting for encouragement. I wish I could write and tell him in full confidence, "*On ne vous oublie pas.*"

» Southern paternalism toward the Negro, whatever its vices or virtues, is slowly disappearing. What is the new feeling which will take its place?

HOW THE SOUTH FEELS

by DAVID L. COHN

1

THIS paper is an attempt to state what large numbers of Southern white men are thinking about problems that deeply concern them; to interpret the Southern mind in relation to these problems; to sketch the background against which Southerners move; to indicate what they will do voluntarily and what they cannot be made to do except at the risk of civil war. The issues are somber; the crisis is grave; time passes.

Although Southerners differ from state to state, and even from county to county, there is nonetheless a clearly marked and recognizable Southern mentality, and each area is roughly similar to the others in its economy, way of life, and possession of certain characteristics and attitudes. Its social order, since the destruction of slavery, has been based upon the maintenance of the "color line," and nothing — not even the horrors of Reconstruction — has been able to shake its foundations. The region is still largely agricultural, and agricultural people tend to be slow-moving, stubborn, resistant to change, conservative in their social outlook, resentful and suspicious of outsiders, churchgoing and God-fearing as befits men who live close to the earth and whose livelihood is at the mercy of wind, sun, and rain.

The South is the poorest section of the United States, filled with rural and urban slums whose people are kept from plumbing even lower depths of misery and degradation because they lie already on the stinking bottom. In this area the economic struggle is often of the most pathetic and pitiless kind, because it is of the poor against the poor, the dispossessed against the dispossessed, the hungry against the hungry, the poor farmer against the

poor tenant, the poor white against the poor Negro. They snarl and fight over marrowless bones already picked clean. Hundreds of thousands of young men and women migrate to other sections because they cannot earn a living at home. Those who remain are paid lower wages than obtain elsewhere, because, as is said with much justice, Southern industry cannot pay equal wages and compete with Eastern industry so long as the powerful, banking East rigs freight rates in its own favor. (Sherman, reborn, with an army of lobbyists at his heels, is still marching through Georgia.) Yet, whatever happens, the East benefits, because Southern industries are largely owned outside the section, profits are drained off, and Southerners are left holding a bag of cornmeal and fatback.

During the past century, moreover, Western civilization has given men a choice between a higher standard of living and more children, but the process has not worked this way in the South. Here the standard of living has remained low and the standard of breeding has remained high; thus the section has a body of cheap labor on the farms and in the factories, which produces but does not consume. These workers grow cotton they do not wear, raise tobacco they do not smoke, build furniture they do not use.

In the South, home-grown and outside exploiters of labor combine to prevent the rise of wages by preventing unionism, one of their most potent arguments being that labor unionists are "foreigners" and "communistic." They play off the Southern white against the Southern Negro; the Southern white against the Northern white. And in the midst of the confusions and prejudices thereby engendered, they manage to enrich themselves, impoverish others, and do more to harm capitalism than all the communists who ever spread their dialectic thin on the vast crust of American life.

As a result of its long and often crushing poverty, the South is the most illiterate section of the nation,

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although the Southern states spend nearly half of their total income on education. Being poor, they haven't much to spend. Southern people are the poorest fed and clothed, the worst housed, the most diseased, in the United States. Here are sold the shabbiest merchandise, the vilest whiskey, and the gaudiest Bibles in America. Here is the dumping ground for the nation's trash, the outlet for the spectacularly dreadful trade goods made for the natives of America's colonies-at-home.

The people are highly emotional (a characteristic of Southerners everywhere), still near to the frontier in many of their attitudes, individualistic, hot-tempered, and quick to take the law into their own hands. (In thousands of Southern homes — white and Negro — one may find numerous pistols, shot-guns, rifles, knives, and plenty of ammunition.) They are pleasure-loving people, reckless of money, garrulous, engagingly hospitable, natively courteous, and fiercely partisan in local politics — an inevitable consequence of the Southern temperament and the one-party political system in which personalities count for more than issues.

Southerners are poor, proud, and prolific. Many of them are still spiritual refugees from the antebellum South and exhibit characteristic distortions of the refugee mentality. They are often given to excess in a land of excess (the pursuit of the golden mean is a luxury of the secure); large numbers are orgiastically religious, worshipers of a stern, revengeful Old Testament God, and of a gentle, forgiving New Testament Jesus. They are, moreover, — if you exclude Negroes and a handful of non-Anglo-Saxon whites, — the only great racially homogeneous bloc in the United States, being almost 100 per cent native-born Americans of Anglo-Saxon stock, Protestant to the core, and no lovers of Catholics.

2

THIS society is almost primitively simple on the surface and almost incomprehensibly complex underneath. In Northern Virginia, where there are relatively few Negroes, as in the Mississippi Delta, where there are more Negroes in proportion to whites than elsewhere except in South Africa and the West Indies, the whites are one in their determination that the "color line" shall be maintained — or be modified only by their common consent.

Here each white is deeply affected by the Negro, just as each Negro is deeply affected by the white. The one is a problem for the other. If there has never been a free Negro in the South, it is also true

that there has never been a free white in the South since the Civil War, — free, that is, in the sense that the Vermonter is free, — because the Southerner's whole society and way of life are conditioned by the presence of the Negro. Consequently no one knows what a free Southerner might be like, since the Southerner now functions in an environment of which he is a prisoner.

The situation is no fault of the Negro. It is simply a fact, and the savage irony of it is that the Negro alone, of all American groups, did not come here either because he had been run out of his homeland for whatever reasons, or because he wanted to better his condition. He was dragged out of Africa, tortured, enslaved, and killed by millions to satisfy the greed of white men who preached the religion of love and peace. In Christ's name and for his sake, amen.

The Southern Negro suffers mental aberrations because he lives among whites upon terms which they lay down, while the white suffers other aberrations because he lives among masses of Negroes. These aberrations are inescapable in a society that is kept going more by unwritten and unwritable laws than by the written law affecting the races; by an immense and elaborate code of etiquette that governs their daily relations; by an exquisite and intuitive tact on the part of both whites and Negroes; by adherence to a labyrinthine code of manners, taboos, and conventions. There is therefore a sense of strain in the air; of a delicately poised equilibrium; of forces held in leash. Here men toss uneasily at night and awake fatigued in the morning. Upon such a society one must not lightly pass judgment; nor must one seek to apply patent remedies, for to do so is to play recklessly with explosives.

It is part of the paradox of the South that while the Southern Negro has made great progress during the past half century, race relations have deteriorated during the last few years — and continue to deteriorate at increased speed. In part, perhaps, this retrogression results from the creeping barbarism of our times; from the confusions of men once secure who feel that they are no longer masters of their destinies but are the puppets of fate; from the callousness of spirit engendered in men when they are confronted by so many brutalities that after a while the mind ceases to rebel and drops into a brutish acquiescence. Does the sack of Nanking, the herd-slaughter of Jews, or the deportation of Polish girls to German brothels disturb your sleep?

Forty years ago, two Negroes were justices of the peace in Washington County, Mississippi, in the heart of the black belt. Both men were elected by whites term after term without opposition. A little

earlier, two Negro representatives from the same county sat in the Mississippi legislature. They were splendid men and reflected credit upon their constituents and themselves. Today no Negro could be elected to public office in Mississippi.

The process of deterioration of race relations is hastened by factors working from within and without. The older generation of Negroes, which had established a workable — if perhaps far from ideal — relationship with the whites, is dying. So are the older whites, many of whom are almost the last exemplars of the tradition of *noblesse oblige*. Southern paternalism toward the Negro — whatever its vices or virtues — is slowly disappearing, and the economic relationship of the races tends more closely to approximate that of the dog-eat-dog economy which generally prevails elsewhere.

The younger Negroes, better educated than their predecessors, readers of the violent and often incendiary Negro press, sharply intent upon securing what they take to be their rights, and more resentful of the restraints under which they live, are developing a bitter hatred of the whites. The younger whites in turn are developing an equally bitter hatred of Negroes, while the older members of both races stand bewildered and helpless to prevent what may become a tragic clash between these tragic peoples. From without, Nazi, Japanese, and American fascist propaganda operates to set the races against each other, while Southern demagogues add to the hatreds and confusions and are valiantly aided by Northern white liberals and professional Northern Negroes.

As a result of these factors, many Negroes are so bitter that they talk of fighting it out with their white neighbors, while the whites are so embittered that, by a strange hate-transference, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has become the most hated woman in the South since Harriet Beecher Stowe. She is widely blamed for having stimulated Negroes to demand “social equality” and higher wages and shorter hours in the white folks’ kitchens — if not servants’ labor unions; and in her name, it is said, Negroes have formed “Eleanor Clubs” to further these and more sinister ends.

3

IN SUCH an atmosphere, it is futile to point out that any people suffering repressions will attempt to remove them; that as long ago as 1831 in Virginia, Nat Turner led a slave rebellion against the white masters; or, to come to today’s events, that the FBI has not discovered a single Eleanor Club.

There is nothing new in all this, but much that is significant. In 1904, when Booker T. Washington dined at the White House as the guest of President Theodore Roosevelt, a roar of anger went up from the South. “White men of the South, how do you like it?” asked the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*. The *Memphis Scimitar* said that Roosevelt had perpetrated “the most damnable outrage ever.” The *Richmond Times*, though more hysterical perhaps than other Southern newspapers, yet came nearer to plumbing the unconscious Southern mind, when it pictured the President as believing that white women should receive attentions from Negro men and that the two races might intermarry.

Here we come near to the heart of the problem. I submit that our understanding depends upon three candid acknowledgments. The first is that the Negro question is insoluble, as are all complex social questions. Only a naïve people could believe that it is soluble in the sense that a final solution can be found and the whole matter neatly disposed of.

Secondly, we must acknowledge that the question is insoluble because, in the conscious or unconscious minds of whites, it is at bottom a blood or sexual question. They are determined that no white in their legal jurisdiction shall marry a Negro, and this is the law of all the Southern states. They are equally determined that white women shall not have physical relations with Negro men except, when discovered, upon pain of death or banishment inflicted upon one or both parties to the act. Under these circumstances there can never be “social equality” between the races. There cannot even be forms of physical propinquity which smack of social equality, or which encourage or permit social relationships, open or clandestine, between the races. These iron taboos find their direct expression in — and are primarily enforced through — the physical and social segregation of the races.

If it be said that the Southern white man, allegedly zealous for the purity of his blood, has not hesitated to have physical relations with Negro women, the charge is irrefutable. Historically such relationships have always occurred everywhere when there was a master and slave relationship between races; when the aftermath of slavery was the weakening of family ties, and the richer race could buy the women of the poorer race. The fact is nonetheless indefensible and shameful to a people setting themselves up as superior, but its recognition, for a reason that we shall discuss, leads nowhere to a solution of the issues involved. It is worth noting, however, that so far as one can determine, physical relationships between Southern white men and Negro women have long been de-

creasing, whether because of an awakened conscience on this score or because in the South, as throughout the country, standards of sexual morality among white people have been sharply relaxed.

It is useless to tell Southerners that their fears are groundless; that Negroes say they do not want "social equality" or intermarriage with whites. Logically the Southerner argues that if Negroes do not seek intermarriage, then, from their point of view, they are fools, because if they should ever achieve it, the repressions of which they complain would be removed by the whites out of familial self-interest. Instinctively the Southerner argues that sex is at the core of life — that it is one of the most profound instincts or desires that animate the human body, and that it is capable of evoking primitive fears and demoniac passions.

Southern whites, therefore, will not at any foreseeable time relax the taboos and conventions which keep the races separate, from the cradle to the grave. They fear and believe that once a small crack is made in the walls of social segregation, the walls will eventually be breached. The separateness of the races, say Southerners, must consequently continue. And if it is concluded by anthropologists that whites and blacks will some day intermarry and the American people will become chocolate-colored, Southern whites reply that this is a question to be decided by their descendants of the twenty-fifth century.

It is William Graham Sumner's dictum that you cannot change the mores of a people by law, and since the social segregation of the races is the most deep-seated and pervasive of the Southern mores, it is evident that he who attempts to change it by law runs risks of incalculable gravity. Yet there are whites and Negroes who would attempt to break down segregation in the South by Federal fiat. Let them beware. I have no doubt that in such an event every Southern white man would spring to arms and the country would be swept by civil war.

Writing nearly two years ago in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, Mark Ethridge, the publisher of that newspaper, said: "He [the Negro] must realize that there is no power in the world . . . which could now force the Southern white people to abandon the principle of social segregation. It is a cruel disillusionment, bearing the germs of strife and perhaps tragedy, for any of their leaders to tell them that they can expect it as the price of their participation in the war." This, it seems to me, is a statement of indubitable fact, yet Mr. Ethridge was denounced by the Negro press and Northern white liberals as a fascist, a Ku-Kluxer, and a scoundrel.

4

I COME now to the third acknowledgment concerning the Negro question. If it is insoluble in the sense mentioned, the issue is confused and harm is done to the relations of the races when leaders on both sides, out of sentimentality or refusal to face the fact, pretend that somehow it is capable of solution. This make-believe gets us nowhere. It does not follow, however, that a question which cannot be solved may not be ameliorated. No notable improvement of race relations can be achieved, in my opinion, unless the ground is cleared by a recognition on the part of both whites and Negroes that (a) the problem is incapable of solution, and (b) the issue of segregation must not be called into question. From examples of amelioration based on these premises — examples taken from all over the South — as well as from the extraordinary progress of the Southern Negro during the past half century, it would be reasonable to conclude that almost all the differences between the races — except only that of social segregation — may be gradually adjusted or removed through the exercise of patience, wisdom, and good will on both sides.

If the races made this rational approach to the problem, and ruled out the one thing that brings it into the realm of the emotional or the irrational, not only would many of the present difficulties be brought within the possibility of solution, but the burden would then rest upon the whites to do for the Negro what they have not done at all, or only in part. This would mean giving him his civic rights: the right to justice in the courts; the right to security in his person and property; the right to a fair share in the distribution of tax money for purposes of education, health, and public improvements. It would mean giving him the right to earn a living, to be paid according to his worth and not his color, to be protected in the practice of the professions and skills. And, not less important, it would mean that he would be asked to assume his fair share of taxes and other burdens of the community.

Let us not delude ourselves. This is obviously less than democracy. This is merely a step toward democracy. But there is no section of the country in which at some time other minorities, as well as the Negro, have not been discriminated against. And let us bear in mind that there is no government — indeed, no organized religion — which has not at some time compromised with the logic of its own institutions. But one does not reject democracy because it is less than perfect — any more than one rejects other institutions for that reason.

So far I have discussed the Negro question as a Southern question. It is, of course, a national question. More than three million Negroes live outside the South, they are constantly migrating to other sections; and wherever they live, almost the same repressions run against them as in the South, except that elsewhere they are often sicklied over with a revolting hypocrisy. This is especially true of social segregation. In terms of the South, however, it is clear that both races need the sympathetic understanding of others, and not their unreasoned recriminations or pious homilies. They need it deeply in these days of high tension, and at a time when a false move or the acceptance of misguided counsel may take the whole question out of the hands of decent whites and Negroes and deliver it into the talons of demagogues, fascists, and Ku-Kluxers, to the irreparable harm of the Negro and

the detriment of the whole American political order.

Both races are caught in a tragic dilemma. No man can view the position of the American Negro without a sore heart, a troubled conscience, and a deep compassion. Nor can one view the position of the Southern whites without sympathy, for they are the sum of their inheritance and their environment, and act according to their lights. Whites and Negroes alike will each have to yield much to the other if American democracy is to survive, and each will have to yield out of conviction rather than compulsion. Let those who would attempt to solve this question by the law heed the words of the distinguished sociologist, Dr. Robert E. Park:—

“We do not know what we ought to do until we know what we can do; and we certainly should consider what men can do before we pass laws prescribing what they should do.”

FAME OR FASHION

In Literature

by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

1

THE two words “fame” and “fashion” begin with the same two letters; after that, they have not a letter in common. And what is true of their spelling is true also of what they stand for: fame and fashion have very little in common. What makes a writer fashionable is not what makes him famous; in a good many cases a writer would probably have achieved fame, had all — or most — of the elements which made him fashionable been left out. It would be going too far to say that a writer owed his fashion, his popularity, to all his bad qualities, and to none of his good; but it is very generally true that some, at least, of the qualities which helped him to fashion are *not* the qualities which add luster to his fame in after years. They had been better away.

Novelist, playwright and poet, LAURENCE HOUSMAN made his first success with his anonymous volume, *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*, which was published in 1900 and promptly attributed to forty different people, from Victoria down; and his second with *Victoria Regina*, published in 1934. But despite fashion, he has written steadfastly, as befits the brother of A. E. Housman, and now has under his signature no fewer than sixty volumes.

Let us take some instances from the day before yesterday — the Victorian Age, which, during the last generation, has stepped into history. Two of the most famous writers of that day (famous and fashionable) were Dickens and Tennyson. Now there can be very little doubt that the popularity of Dickens was enormously enhanced by the way he played down to the intellect of his readers — he was sedulously “low-brow.”

Dickens is never difficult to understand — he is always terribly easy. He dots the *i*'s and crosses the *t*'s of his characters not once but a dozen times. And where his rich humor wears thin (as it sometimes does), he carries on with an arch facetiousness and a heavy-handed exaggeration of statement which not merely require no effort of the intellect for their appreciation, but require that the intellect shall be temporarily nonexistent, or dormant, to make them at all credible, or tolerable.

Take for instance the letter written by Fanny Squeers to Ralph Nickleby after Nicholas has thrashed her father. Blind admirers of Dickens regard that letter as a masterpiece of humor.

SIR,

My pa requests me to write to you, the doctors considering it doubtful whether he will ever recover the use of his legs which prevents his holding a pen.

We are in a state of mind beyond everything, and my pa is one mask of brooses both blue and green likewise two forms are steepled in his Goar. We were kimpelled to have him carried down into the kitchen where he now lays. You will judge from this that he has been brought very low.

When your newew that you recommended for a teacher had done this to my pa and jumped upon his body with his feet and also langwedge which I will not pollewt my pen with describing, he assaulted my ma with dreadful violence, dashed her to the earth, and drove her back comb several inches into her head. A very little more and it must have entered her skull. We have a medical certifiket that if it had, the tortershell would have affected the brain.

Me and my brother were then the victims of his feury since which we have suffered very much which leads us to the arrowing belief that we have received some injury in our insides, especially as no marks of violence are visible externally. I am screaming out loud all the time I write and so is my brother which takes off my attention rather and I hope will excuse mistakes.

The monster having sasiated his thirst for blood ran away, taking with him a boy of desperate character that he had excited to rebellyon, and a garnet ring belong to my ma, and not having been apprehended by the constables is supposed to have been took up by some stage-coach. My pa begs that if he comes to you the ring may be returned, and that you will let the thief and assassin go, as if we prosecuted him he would only be transported, and if he is let go he is sure to be hung before long which will save us trouble and be much more satisfactory. Hoping to hear from you when convenient

I remain

Yours and cetrer

FANNY SQUEERS

P.S. I pity his ignorance and despise him.

Now, as I say, blind admirers of Dickens do not in their pious blindness regard that performance as a crime to be condoned or hidden away: they regard it as a gem; and its postscript (which by itself is not so bad) has passed into the currency of our language. Why is it, then, that I find it so painful an exhibition of unscrupulous pandering to the cheapest sense of humor?

In ultra-burlesque, incredible statements are permissible — they are part of the game; but in comedy and in novels some relation to real life is demanded. And when Fanny says that she is screaming all the time that she writes, and that her mother's back comb was driven several inches into her head, and a little more and it would have entered her skull — well, as a bit of isolated extravaganza you may be able to laugh at it. But as part of a letter possible to be written by an angry young

woman whose father has been assaulted — it simply won't wash: it is so absolutely unreal and so abysmally silly. It is supposed to represent a character prone to exaggerate; but Dickens is not artist enough in restraint to make the exaggeration funny without making it incredible.

Dickens discovered that he could get the cheap laugh from scores of thousands of his countrymen; and he yielded to the temptation. It helped his popularity, but it has not helped his fame.

Another of his popular qualities was his sentiment, as expressed in the deaths of Paul Dombey, Little Nell, Dora, and other small fry, whose dyings were a delight to the Victorian Age — but delight us less now.

Dickens is famous because he created a collection of characters of extraordinary vividness and variety, which remain alive in spite of, and not because of, his absurd exaggerations about them. And because his rich sense of life was infectious, he made his readers feel that (filled though it was with the bad and the indifferent as well as the good) life was aboundingly worth while. Not a sense of beauty, but a sense of vitality, of exuberant spirits, is what we get from Dickens, in full measure pressed down, and bubbling up again. Had Dickens been less extravagant as a caricaturist, and less of a sentimentalist, he would have been just as famous in the present day, but less fashionable in his own.

Then take Tennyson. When Tennyson came into literary being, he was adored by a small group of sensitively cultured minds; but the older critics disliked him. A highly educated Don of Cambridge said, "Tennyson is poetry gone mad." Curiously, after his death, the charge against Tennyson was that he was "poetry gone tame." And it is quite true that in the interval much of his poetry, in spite of (perhaps because of) its technical delicacy and polish, had gone tame.

Tennyson achieved his popularity, his fashion, by a taming process, which luckily did not infect all his poems. It infected "The May Queen," "The Princess," "Enoch Arden," "Idylls of the King." It did not seriously infect "In Memoriam" (which was a far bolder poem for its time than we now realize it to be); it did not infect at all his best short lyrics, or "Maud," or certain other pieces that one could name. But "Maud" with Tennyson's contemporaries was never popular — it was deprecated as morbid, hysterical, and unwholesome. And it is only within the last few years that a Neo-Georgian poet, Mr. Humbert Wolfe, has come along to assert boldly that "Maud" is Tennyson's finest poem and his surest claim (outside his lyrics

and a few other pieces) to permanent fame. What made Tennyson fashionable was not what has re-established his fame. It was not on "Idylls of the King" that his reputation recovered from the slump that lasted for a few decades after his death. The only one of the Idylls which keeps its hold is "The Passing of Arthur," which he cribbed largely from Malory, and made a very beautiful poem.

One of Tennyson's faults was that he was so self-consciously polished in his diction that sometimes he could not call a spade even remotely a spade. When he wanted to talk of King Arthur's mustache, he called it "the knightly growth that fringed his lips." And his Victorian readers thought that was poetic. (It is curious that poets talk freely of a man's beard, but not of his mustache or of his whiskers. I don't know why: it simply is not done. Similarly a lover will invite his "Nita, Juanita," to lean upon his breast, but not upon his chest.) So, with the weight of tradition against it, perhaps one ought not to be too hard upon Tennyson for being so wordily evasive of mentioning King Arthur's mustache — though "bearded lip" would have been more straightforward and sensible.

2

SOME writers, of course, are in a way "fashionable" — the vogue of a certain set — without achieving popularity in the larger sense. Swinburne was never popular; but he was once very much the vogue. He is less so today. That is not to say that Swinburne has no claim to rank among the famous poets — only that the degree of his fame is by no means yet settled. But it was with some amazement that I heard, not many years ago, a man of brilliant critical discrimination (himself a poet) say that he would not be surprised if, eventually, Christina Rossetti took higher place than Swinburne.

And it amazed me, not because I do not think highly of Christina Rossetti myself, — she attracts me more deeply than Swinburne, — but because it seemed so unlikely that a general estimate of cultured minds could be so drastically reversed; yet there was a critic of penetration, sensitive to the higher values of poetry, saying that it might be so. He may be wrong; but he may be right. We can't tell. And in the inability of even highly cultured minds to be independent of vogue and fashion, there is something of a mystery.

It seems that fame is necessarily a product of the ages: that it cannot be conferred with certainty by one generation alone. In the realm of literature, we

require a communicative gift from age to age to make us more sure of ourselves in giving right judgments concerning fame. For fashionable judgments we can rely entirely on ourselves.

If you look through the history of literature, with its contemporary judgments, you will be able to pick out great names which would have died and been buried, had their final disposal been in the hands of their contemporaries. And many names (little considered today) would have been foisted upon us as great, had the voice of contemporary approval been able to decide the matter. But it was *not*. It never will be. Therefore, in delivering our dictums of blessing or cursing on the upstarts of fashion, let us remember that those judgments are not likely to be final; and with caution (avoiding arrogance) be courteous toward experiments which are not popular.

For what becomes easily popular seldom lasts. In my own day I have seen reputations go up like a rocket and come down like the stick. But what is worth notice is that, when those reputations were on the upgrade, they were vouched for by most of our leading critics in poetry and literature. The 1890's were eager to discover a poet of the first rank (and I still think that some really fine work was then produced). But somehow, most of it lacked staying power.

Possibly hereafter some of it may be retrieved and single pieces may have fame accorded them. For we have, in poetry, instances of single poems to which the rank of fame has been rightly given, where almost everything else by the same writer is forgotten except by students. And of those single poems, one can say confidently that they are first-rate — that, of their kind, nothing has been better done.

Take, for instance, Drayton, whose "Agincourt" is a well-known poem of good but not tremendous quality. But Drayton wrote one sonnet which ranks with the sonnets of Shakespeare and higher than all Milton's sonnets except his very best.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me:
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes, —
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

Take another poet — John Donne. John Donne never was, and never will be, popular; but he has written passages of love poetry, and of religious poetry, which are unbeaten in their intensity of bitter and sweet emotion combined. Yet it is only in the last generation that Donne's intellectual stature among the poets has been fully recognized. And there is more likelihood of that belated appreciation's being well-founded than had it been accorded in his own day. Between then and now, so great an authority as Pope belittled him; and Doctor Johnson had not much to say for him of good.

3

AND having mentioned Pope, I have mentioned a writer who was once tremendously the fashion; but whose fame is not now (and never will be) so great as fashion once made it. Nevertheless he remains (quite worthily within his limitations) a very considerable figure in English literature.

There are signs today of an attempt to "boost" Pope back into a higher rank among the immortals than his qualities warrant; and I don't wonder that the untidiness of our present school of poetry should have given the expert tidiness of Pope an attraction (by force of contrast) for those whom untidiness repels. Yes, polish — expert tidiness — was one of Pope's pre-eminent qualities.

Now, as parody is a good short-cut for getting in with one's criticism (the "Two Voices" parody of Wordsworth by J. K. Stephens is one of the best criticisms of him that I know), perhaps a little parody may help to indicate one of the defects of Pope's qualities. And so I have tried to write a small poem in that manner of delicate balance and perfect sobriety which formed so large a part of the recipe for writing poetry which Pope imposed on the Augustan Age.

In thinking of Pope in terms of parody — a seesaw (his admirers will be horrified to hear) came at once to my mind. And my thought was: "If Pope had set himself to rewrite 'See-saw, Margery Daw,' how would he have done it?" I suggest that he would have done it (far better no doubt) something like this: —

Now up, now down, supported, Margery swings;
The swaying plank supplies her mind with wings:
Not uninspired, but with a balanced brain,
She hurls herself to Heaven — then down again.
Tomorrow Jacky goes — dejected boy —
To a new master, and to new employ:
Himself a clod, his fellow-clod he turns,
Slow as a slug; and small the wage he earns;

Copper, not gold, the goal to which he strains,
A penny-piece the price for all his pains.
To narrow mind what matters the amount?
His goose is cooked — and this the cooked account.

Now the construction of these lines will have told you, I imagine, why, when one comes to parody Pope, one thinks of a seesaw. I think his mother must have swung daily on a seesaw while she was expecting him.

Can a seesaw become a vehicle of genius? It can; and Pope is the exponent of that extraordinary fact. You may despise the seesaw as an instrument of locomotion; but you cannot despise Pope. Nevertheless you can place him (where he has placed himself, with a gusto which shows how thoroughly the instrument satisfied him) on the seesaw and can watch him exercising himself upon it by the hour.

Look at this: it is from the poem selected in the *Oxford Book of English Verse* as representing Pope at his best: —

O, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in Heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

What can atone (O ever-injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!

In that poem of eighty-two lines, dedicated to the death of an unfortunate lady, I can only find fourteen of genuinely inspired and moving poetry. And that does not seem to me the proportion due from a great poet when he composes a dirge upon a beautiful and blameless character hounded into suicide. Moreover, not only is the mechanism, though skillful, too obvious for spontaneity of feeling to survive, but the sentiment itself does not bear examination; for, in spite of the statement, "Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid," we find, in the concluding lines, that the rites were abundantly paid by foreign hands, and her fate abundantly pitied by strangers. If Pope had really meant us to be heart-wrung, he would have accentuated the indifference with which strangers buried her. But having given grief a graceful turn, Pope is satisfied.

Now if you can convince yourselves that above a quarter of that poem is more than polished artifice, you will think me unfair, and will be the readier to agree with those who rate him more highly. But I

should run some risk of unfairness in any case, if I based my criticism on one poem alone. I turn for further illustration, not to less considered examples, but to another of his most famous poems. And there still I find the seesaw at work.

I take the following from the impassioned address of Eloisa to her absent lover, Abelard — which gave (in Pope's words) "so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion": —

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now, turned to Heaven, I weep my past offense;
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love the offender, yet detest the offense?

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resigned;
Desires composed, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heaven.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering Angels prompt her golden dreams.

That is the "lively" picture as Pope presents it: a sparkling performance, tersely phrased, brilliant in diction. But does it really touch your emotions?

And now for my last example — the brilliance of which I think nobody can dispute: here is Pope doing the thing he was meant to do, and using his recipe, touching it with sharp, delicate flavors, like the chef that he was: —

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by Flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged,¹
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

¹ In Pope's day, pronounced "obleeged."

Now that is top-notch; and it is, of its kind, perfect form. Why? Because it is a satirical attack. Because it is incisive; because it is giving a series of short sharp stabs; because, for dexterity, a stab must be short, sharp, and quick. If it's long, it's blundering — it must keep its pace even in the final *coup de grâce* which closes the account. And that is why, for this sort of thing, Pope's device of couplets (each couplet containing two antitheses) is a perfect device. But it descends into mechanism when he tries to apply it to the softer emotions, or to continue, for page after page, what should be kept to give climax and clinch to the venomous sentiments which God sent him into the world to express — better than any other poet I know.

And in order to show you just how, to my mind, this system of antithesis becomes a second-rate thing when removed from satire to sentiment, I take the most antithetical passage from Shakespeare that I can remember, and translate from the manner of Shakespeare into the manner of Pope: —

Mercy, with mind serene pursues her path,
Free from constraint, and far removed from wrath;
As the fermenting cloud, distilled in rain,
Bedews with general moisture hill and plain,
Twice blest it goes: sheds blessing as it leaves
The donor's hand, and blesses who receives.
Where man's most mighty it but adds renown.
And upon Kings confers a statelier crown.
Of temporal power the sceptre is the sign —
Awful in weight, majestic in design;
There sits the dread of Kings, and there the fear —
Guilt covers or flees, while trembling hope draws near.
But Mercy plies no lash, and wields no rods,
She prompts the hearts of Kings to be like God's;
And earthly power then shows the more divine,
If Justice melts when Mercy makes the sign.

For that sort of thing Pope's method imposes shackles which even the genius of Pope (so ready of wit, so quick in turn of phrase) is unable to escape.

4

FROM Pope, too highly esteemed in his day, let us turn to one whose fortune was just the opposite: one of the most remarkable examples in English literature of contemporary neglect, followed, after a very considerable interval, by fame.

In 1927 the centenary of William Blake's death was commemorated by the unveiling of a tablet to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. To the critics of his own day, Blake — long-lived, frugal, industrious, but poverty-stricken — was not merely "poetry gone mad": he *was* mad, nothing else. The charge of madness was allowed to wipe out from the

comprehension of his contemporaries (except a very few: Charles Lamb and Wordsworth were two of them) any critical sense of the extraordinary beauty and value of his poems and paintings. And even fifty years ago, when I edited a selection of his writings and poems, a leading critic, Mr. Andrew Lang, began his review of it with the words: "It is the mark of a clique to admire Blake." It was true enough then — if the word "clique" means a small minority. But it would be difficult today to find anyone of serious literary standing who, whatever he thought of Blake's sanity, failed to recognize the rare and high qualities of his genius.

The lifelong neglect and dislike of Blake by his contemporaries brings up the question of the effect of environment and of contemporary modes of thought and fashion on a man's work — the work of a man of genius.

I once heard a lecturer make the acute remark that, had Shakespeare lived in the reign of George II, he could not have been anything like the Shakespeare we know; he could not have produced so well or so spontaneously. For a man of his temperament the age would have been out of joint; and his genius could only have revealed itself with difficulty. That unpropitious atmosphere would either have damped down, or exacerbated, the workings of his brain. Undoubtedly that did happen to Blake. He suffered from his environment. His age would not have him; and, as a consequence, he rebelled against it, kicked violently, forced his note, and said things extravagantly, to annoy and puzzle a generation which (from his point of view) was extraordinarily stupid.

The unimaginative assault and battery which was paid out to Blake by that unreceptive age (and paid back by him more imaginatively in explosive fireworks, which still do his fame some harm) was also, in a certain sense, directed by that same age against Shakespeare. But Shakespeare was dead, so it did not affect him; it only affected his work in the way it was published and presented during the eighteenth century.

The mangling and "improvement," to suit contemporary taste, of Shakespeare's plays had begun under the Restoration; and during the eighteenth century it went on. Why? For the simple reason that Shakespeare and the eighteenth century had not the same sense of beauty, or the same sense of truth, or the same sense of life's values.

"Exuberance is Beauty" said Blake. "Exuberance is bad taste" said the eighteenth century. And Shakespeare, in his large grasp and love and interpretation of human nature, was exuberant.

The eighteenth century had the defects of its qual-

ities; it couldn't help it. Shakespeare had also the defects of *his* qualities; but they were better qualities. And so, to an age which did not especially value those qualities, they were not merely a falling-short of the perfection aimed at: they were "in bad taste."

5

WHAT else did the eighteenth century dislike, or wish to make different? Its undervaluation of Shakespeare was not likely to stand alone. And it didn't. Not only was the eighteenth the century which least understood Shakespeare, being least in sympathy with all that Shakespeare stood for: it was also lacking in understanding of two other great influences of the past — Christianity and Gothic architecture.

John Wesley had nothing in common with the cold culture of the age in which he lived: his living Christianity seemed shockingly out of taste. Similarly out of taste, Gothic architecture had become a curiosity: like Christianity, people preferred to see it in ruins; it was more suitable to look at than to live with. Horace Walpole's reconstruction of Gothic in a toy version for his own domestic amusement was no more than a pet fancy — on a par with the contemporary "tapestries" which Miss Lindley worked in imitation of oil paintings, and framed into pictures. This being the taste of the age, we find that at the theater *King Lear* was made tolerable by being given a happy ending. And Garrick's acting versions of other plays afford an accurate measure (in their departure from the text) of the separation between Shakespeare and the eighteenth century.

Two of its most prominent characters passed judgments on him which are representative enough to be worth quoting: "Was there ever such stuff as Shakespeare wrote?" exclaimed George III irritably; while Doctor Johnson declared that you could not find anywhere in Shakespeare six consecutive lines of good poetry.

And yet Doctor Johnson had a great mind — was, indeed, a most sensible person; and if he sometimes said foolish things, those foolish things nevertheless had sense to back them: he said them with reason.

There was, therefore, something the matter, either with Shakespeare or with the eighteenth century, to cause this critical coldness, in a great mind so representative of its age, to the form of Shakespeare's poetry: Johnson did not question his greatness.

That matter was (as I have already said) that

their defects ran in opposite directions. The eighteenth century was overcorrect in its literary conventions — too much ruled by rule, and too limited in vision, to be able to think or write freely. Shakespeare, on the other hand, had no use for correctness; he followed no rule, obeyed an almost limitless vision, was careless of scholarship, and had an exuberant love of human nature, which he expressed on a heroic scale.

A. E. Housman, a critic for whom I have a natural respect, comparing the perfections of Milton with the imperfections of Shakespeare, said that Milton was a great artist, and that Shakespeare was not: that Shakespeare lacked Milton's great gift of "sobriety."

That is the opinion of a fine scholarly mind. I am not scholarly; and perhaps it is for that reason that I am inclined to retort: "Who but a pedant wants sobriety from Shakespeare?" Had Shakespeare expressed himself with sobriety, how much of Shakespeare would have remained?

But from the Restoration period onward, producers of Shakespeare for the stage were constantly trying to reduce him to sobriety, by pruning down the too exuberant language of his characters. And so, when Macbeth (his overwrought speech expressive of an overwrought mind) cries out to the messenger of Doom: —

"The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?"

Davenant comes along, and reduces the phrase to "sobriety" by making Macbeth say: "Now, Friend, what means thy change of countenance?" And the character of Macbeth and the state of Macbeth's mind — sacrificed to sobriety of statement — become, for the moment, nonexistent. Macbeth is wiped off the stage.

But though Shakespeare often indulged in overwrought phrases, with less excellent dramatic excuse than in the instance I have just given, he was always consciously using a form which helped to produce a cumulative effect.

You hear a passage of Shakespeare at his worst: it is still in the Shakespeare style of big utterance; it remains consistent, of a piece, with Shakespeare at his best — with the scale, that is to say, on which Shakespeare molded his characters and gave them accompanying speech. But (and here is the clue to the dramatic value of Shakespeare's range of style) you might hear a short, specially selected passage of Shakespeare, and not know that it was Shakespeare, unless you came on it in its dramatic setting; and then — if you were intelligent — you would say (not because of its form, which might be

extraordinarily stark and simple, but because of the greatness of its invention for the place in which you found it) that nobody but Shakespeare could have thought of it — just there.

Take, for instance, this: —

"Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir."

Disjoined from its setting, it's nothing: there is no style, no form, about it. One line of it is even bad verse — bald, uneventful, monotonous. But in its place, in that last scene when Lear is dying with Cordelia dead in his arms, it becomes a tremendous invention, a thing of absolute genius.

Out of that general background of large utterance to which he scales his characters comes now and then this utter poignancy of the *vox humana*, stark and stripped of ornament, terse, direct, simple.

That is what Shakespeare's form leads up to — to moments when mere form disappears and the very simplest thing that can be said has a tremendous significance: pure human nature emerges pinnacled in tragedy — brought to an ultimate simplicity that is more revealing of the springs of being than any ornament of imagery or rhetoric however grand.

6

THE actual range of Shakespeare's form is, therefore, very wide — from the most elaborate language to the most simple; and it has that range for dramatic reasons, not for mere literary. That is a point which critics sometimes miss. There are occasions in the plays when dramatic value is far more important than literary value; and Shakespeare, being a dramatic artist, is the greater artist because his form varies.

In some of his great scenes "sobriety" would be out of place. It is nonsense to demand it. To go back, then, to this question of the separation which had arisen between the mind of Shakespeare and the mind of the eighteenth century — how did it arise? How should one define it? One might account for a great deal of it in a single word: "enthusiasm." Shakespeare, in his exuberance, was of an enthusiastic temperament: the eighteenth century was not. The very word had, for the eighteenth century, a reprobate meaning. I turn to an eighteenth-century dictionary, and there I find "Enthusiasm: a vain belief of private revelation; a vain confidence of Divine favour; heat of imagination." "Enthusiast: one who vainly imagines a private revelation; one who has a vain confidence of his intercourse with God; one of a hot imagination." And it is only

reluctantly, as a last alternative, that the more favorable definition is conceded: "One of elevated fancy, or exalted ideas."

The earlier definition has etymology behind it; but the word "vain" is opprobriously thrown in without any etymological justification whatever. So, perhaps, to many cultured minds of the eighteenth century, Shakespeare was a "vain fellow," a man who, by his enthusiastic language, showed that he had a vain confidence of his intercourse with God, in terms of beauty.

Now if Shakespeare needs any excuse for the exuberance of his language (the high key in which he pitched most of his dramatic dialogue), it should be remembered that he was doing on the plastic stage of his own day what in the pictorial stage of our day is not so much required. Shakespeare's dramatic figures stood out on a platform-stage, without scenery, and practically without background, with the audience on three sides of it. And the whole of his atmosphere and environment had to come from the gestures and language of the actors. When they spoke, they provided their own scenery, which we now provide for them. They had to do a good deal more (when they spoke) than actors have to do nowadays in order to give the setting. They carried the scenery on their backs, as it were, and spoke it in words.

That condition alone made it impossible for Shakespearean drama to be naturalistic in form. But it did aim at giving you human nature. The large utterance of Shakespeare's characters tends to give them a larger scale, enabling the actors to hold the stage in the difficult circumstances of having so much more than themselves to express. And this particular condition of the Elizabethan stage suited the exuberant temperament of Shakespeare: he adapted himself to it *con amore*.

But were you to ask me if there was not also a fashion in Shakespeare's day which made merely for popularity, and which has done some harm, if not to Shakespeare's fame, to the form in which his plays have come down to us, I should have to say yes.

Shakespeare's plays would have been better than they are, more acceptable, more completely appealing to the mind of posterity, had they not been affected — adversely affected — by certain fashions of his own day. Certain things which then made for popularity give them a certain unreality now. They are less convincing, less satisfying to us, because they accepted certain rather cheap conventions, devices, and makeshifts which the public of his day liked and were always ready to swallow whole.

The public of his day liked ghosts: they demanded them; if you had a murder, you almost always had to have a ghost also. Without the ghost (if it was the murder of an important person) the murder was not complete. You have a curious instance of that in Webster's *The White Devil* or *Vittoria Corombona*. The wife of one of the characters has been murdered. The husband, who does not know it, begins thinking of her. Immediately her ghost enters. The husband does not know that it is her ghost: he does not know that the ghost is there at all. But the author wants the audience to know; and so, there the ghost stands, while in soliloquy he talks about his wife. And when he has done talking of her, the ghost goes again. It is quite silly; but the fashion of that day required that sort of thing, and got it — got it from Shakespeare along with the rest. And sometimes (not always) Shakespeare's ghosts would be better away. We could do better without them.

Another contemporary stage fashion of Shakespeare's day which has become unreal to us is the comedy — or the tragedy — carried to fantastic lengths, of mistaken identity, two people exactly alike; sometimes a boy and a girl — twins. Of course on the Shakespearean stage both actors were boys, which made it just a shade more possible. But though we accept that stage convention today, for the sake of laughter, it is not in the least convincing. And if it had not been the fashion of his day, acceptable, and readily swallowed by all playgoers, Shakespeare would hardly have condescended to it, although in comedy the fairy-tale element in which the play is cast may give it a sort of rightness. But when you have similar devices of mistaken identity in tragedy, the result is sometimes lamentable in its mock make-believe.

Take for instance the play *Cymbeline*, which contains one of the loveliest of Shakespeare's female characters — Imogen. But that play is almost ruled out for modern audiences by the crude and clumsy device of Cloten's headless body left a nasty mess for Imogen to weep over. And because the body wears the clothes of her husband, she proceeds to identify him, with a particularity which leaves one gasping at the nonsensicalness of an age which could swallow such stuffing devoid of all reason: —

"I know the shape of 's leg; this is his hand,
His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,
The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face —
Murder in Heaven? — How! — 'Tis gone!"

Murder in Heaven! 'Tis nonsense! Here you have a devoted wife, examining the anatomy of another man, piece by piece, and swearing it to be her husband's, with a particularity which I can only call "luridly domestic." And with an Elizabethan audi-

ence that sort of thing (in spite of its wild improbability) went down. They liked it. We don't. As for *Titus Andronicus*, that orgy of bloodshed and mutilation — I don't know what the latest scholars say about it; for myself, I devoutly hope that Shakespeare didn't write it.

7

THERE you get two instances of the bad effects of fashion on the great literature of its day. We meet with them, it is true, in plays one of which is negligible and the other a work which, in spite of its many beauties, does not take decisive rank.

But I will give you instances from two of Shakespeare's finest plays, where it seems to me that fashion has imposed on him a stage device which had been better away. In *Julius Caesar*, in the tent scene (after the quarrel with Cassius, and the military discussion and the Boy's song that follow), Caesar's ghost appears to Brutus. And if the ghost must appear at all, it is done exceedingly well. But I cannot help feeling that Brutus was not the sort of character to see ghosts visibly. Indeed his way of dealing with the ghost when it appears shows a philosophic acceptance of the pass in which fate has landed him which the apparition does not trouble. Brutus needs no ghost for the stirring of his conscience or the rousing of his fears, for it does neither. But the audience of Shakespeare's day *did* need it: so — enter ghost!

Ghosts have another drawback for modern audiences, in addition to their frequent superfluity. When the ghost appears and all see it alike (as they do see it in the opening scene of *Hamlet*), then the apparition is consistent and the scene remains all of a piece. But in the scene between Hamlet and his mother (when Hamlet sees it and she does not) credibility is strained. If Horatio and the rest saw the ghost on the ramparts, why does not Hamlet's mother see it also — especially as she is a rather guilty party to the business? Still I admit there is no possible getting rid of the ghost in *Hamlet*.

But the other instance, to which I wish specially to call attention, is in that ghost-ridden tragedy, *Macbeth*. That play is, of course, so steeped in the supernatural (in the scenes with the Witches, and in the whole machinery of doom foretold) that ghostliness has its right setting. But in that play, there is one very effective scene where an apparition is described but remains invisible. I mean in Macbeth's dagger-soliloquy, beginning: —

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?"

It is reported in the annals of the stage that at some time or another, upon the opening of that speech, it was customary for a material dagger to be let down from the flies, like bait to a fish, for Macbeth to bite on. Nobody would do anything so foolish today. The haunted state of Macbeth's mind is better depicted if no dagger is there.

But apply that — I ask you to apply that same consideration to the banquet scene, where the ghost of the murdered Banquo comes and occupies the seat which is waiting for Macbeth. As the scene is written, nobody sees the ghost except Macbeth. Even Lady Macbeth, his partner in guilt, sees nothing.

Now I am convinced that that scene would be very much more effective, and terrible, and haunting, if no ghost appeared — if the chair were to remain vacant while Macbeth (to the bewilderment of all present) speaks to a ghost which only he sees. That, I believe, has been done at the "Old Vic" in London; and it is a thoroughly sensible thing to do. And I believe that Shakespeare would have done it, if he had not been tied down by the stage fashion of his day, which — after a murder — demanded on all possible occasions a visible ghost.

I have tried to show by example how little fashion is helpful to fame: how sometimes it imposes (even on great writers) the acceptance of puny devices to which they would not have descended had they been more free from the tricks and entanglements of contemporary taste.



MAN OF IRON

by LLEWELLYN HOWLAND

1

ON A mid-June morning, two hours after sunrise, the Skipper and I on board my little singlehanded cruising boat *Fox* were nearing the anchorage — a roadstead open to all but southerly winds — at the island of Nomans Land.

How it had come about that I had this ship of my own I have explained in another tale. On the launching day, late in September of the previous year, I had made a bargain with the Skipper that he should be the first to cruise with me and that we should visit Nomans for a box of Jethro Gifford's salt codfish. And now here we were, thawing out in the warmth of a clear morning after a breezy night's sail that had chilled the very marrow in our bones. The Island in all its early summer greenery looked welcoming.

As we came close under the land, we passed to leeward of a double-sprit-rigged Island fishing boat with one man aboard her. In a big, hearty voice that balanced well with the rest of him he sang out to us: "Father's ashore there, Skipper, and 'll be glad to see you. I'll underrun a trawl and be back again by noon. Make yourselves to home."

"That's Jethro," said the Skipper as he waved his arm in acknowledgment of the hail, "and it's good news his father's ashore; he's the world's champion man of iron, and if he'll talk you'll hear a yarn worth a trip round Cape Horn."

Within a half hour we had anchored off the landing place, a little beach of white sand, and I had launched the *Peapod*, my six-foot punt, and brought her alongside ready to go ashore. It was with some doubt as to her carrying us both that we cautiously lowered ourselves into this cockleshell and, sitting back to back, let her drift out and away from the *Fox*.

Finding we had an inch or more freeboard, I took

up the short oar and started to scull quietly, when the Skipper without so much as turning his head said: "She'll do, I think, if we neither of us cough or sneeze," and so with "wanton heed and giddy cunning" we brought her to the land.

Toting the *Peapod* between us, we set her down on the dry sand well above high-water mark. Straightening up to look around, I saw a giant in faded blue shirt and overalls hurrying towards us. Svend of the Forkèd Beard grown old, thought I as he came near enough for me to see the silvery, double-pointed beard and a pair of hot blue eyes tamed and a shade bewildered by life's experience. But in spite of a helplessly palsied right hand that he tried to control in his waistband, I could feel strength and abiding courage in the grip of the great left hand he gave me in greeting.

"Sim," said the Skipper, "we've come over on the chance we can see those black duck nesting and carry home a box of Jethro's salt cod — and how have you all wintered over here?"

"I can show yer them ducks, Skipper, ef yer feel like walkin' a piece. And as for the folks, we're all in good health and thankee kindly — includin' a new baby girl that arrove about a month ago. Viola, we call her, 'count of her comin' on the day the dogtooth violets blossomed. But Cortes, that infernal Kanaka, he's up to his same old tricks. I seen him yesterday dodgin' round lookin' mournful at me as if he wanted to be friendly, but do what I could, I couldn't come nigh him. He hides on me, Skipper! An' by the Great Hook Block, I'm gettin' sort o' riled up with his antics," and Sim turned to look furtively behind him as if he'd felt a presence stealing up, while the Skipper looked at me and tapped his forehead.

Turning back to us Sim said, "Would it pleasure you to go now to see them ducks and then come back to the house for some dinner with us — for Dicey" (short for Boadicea, Jethro's wife) "she'd

A son of New Bedford, long imbued with the seafaring tradition which made New England famous, LLEWELLYN HOWLAND heard at first hand the remarkable story he tells here.

never forgive any of us ef yer was to go off without seein' Viola."

"Good!" said the Skipper. "That suits us — so lead away!"

Sim was an inspiring guide to follow that morning, for, as if turning the pages of a miraculous picture book, he exposed the secrets of every dip, rise, and twist of our path. There was a hummingbird's nest clamped in a crotch of a wind-shorn, stunted gray poplar; a bumblebee's hole in a sandy bank laced with crimson runners of wild strawberry; a vista that opened across a reed-rimmed pool the color of old brown sherry, to end in a wedge of blue ocean between two distant hillocks of green. And as if to refresh us and add to the pleasures of sight, innumerable shy blossoms of wild flowers, — some of them subtropical aliens, — together with patches of bayberry warmed by the strengthening sunshine, added their fragrance to that of the salty breeze.

"Frankie Drake and his Lady," as Sim called the pair of black duck we had come across the Island to see, were very much at home when we came to their pitch. While keeping a wary eye on the Skipper and me, they waddled fearlessly over and around Sim's feet, wagging their short, perky tails and greeting him with friendly, marshy voices as he dribbled cracked corn from one of his pockets. The grass around them — half last year's dead dun and half this year's tender green — seemed blown about with little whirlwinds until I suddenly saw a fluff of pale yellow, streaked with brown, scuttle across a tiny bare spot, and realized the agitations came from the ceaseless activities of the brood of, as Sim told us, eight ducklings.

At first glance this grassy slope near the crest of the highest headland, from which the land broke sheer to the south beach, seemed a most indefensible spot for a duck's nest. But with the suddenness of magic the birds disappeared as the shadow of an osprey circling out to sea skimmed across the hillside, and Sim remarked: "Trust black ducks to know their business. Gould and Vanderbilt wouldn't stand a chanst in a tangle with 'em. Them city sharks'd starve ef ducks was all they could get at to pluck." And at the end of the half hour we watched this competent family, we had to agree with Sim.

2

LEAVING the ducks, Sim brought us to a height of land from which we had a bird's-eye view of the entire Island. Slowly boxing the compass with his eyes, the Skipper said as he sat down: —

"Sim, I somehow can never feel sure when I'm here whether I'm a giant in a small country or a pygmy in a big one. Here's a continent that we can see the whole of at a glance, which leaves me uncertain. But there's one thing I *am* sure of — and that is, I'd rather be here than on that floe you spent some time on — back in '71, wasn't it? — on the Northwest Coast, chasing bowheads. What's your opinion of it?"

"Well," said Sim after a long pause, while his eyes roamed over the folded country that lay between us and the white landing beach with its ragged fringe of weather-worn cabins, "there's been considerable wind blow by me since that time and my opinion's growed to a tolerable heft" — and then for an hour he held us spellbound as he set before us the tale of his odyssey of a month or more and the simple philosophy he had evolved from this experience. It was obviously the very core of his life. The years before and since were but the web of an intensely practical dream, with the fitful appearances of Cortes, his Kanaka boatsteerer, the only misplaced and tangled thread.

We shared with him that morning the tedious, anxious voyage of sixty days from San Francisco through Seventy-Two Pass into Bering Sea — much of it a beat in bitterly cold weather with northerly gales. We felt the growing irritation of all hands at the exceptionally adverse conditions; our "bile soured down" with Sim's "till there warn't nothin' in mind except to get fast to somethin' alive to kill."

And so it came about on a June morning, in spite of the heavy ice and infrequent leads of open water that were inclined to "pinch off," that Sim "bee-zled" Captain Jones into letting him lower his boat to hunt a whale that had been "raised" from aloft "off yonder beyond considerable ice." And as they shoved off from the ship Captain Jones had said: "Mister, if you've got to be a damned fool, I'd ruther you'd be one off this ship than aboard her. All I hope is God Almighty 'll larn you some sense today — an' don't you lose nothin' more than your temper or I'll cut your comb for yer!"

Uncounted hours of Arctic daylight followed as Sim relentlessly drove his crew of five men in an attempt to gain the open water where it was hoped the quarry might be met. Miles of devious channels were explored, leading sometimes to windward and often to leeward, with the ship finally lost to sight and the direction in which she lay but a conjecture. There came a time when Sim himself was forced by cold and spent energy to allow he was "beat" and put his mind to getting aboard the ship again. And then, as Sim put it, "the wind chopped round to the

east'ard and petered out," while the ice, which had tended to pack, loosened and cleared off, leaving the boat in a rapidly widening area of open sea. Under these changed conditions the boat was allowed to drift while Sim "figgered a traverse of where we'd come to."

3

RESTING on their oars in silence, Sim and his crew were suddenly startled by an enormous sigh as a whale broke water almost alongside, exhaling her long-held breath in a double column of feathery steam that plumed seven feet or more into the chilly air. In a twinkling the weariness of the laborious hours was gone; the oars were shipped, the paddles wielded, and still in profound silence the boat stole alongside that islet of black flesh, with Cortes balanced in the bows ready to "strike."

"And he got home *good* with the first iron," said Sim, "and he shoved in his second clean up to the hitches, and we was fast. Then she sounded till she'd run out most two tubs o' line — when up she come a-tearin' and raced off into the eyes of a heavy squall o' wind and snow that come drivin' from the north'ard. 'Haul!' says I, and we all hove on that line to raise the dead. But gain much on her we couldn't and the spray begun to fly."

At this stage of the hunt — a "Nantucket sleigh ride" — Cortes had come aft to take the long steering oar and Sim had gone forward into the bows to stand by until finally, alongside the whale, he could shove the long razor-edged lance into her vitals and direct the maneuvering of the boat during the death "flurry." Blinded by the spray and oblivious to all else except gain on the line, he failed to see a "growler" (a small pan of ice) that lay just afloat in the body of an approaching wave. Jumping from crest to crest with a third of her length out of water, the boat met a sharp tongue of this ice with no more than a tremor but with the appalling result, as Sim described it, that "her belly was slit from gills to vent."

Sickeningly aware of the deadly peril into which he had betrayed the lives and property for which he was responsible, Sim yanked a knife from its sheath that was tacked on the "box" for such emergency and in one stroke severed the straining whale line. This sudden parting of the rope threw the men off balance, an untimely wave crest caught the already staggering, half-waterlogged boat under her port bilge, and over she rolled.

Twenty minutes later Sim was tasting the bitter dregs of despair and contrition; for in spite of his coolheaded and untiring efforts to encourage, —

bullying here, cajoling there, and always ready with a hand or supporting shoulder, — he had to see his struggling crew lose heart and strength in the icy water and one after another let go a slippery hold on some part of the overturned boat or her gear until Cortes and he were left alone.

And here it became difficult to follow Sim's account — time and sequence shifting crazily while Cortes flitted about, a dreaded and pursuing specter at one moment, at another a warmly alive and loved companion, repelling every advance toward contact. One thing alone was clear — that Sim, to anchor his hold, shoved his right hand through the plug strap and succeeded in pulling himself and perhaps Cortes onto the boat's bottom astraddle of the keel so that, as he described it, "thar he sot and thar I sot and thar we both sot and it growed almighty cold."

How long they "sot thar" and what happened until Sim found himself alone, lying in slushy snow beside a "litter o' kindlings," — the utterly smashed boat, — has to be guesswork. Undoubtedly Sim, and Cortes if he were there, lost consciousness within a few minutes, in which state Cortes would have been washed from his perch and drowned, while Sim, held firmly by the plug strap, would have stayed with the boat until the wind and sea crashed her on a shelving spur of a providentially large and solid floe.

"An' I riz to my knees," said Sim, "an' I give a look round. But except for the ice, there warn't nothin' solid or comfortin' in sight. Then way off yonder, dodgin' round among the hummocks, I seen Cortes and I hollered and hollered, but he didn't come no nigher, so I made shift to get onto my legs and tried to run him down — but I was so stiff I wallered round like an old cow in a swale hole. Then I warmed up some and could move pretty good, but the faster I went, the more Cortes doubled and dodged on me, till I guess I lost my head and begun to run and beller, blind-crazy. When I was well wore out and sweatin'-scared, I says to myself, 'Sim! Quit bein' all kinds of a fool now an' forever, an' go back to what's left of the boat and set a spell and think'; and so I done."

The result of this "spell" of thought was that a balance sheet took shape in Sim's mind about as follows: —

For assets: he was alive; his strenuous bout of running had revived his circulation to warm and dry him; the floe was large and seemed solid; the contents of the boat's cuddy — the fresh-water breaker, the keg of ship's bread, the tight tin of matches, a knife, light lines and twine, a hatchet, a

fetch bag with needles, palm, and a gub of oakum — had “stayed put”; the mast and sail, the long steering oar, the waif and a spare iron had survived the wreck in “fair condition”; there would be no long, dark nights and it was the bearable season of the year.

For liabilities: he had a right arm and hand the nerves and sinews of which had been strained and tortured “till they warn’t no account then nor hain’t been since,” that shook and ached distractingly; summer ice was at best an uncertain support; the chances of rescue a hundred to one against; his supply of food so scant and of such a nature that he could count on it for a few days only; he must constantly battle panic at thought of his future; he was haunted by his drowned crew and at moments almost beside himself as to the whereabouts of Cortes.

The summation of his situation, as he gave it, was: —

“When I’d totted up my chances, I seen my capital to get goin’ on was jest about minus nothin’. This give me a kind of a jolt in my midriff — but twarn’t long till this wore off and I begun to feel better. If yer hain’t got nothin’, yer can’t lose much, — and I tell you, this is a real comfortin’ thought in times o’ trouble, — so I set right out to forget what *might* happen, by raisin’ a stir o’ things to happen right *now*.”

And here it was evident that, together with his future, Sim jettisoned all account of time as it is reckoned in days and nights, hours and minutes; for, as he said, “there was a sight o’ jobs that all oughter been done yesterday and I got flustered thinkin’ how behind time I was; so as there warn’t much difference between nighttime and daytime, I quit takin’ any account of it.”

4

HERE it took much questioning by the Skipper to draw from Sim an account of his material achievements. To his intensely practical mind it was evident we would assume, for instance, that his first job would be to “lash up a pung” from the wreck of the boat, which would lift him and his stores above the ice and snow — a base that could be moved and on which he could eat, sleep, and “carry on with considerable comfort” when he had rigged a shelter cloth from part of the sail.

He refused to do more than mention the difficulty of this accomplishment, handicapped as he was by the injury to his right hand and the frequent interruptions of violent exercise to keep his fingers and toes from “numbin’.” He would not admit that his

patience must have been tried high or that, in the gusts of discouragement that must have come to him, his fare of hardtack washed down with a little water from the breaker and as much snow as could be mingled with it gave small encouragement or satisfaction. We had finally to let our imaginations fill in the gaps he left in his story until he described himself as “keepin’ house handy to the blasted carcass of a bull walrus that give me plenty o’ cheap meat — not *too* stinkin’ — with the waif set up solid and flyin’ good on the highest hummock o’ the floe and the weather set fair and warmish.”

By further questioning, the Skipper pushed Sim to confess that the discovery of the walrus came at the moment when he was “losin’ ambition” on the unvarying fare of hardtack and water, with the further discouragement that only crumbs and weevils were left in the “bread barge.” But he quickly qualified this dismal picture by explaining the immediate renewal of his strength by the change of diet and the systematic hunt he instituted to fortify his situation further. The spare iron and a club, split from the loggerhead of the boat, were his weapons, anything that would furnish meat his quarry. And again his dogged patience bore fruit, for he finally killed a seal — from which flowed comparative abundance.

In describing this incident, Sim became expansive. He told us how from the sealskin he “cobbled” a pair of shoepacks stuffed with oakum, a pair of drawers “to warm up my nether parts,” and mittens that “was a comfort.” All these made possible longer spells of sleep, an inexpressible luxury. With the oil tried out from the blubber — a pitifully small quantity at a time, in the match tin held over a feeble, tenderly guarded flame of shavings — he first “gaumed” the troublesome sores on his right arm and hand and then, of even more importance, fueled a cooking lamp “fixed up from the conch shell horn” as a font and with a braid of oakum for the wick. His gusto over the first whiff of fresh red meat a-broil made our mouths water; his “house-keeping” seemed a shade warmer and less dreary.

And then, just as I was pleasurably anticipating the climax of this saga, — his delivery from the floe, — Sim said, “But it warn’t long after I got to havin’ cooked vittles and warm water till I woke up *stone-blind* — nothin’ really but snow blindness, but I didn’t know then there was such a complaint, and with my eyes feelin’ as if they was full of sharp burrs I thought they was done for, for all time, and I ain’t ashamed to say I took it hard.”

How long he lay on the pung chewing the cud of despair he could not tell. Fortunately “the horrors” that took possession of his mind immobilized his

body until they were gradually dispelled by a cold, angry determination "to beat Fate and go on livin'." Finally the orientation of his surroundings came uppermost and he began to plan the conduct of his new life in the dark.

His first move was to finger over the gear beside him until he had firm hold of the haft of the harpoon, which he so placed that it could be gripped by his knees as he knelt over it. Again by touch he found the harpoon line and worked it through his hand until the free end was reached. This he made fast to the pung. He then coiled the line, turned the coil so that it might run freely, and with the harpoon in his hand started to crawl from his base in the direction he felt would bring him to the carcass of the walrus. With every faculty keyed to the highest pitch, he inched forward on this vitally important quest.

"And by the steerin' of my 'immortal sweatin' soul," said he, "I fetched my landfall — and I tell you when I struck onto it I felt sorter friendly to that old hunk o' meat. So I patted it all over to get the bearin's of it and then druv my iron firm into his tough old neckpiece, hauled taut the line, and there I was hitched up to home and my vittles and no chanst to get lost between."

The impression that remains with me of this part of Sim's struggle for existence is one of aching sympathy. Life was so evidently a continuing round of torturingly minute activities, every one to be undertaken only after deep thought, with the execution so frequently failing through some unforeseen difficulty or accident. As an example, his routine was suddenly interrupted by the loss of his knife, an almost fatal disaster, through the unperceived fraying of the lanyard on which it was slung from his neck. By the time this happened he had extended his field of activities far beyond the territory between pung and walrus by making one end of a long line fast around his waist with the other end hitched to the frame of the pung. So harnessed, he was able to explore safely his frozen surroundings in all directions within the limit of his tether; but in this case of the lost knife the wider freedom had complicated his search a thousandfold.

I was attacked by the "kinder holler feelin'" Sim said he had when he crawled away from the pung on this seemingly hopeless attempt to retrieve the knife. My solar plexus tied itself into a knot when, after uncounted time and myriad fumbings as he quartered over the rough, cold surface, he was forced back to his base by fatigue and the discouragement of failure; and when, as he lay spent and attempting to pump up his courage for another "try," his hand, idly picking over the familiar

objects that were so carefully ranged round his sleeping place, came suddenly on the knife enfolded in the loose strands of the gub of oakum, I too "broke out into a sweat o' thanksgivin'."

Then came the account of petty triumphs, depressing defeats, ingenious shifts, and amazing new aptitudes while for the most part Sim knew that the sun shone, torturing his sick eyes, and, had he but thought of it, rotting the surface of the floe. As time passed, this weather seemed also to soften Sim's practical caution. He became careless in the securing of his precious necessities on and around the pung. More and more the obsession that Cortes was near at hand and in distress occupied his thoughts to set him wandering, — on his feet, not a-crawl, — restless and aimless, shouting and shouting till exhaustion forced him to return to his base to recuperate. It was during one of these wild, fruitless sallies that Fate almost landed a knockout.

5

"I'd been sleepin'," he explained, "when I come to sudden and heard Cortes holler close by. I threw a clove hitch with the tether round my waist; and without botherin' to set it up solid with a half hitch, I started off to where it sounded as if the cuss must be. I figure I'd run about thirty fathom o' line out when, without any sort o' warnin', I soused down *under water*. When I come up I had to waste considerable time belchin' up what I'd swallowed as I went down, for my silly mouth was open to call when I walked overboard. Then I had to fumble round to lay hold o' the ice, for I found it warn't no hole I'd gone into — and then I knowed what I'd oughter guessed if I'd been more reasonable: that the floe was breakin' up.

"When I finally found the ice, 'twas too thick to reach up to the top and there warn't no shelves to get a handholt on. This frustrated me some and I hove on my tether in a hurry till I'd got all the slack down under me in a mess. By the time the line was taut and I was just startin' to put my weight on it, she come slack with a jerk and down I went under again. This time I didn't rise very good and I knowed I was gettin' weak with cold.

"I was in a tight clinch and I didn't see no way out; but then I figured I might as well drown kickin' as cryin', so I begun coastin' along the ice edge on the chanst there was a shelf somewheres — and by damn if before I was froze solid I didn't come to a place where I could feel the floe was wore right down thin and I could kinder wiggle onto it and lay half afloat till I'd caught my breath. When I come

to life a little I made a grab for my tether, but twarn't there; that slippery hitch o' mine had let go and there I was in a tighter clinch than ever."

Here Sim stared hard at me and after a moment's pause said:—

"Bub! I want you to remember this: if yer can once get rid o' bein' afraid to die, you ain't goin' to have to go through the hell o' bein' scared to death every time yer get into a hole yer can't see no way out of. I got a firm grip o' this lesson that time out yonder when I lost my tether, and I hain't ever let go of it sence."

After this, perhaps because of the blurring of his impressions by spent vitality, Sim, in resuming his tale, responded grudgingly to the Skipper's frequent proddings for detail. Most of his answers were "Yes" or "No," with an occasional spurt of caustic explanation.

It was evident he took the blow of the loss of his tether literally lying down, but was fortunately soon stung into feverish activity by hail that drove on him before a heavy squall of cold wind. Exercise, vigorous enough to keep life in him, was now the primary concern; and fearing another fall overboard should he walk, he started crawling in the direction in which he believed his tether lay, trusting to one outstretched, groping hand to feel out the break in the ice and, if luck were with him, the rope. At first he went forward slowly, for again and again he had to stop to beat and chafe the circulation into numbing feet and hands. But suddenly the weather cleared, he felt the sun warm on his back, — "thawing him out," — so that presently he was making good progress.

And then came the moment when he was convinced he had overrun his mark and was headed in the wrong direction. Feeling helpless and weak, he halted his crawl and sat upright. A fit of exasperation swept over him and he kicked and scuffled childishly — when, in the height of his "tantrum," he felt a line catch on his left instep. Revived by this unbelievably good fortune, Sim, still on his hands and knees, made his way with speed to the pung, only to discover that it had been capsized. A feverish search further disclosed the loss of most of his carefully placed gear and precious stores. He had the answer to the sudden slackening of the tether when he had been in the water. He and the wind, combined with his own carelessness in neglecting to furl his weather cloth and lash down his other valuables, had succeeded in wrecking his stronghold.

Said Sim: "I was too damned discouraged and tired to even die right then, so I followed up the line to the walrus and slumped down in a heap on him — and there I lay waitin' for the end!"

Followed a pause, so long that I realized Sim considered the yarn had been spun to the last thread, while from my point of view there was still so much to be laid up that I finally burst out with: "But — but — how *did* you get off the floe and home again?"

"Oh, that," said he, "was all wrote out in the papers at Mazatlán when them Mexican sealers that come along before it was too late took me off the ice and set me ashore there.

"I suspicion most of it was lies like all newspapers give out — but as there warn't much I can remember till I sort o' come to and figured I was aboard ship fingerin' a blanket, it didn't make no odds what kind o' yarns them folks told. When I'd got a good holt of the idea I warn't layin' there on the ice, the sap begun to run in my mouth again, and I got considerable satisfaction thinkin' about the fish chowder we had to home on the Vineyard; and when I felt a hand laid on my head and heard a voice sayin', 'You feel better, eh?' I managed to make that feller know I was interested in some spoon vittles. Bean soup don't sound real hearty for a hungry man, but when I got a mug o' that inside me it set real good, and I took a long caulk without nothin' on my mind.

"When I woke up it come over me slow that whenever I turned my head there was a square patch of light on one quarter. Four or five times I turned my eyes away and brought 'em back, and every time there was that light — and then I knew my eyes was better and I warn't blind. Skipper, you ain't never felt grateful for anything till you've lost it and got it back again! I tell you, when it soaked into me I warn't totally blind, I just laid there in my bunk for a spell with my toes and fingers and hair on my head squirming with happiness and thanksgivin'.

"Twarn't long after that till I got about on my legs. The folks aboard that schooner was good-hearted, and when I'd told the one who could talk some English about my eyes, he give me a pair o' wooden spectacles with slits in 'em so I could see, out in the sun, without gettin' stabbin' pains in my head. He told me the day they seen the waif flyin' on the floe it was calm and they thought there might be some skins or somethin' with value layin' on the ice to be picked up for the trouble, so they launched a boat and rowed over, and I guess they was real disappointed when they only found a blasted walrus and a man more dead than alive. Kind o' lucky for me though, warn't it?

"Their schooner was the *Sinaloa*, built to Mystic, Connecticut — very moderate in a breeze but a good ghoster."

THE JEDGE AND THE FISHBOAT

by E. C. DRAKE

1

WE HAVE made port after eight days of uneventful patrol. It is no event that twenty-eight men who came from factories and colleges, from farms and businesses, from river craft and lake steamers, have slept in four-hour snatches, taut against the ceaseless roll flinging them against iron bunk stanchions, layered in three shelves, so that a man with long feet cannot lie on his back and cross his ankles without kicking the bunk above.

It is no event that twenty-eight men — some of them twenty, some of them forty — have slept and worked for a week without bathing, in unchanged underwear; that they have broken out when the watch changed and stood their share — stood it when every tatter of strength had been retched into the merciless, inescapable whips of sleet.

War is only the moment a gun fires. The tompion canvases have been off twice, but no gun has fired.

Men die here only when the wind that blew southwest yesterday doubles on itself in the night, suddenly showing the helm an impossibly deep trough and, beyond, an impossibly high wall; a trough and wall the cruisers call only a swell. In the Trawler Navy, a swell consumes a rail, a man, a ship.

Two days in, then out again. Two days to phone home, to study the new directives from the Bureaus, to write the reports, clean our ship, the *Nora Wilson*, collect the accumulation of mail, papers, and magazines. Two days to replace the rail the sea took away; to take on some thousands of gallons of water and fuel; to get the gripe out of the Diesel and the play out of the wheel.

That is the way the war goes for the twenty-eight of us. We meet the Nazi in shallow bunks, on four-hour watches, expending fuel, refueling. The tompion canvases do not come off. We are a common lot of men fighting a war in the common

way, without drama, without heroes, with work and boredom and discomfort and very modest danger.

I do not suppose there is such a thing as an individual common man anywhere. But when twenty-eight men have arrived in one place more or less by lottery, when they live so together that no more than inside a clock can a movement here be secret, the common strands work out. You see them tying man to man; and when you see how many men are held by a strand, you know how common it is.

These are "our boys"; there is not a boy among us. Between Semmes, the youngest, whom the rest call Junior, and Welles, the captain, there are some twenty years, but each is mature to himself. The characters are bent and, barring a whirlwind that will as well break one as another, the growth can be foreseen. Semmes may become more or less diffident, but diffidence will be in the character; more or less slow-spending — if he ever becomes a gambler it will be through accident and not evolution.

We all know as well as we ever shall the decent from the indecent, what is beautiful in a woman, what is worth doing for a dollar. That each of us knows these things differently does not belittle the maturity. We are the tools, and none that is now case-hardened will become soft, and none that is malleable will become hard, except in the aberrant moments when strength fails or surges beyond prediction in us all.

We are, as we are, the men who make all the wars and all the peaces, and to us adhere the glittering hopes and promises — salvation, the rights of men, the destiny of peoples. It all comes back to twenty-eight men such as we, arrived in one place more or less by lottery.

Pity the quick ones who read character on horseback and file away *Nora's* captain en route. Misled by his ancient, courtly manner, the smoke of his Churchillian cigars, and the forensic grace of

In these salt-seasoned fictional sketches, E. C. DRAKE reminds us that many men are faithfully guarding our coasts and our shipping in our "Trawler Navy."

chestnut hair curling unnautically over his shirt collar, they mislabel him as a genial fraud of a river boat cardsharp. They miss a profound and hearty man.

Before the war the captain was a Florida "cotehouse lawyer"—reason enough, without the forensic hair, to be known now as "the Jedge." The Jedge affects an elderly confusion about the way of ships and men, as once he must have affected confusion about the way of laws and men, when he is in fact about as confused as a fast cat with a slow mouse. The bars of Florida must be littered with pleaders who let their cases idle along at the pace of this amiable yarner, only to see him go to the jury with a disturbing leverage of information and argument.

How many men are there who believe anything of such persistent consequence that it threads the beads of common experience into a chaplet? The captain is one, and it is an odd thing he believes for an amiable cotehouse yarner. He believes in the people.

He believes in the People apostrophized as Bishop Latimer believed in Separatism, and would as certainly stand on the fagots without recanting. It is strange to hear pure Tom Paine, and worse, flow without rancor, calmly as the time of day, in the Jedge's senatorial periods; stranger still to know that he means what he says.

Bryan repeats a conversation that may tell you something about the Jedge. Bryan is *Nora's* lean, bleak, tough, kind coxswain with the hunting walk of a Texan and, as is the case with so many obvious Texans in the services, — or, for that matter, with so many persons obviously anything anywhere, — is something else. Bryan is a man of Pamlico. If the wind is right as we come around Hatteras, Bryan swears he smells the cyprus broad on the starboard bow — "smale it clear as I can see it. The swamp grass is yalla and clipped like a Dutchman's hair. The ducks are sittin' on the cyprus stumps in the root beer water. I can smale the cyprus."

Of the captain Bryan says, "I come on *Nora* out of boot camp and I was a boot. I knowed the sea but I didn't know the Navy. I come up to the cabin and stood by the skipper's door and said, 'I'm your new deck hand.' Then I caught on and said, 'I'm your new deck hand, *sir*. I always forget to say *sir*.' And the skipper says, 'Sure enough. I always forget not to say it.' I didn't know wote in the hail he meant until that night it come on me. Damn' good man Mr. Welles is. Damn' good."

Of Bryan, the Jedge says the same. "Damn' good man. Damn' good."

It is a significant respect these two accord each other — a respect not for skill or position, but for character. They are men separated by the niceties of society and joined by their view of the men who make it, never friends, but forever allies.

Tonight as colors went down and the liberty party went over the side, the Jedge stood with me on the wing laying out the work schedule, until something said set him to talking. I was satisfied to be talked at, for there are few things that fill time better than the Jedge's sentences.

"Try to put your finger on a man," the captain mused, "and every time, you find his most significant attribute is his potential. Now take us. We are twenty-eight men capable at once of the most sublime and disgraceful conduct. Could you say which of us will be the heroes and which the cowards until an action begins? I was with land troops in the Picardy campaign last war. I tell you frankly, *sir*, I ran once and I stood once and I was just as plain scared when I stood as when I ran. I concluded that fear had nothing to do with it. What counts is the atmosphere. If things smell like courage around us, we get it into our lungs. If things smell purposeless, we fumble for the exits. For better and for worse, men act up to the fictions that surround them, in preference to their instincts.

"That is the thing about America. We got started with the proper fictions. There is no natural law that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are any more becoming to men than destruction and slavery. If the Germans are right and if all this master-race and knuckle-under claptrap is the operation of natural law and not just another social fiction, well, the law is going to win out in the long run anyhow, same as gravity, and it won't make much difference how men try to buck it. But buck it they must to save their souls, and buck it they will until they are all dead. By and large, there are always enough men who would a damn' sight rather die in the image of God according to Jesus Christ and Thomas Jefferson than live in the image of some jack-on-a-string according to Johann Fichte and Adolf Hitler."

As the Jedge spoke, a figure came along the dock from the gate, wearing the khaki service coat of the last war. It was Reiss, the dock guard.

"There goes my father's theory of war," the captain said. "The old gentleman says the time to see what a war is about is when it is over and the returns are in. War is about what happens, not about what is said about it or about its purposes, the old gentleman says. Now the plain reason the last war was fought was to get every man in Florida a khaki

overcoat. Wasn't a man in Florida didn't have a khaki overcoat after the last war, and that was the only apparent result the old gentleman could see.

"When the coats began to give out after the depression, he said a war was bound to come along soon — the old purposes were worn out. The old gentleman is as sharp a historian as the next fellow. Would you say he was wrong? I don't altogether agree with him — a war never moves in the direction it sets out, but it does break the crust. That is the thing: it does break the crust. When you look only at how it started and how it ended, you don't always see that. War is the booby bird that looks steadily in the direction it is not going, but it flies nevertheless.

"And another thing," the Jedge said, returning his attention to the list he held. "This one will be a long time flying. We took a long time to get into it and now a longer time to get on with it. Wonderful thing about war, only the loser seems to learn anything about it. The loser always finds a Hannibal to fight his next one, and the winner always draws Fabius. Until we turn up with Scipio Africanus it may be somewhat more profitable for us to get *Nora's* guns cleaned, paint the running lights, draw some recognition signals, and give more attention to the *bellum* than to the *post* that does not show many signs of materializing."

2

Now we are at sea again. The alarm bell pulses in the cabin, and from the crew's quarters the siren begins to build. Before it reaches scream I have slipped the catch on the stop-watch and swung down to the deck. As I pass the bridge on the way to the lookout deck, the captain puts his head out and says, "Drill."

Forward on the gun deck, the confusion of six hurrying men on a little platform turns to order as Lordino goes into the pointer's saddle.

"Range two thousand. Scale five-O," the Jedge calls.

The gunner repeats, "Range two thousand. Scale five-O," cranking his dial to bring the sights on, while the gun nods and slowly comes to bear through the chain of gears.

Ammunition moves up, as a medicine ball is passed, until three men stand with shells cradled in their arms.

On the lookout deck Bryan, already belted into the starboard machine gun, does knee bends to test the pivot of the carriage.

"Starboard gun ready."

Klein comes up the ladder behind me and slips into the second gun belt. He throws the bolt.

"Port gun ready."

The heavy boxes of machine-gun ammunition are wrestled up while the chief stands by with a tambourine of readies to throw into the first gun that empties.

The vault of the big gun closes. "Ready one!" Sheridan sings.

I stop the watch. "Thirty-one seconds."

"Thirty-one seconds. Let's see. Thirty-one seconds. Not bad. Put on the masks. See if the damn' things work," the Jedge orders.

The word is passed for gas masks. When the men are snouted Welles makes the rounds to inspect. "Blow out," he orders Wisser.

The rubber flipper vibrates, indicating a tight mask.

The captain looks toward us. "All tight up there?"

"All tight, captain," I reply.

"All tight?" he asks Sheridan.

"All tight."

"Secure from drill. No firing today."

The men begin to fall out. Schmid kisses the two holy pennies that hang from his neck on the dog tag cord. That is his ritual at General Quarters. So long as the pennies hang from the cord he is assured they will not be placed upon his eyes. He has saved them for a rainy day, and so long as he has them the rain is kept away.

The captain and the quartermaster come up to the lookout deck to feel the wind. Bryan pulls off his mask; his face is framed with red welts where the rubber sucked tight. "What happens if it isn't tight?" he asks.

It seems obvious. "If you breathe gas it chokes you."

"It drowns you," the quartermaster says. "It breaks up your lungs and the blood fills your chest and drowns you, the same as if you went overboard. Some of it makes blisters in your nose, your mouth gets blisters as big as your tongue, it rots your face away. Satisfied? I saw it in the last war. I'll see it again in this one."

Bryan shakes his head. "Men are the commonest thing on this earth. A snake int as common as a man. A man that would put gas on another man —" He shakes his head.

"When I was a boy," the quartermaster says, "that was a long time ago. I was maybe ten. I had a cousin maybe thirteen, so I had to do what he said. We hung cats. He got a cat and hung him from a tree with a clothes rope. Hung him by the neck. The cat jerked and balled up like a caterpillar jabbed

with a pin. Then he stretched out thin and died. It took a long time. My cousin told me to hang a cat. I hung a cat off a sycamore branch. Before the cat was dead my cousin got the stick his mother stirred boiling wash with and hit him like you hit a baseball. I never hung another cat."

"We used to stay out of school," Bryan says, "and steal skiffs and go across the sound to Ocracoke and run cattle and sheep. Just run 'em. We run 'em into the cricks and into the bush and into the ocean on one side and into the sound on the other, stonin' and stickin' 'em and them runnin' to get away. We was runnin' sheep one day and I got to runnin' a lamb away from the others. This lamb was scairt to hail and run for the sound and into the sound, and I watched her swimmin' away, a little cotton boll floatin' on the water, right daid out into the sound."

"That was a sorry lamb, goin' nowhere but daid out into the sound. I felt sorry. That was the first time I ever felt sorry for a lamb I run. I watched her swim till you couldn't see her no more. Next day at home, what comes swimmin' up on the beach but a lamb, a baby lamb. I made out to myself it was the lamb I run into the sound from Ocracoke, but I knowed deep down it couldn't be. The sound is twelve mile across. I took in the lamb and raised her and when they slaughtered her I wouldn't eat none of her. Think of runnin' lambs just to run 'em. If a man int the commonest thing on this earth, I don't know."

When they are gone the captain says, "No use being down about it. Man is an imperfect animal. He gets better but he never gets perfect and he has to be utilized the way he is. Now you take a man who remembers a long time ago when he ran a baby lamb into the water, and he doesn't like it. When the moral weather is bad it bothers him like rheumatism for the rest of his life. There's just enough of that leavening in men everywhere to make them rise, each generation to its job. And damn the tyrants, sir — that's an old-fashioned word but all the savor is still in it — damn the tyrants, sir, who won't let the people yeast."

3

YESTERDAY the captain caught the bus to town and came back with the holiday. We have not been to our home port for mail since last week, so none of us has a letter, a card, or a package to show that it is Christmas. The captain did what he could. He took the ship's fund to the stores and came back with a tree to run up the mast, holly sprigs for the yard-arms, decorations for the galley, and gifts for all hands.

Last night Semmes went aloft with the tree and holly and a jury rig of red and silver ribbons. The eight-knot breeze coming off the beach streamed the ribbons, and there was never a more gallant battle flag than *Nora Wilson's* flying tree. We are the only fishboat at the pier with Christmas at the mast, and our men are the proud cocks of the fleet today. If an enemy should try to strike these colors, he would be met with an exalted rage beyond imagination.

Now it is late morning. Each man has his gift: a package containing a tube of tooth paste, a box of writing paper, a tube of shaving cream, a Hershey bar, a pair of black shoelaces, and a bag of peanuts all done in tissue and seals. On the gun deck the bosun is singing carols, picking the chords on his guitar.

"*On the ninth day of Christmas my true love gave to me,*" the bosun sings, with a pure North Carolina reed in his throat. That is my carol and I am full of Christmas now.

I mention all this about Christmas only because of the text the captain read this morning after breakfast.

"I take my text this morning from the *Congressional Record*, December 11, 1941," the Jedge announced.

Along the galley table that tapered with *Nora's* figure the twenty of us who had not drawn the lucky Christmas leaves sat in our blue best. The galley was lighted by boat lamps that cast a soft oil light, satisfactorily homely if you did not question too much the Navy's premise that a brass lamp is more handsome buffed than green. A white cloth, specially cloroxed for the occasion, covered the table and was overlaid in the center with an admiral's flag. The flag — two white stars on a blue field — made a splendid centerpiece which could be whipped off and run up a halyard if, as was extremely unlikely, an admiral chose Christmas morning to pay his first respects to *Nora* in two years.

Blue and gold flag bunting, issued by the bolt to *Nora* for some forgotten reason (the quartermaster says it is to patch signal flags, but there are in that case many more fathoms of patch than of flag), was garlanded from the overhead and threaded through the undersprings of the bunks that were trussed, bottom out, against the bulkheads behind us.

At the broad end of the table squatted a tree. It was set off-center to clear the ladder to the main deck. The tinsel for the tree had been found inadequate and was first padded out with shredded foil wrappings of electrician's tape and, this giving out, a spattering of aluminum paint; the effect, in the oil light, was agreeably frosty. From the foot of the table, where it narrows to the prow of the ship, the

Jedge looked along two rows of disarrayed wrappings and awkward men.

We were not comfortable. We spoke in the half voices of men attending the funeral of a lodge brother not too well known to them. The galley table is not meant for twenty; our elbows were in each other's way. Officers were not used to eating with the men, the men were not used to eating with the officers, and after the first effort to convince ourselves that tooth paste and shoelaces made a pretty good Christmas, each of us retired into his own glumness and memory. When the Jedge got up to speak, we gave him our attention politely and without enthusiasm.

"What I have been trying to settle in my mind is what text Jesus is saying about this war if God has quietly rung him in on us again, if he is on earth today undiscovered except perhaps by a dozen of his friends. Levin, your father is a stonemason — that is pretty close to a carpenter — you would not care to say one way or another whether you are involved in this — you follow me?"

The engineer started to talk and it stuck in his throat and he started again, his square face red and skeptical of any humor that may have been in the question. "No, sir. I am not Jesus, sir. All these apostles around here will tell you that. Try Hasely or Schmid. Might be Schmid, sir — his haircut is non-reg."

At this point the ice, which had begun to crack, was carried away. We began to find elbowroom, and where it did not exist we elbowed it out. And the Jedge, who had made his point, could drive it deeper into our disarmed heads.

"Ah, that might qualify me as well. Well, it is not too important that we imagine Christ is in this galley, but I would like you to imagine that he is on earth, and imagine what he must be saying. It is not difficult if we remember what kind of man he was when he first came among us. They are trying to sell us the idea that the only interest Jesus has in this war is in the medical corps — that he does not fight for anybody, but only comes around when the battle is over and binds up the wounds. That idea of Jesus does not appeal to me.

"I believe the reason people are putting it out is that they have got themselves convinced Jesus was a neighbor-lover and the prince of peace, which he was, but they forget he was also one of the angriest men who ever lived. All the saints were angry men — Moses, Amos, Luther, Francis, Wesley, Knox, Calvin — grousing in the public parks and nailing denunciations up on public buildings. They were angry about specific things and specific people whose names, so to speak, were in the daily papers.

"Do you think they would ever hang up a man from a cross for saying, 'Love thy neighbor'? That was said a long time before Jesus said it, and the men who said it lived to repeat it until a ripe old age. Jesus was hung up because if he saw something and he did not like it he said so. If they did not do something about it, he had his say again. And if he could not get any action he went into the temple and turned over the moneychangers' tables personally.

"What you want to remember is that Jesus was interested in the main concern of the people he went among — the high taxes levied by the temple on the poor, and the gaudy, irreligious way it was spent. Our problem is otherwise. We are at war. I ask what Jesus is saying as he sits with his twelve friends. What is he saying that people will be reading as a text some Christmas morning a thousand years from today?"

While the question was digested, the Jedge renewed the fire in his cigar and fitted his horn-rims loosely to his temples. "The text I have taken for this morning is the official text of the United States against Germany." He read, "Whereas the Government of Germany has formally declared war against the Government and the people of the United States: Therefore be it *Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled*, That the state of war between the United States and the Government of Germany, which has thus been thrust upon the United States, is hereby formally declared."

The Jedge unhooked his glasses. "I submit," he stated, "that is a hell of a text for Christmas and it is not the text as Jesus would talk it. Jesus would be as hard on Nazis as he ever was against what they called in the old language Philistines and Pharisees, but he was not angry at Philistines and Pharisees because of anything they did especially to *him*, mark you. His anger was about what they did to everybody else. A man could turn on Jesus and Jesus would take it: 'Forgive him, Father, he does not know what he is doing.' But if a man was made out of general meanness to everybody, Jesus took him on.

"I do not say we go around loving our neighbors in America — but we do let them alone, and that is as near to God as a man can get and still be human. I say all of us not in the duty section can profitably go up later and hear what the chaplains have to say about Christmas. Maybe the chaplains are right. Maybe Jesus is in the Red Cross. But I say Jesus is in the Navy, and he was here before we were. Amen.

"Boats, get out that guitar of yours and let's have a few carols."

B-24

by CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

TIME We move
On bearings of the hours now:
They have replaced the threaded beads of weeks
(That turned the months to shadow as the months
Rolled years into disuse). We fly
From April to November while the clock
Has scarcely stirred its accuracy: the blossom
Is fruit at once. We seek
The east in westward flight, prolonging madly
The day's full duty. Time
Becomes a breathing of swift thoughts, condensed
On the clear glass of speed,
Till twenty thousand statutory dreams
Add up to distance.

U. S. A. First we fly over home:
Home is a big word for a vast thing.
Through these high lenses
Home's a giant, seated,
Feet in the shoals of the Atlantic
(O salt air remembered!),
Knees in Missouri, hands braced back
Hard on the submarine and lovely
Ledges past California. High and swift
We climb towards night, but day outruns us;
We burst from savage shaking of soft mist,
And all the fertile spring green of the land's lap
Lies buried deep under fresh fall of cloud.
Now in the sun, sooner
Than the mind dares, the mountainous shoulders
Rear towards us, shawled in snow. The head
Has stars for eyes westward, has dawn for mouth,
Hears with great granite and untimbered ears.
Now down the long, steep gradient of its back
We plunge to sunset in a salty sea
Whose blue's so rich it has denied its hoard
Of salt to the waiting air.

PACIFIC The plane lifts now (over that ocean):
Complex of clever metal that responds
To the wise touch of youth;

Myriad horses
Driven with a light young hand. Laughter
Informs a score of dials
With knowing faces. This schoolboys' room
(Geography: mathematics: victory)
Is lit with gayety through a plastic dome
Where sweet and twenty's strung
Its fifty-caliber jokes,
Brass wrapped.

Those white, white flowers that bloom
And fade on cobalt silk ten thousand feet
Toward gravity, those water flowers of foam
Grown on the vine of a lost wind,
Tell drift to a child's eye.

This small and breathless circling
Of bleached ribs that surround
Aquamarine unfaceted,
Coral's deep bronze beneath a sulphate veil
Contained in lapis, this gleam of coppered white,
This treasure trove,
This soft-named naked islet,
Appeared as a pole star in inverted heaven
Of endless cloud reflections because a boy
Peered through a glass darkly, and has laughed
Through ordered numbers
At infinite distance remedied.

Night has outflown youth: in its cavern
The sweep of the Great Bear lies drowned in the north,
Submitting to new tropic stars, a Cross
To redeem darkness, and youth sets
Muted and multiple power gently on coral dusk,
Finding a pinprick to rest on, a dot that lay
Charted in white blankness, a glyph
That could read certainly
Into an island's greeting and farewell
Where laughter may lie briefly in screened sleep
Against tomorrow's storm.

SOUTH- Here the green terror of deliberate death
WEST Grows rankly on volcanic soil, on coral
Made lonely by much sea. Here
Sorrow outranks joy, honor salutes
Its captain, grief. Here
Proud death lies wrapped in a long weave of pain
Civilian-wise and uniform. Here flight
Begins at endings. Here laughter
Marries fatigue, and youth
Beds with a solitary sleep. Journey
Is ended and the strong
Survive for tension. Here life
Destroys itself in heat under a sun
That has forgotten the compassionate snow.

» Will the spirit of missions still find a response in the Asia we liberate, or is that a part of the white man's burden which we can safely entrust to native hands?

SHOULD FOREIGN MISSIONS GO?

by PHILLIPS ENDECOTT OSGOOD

1

AT A recent conference at Columbia on Science, Philosophy, and Religion two delegates voiced the pungent opinion that "the entire missionary movement should be stopped." They raised a vigorous demurrer to the axiom that "the post-war world can be built successfully only on the basis of Christianity," and categorically denied that we are fighting to save "Christian civilization." Granted that only two of the delegates exploded this bombshell, nevertheless there are persons not delegates to that august conference who would second the motion — both at home and, more understandably, among the nationalists in the non-Christian countries.

It is easy to understand these radical reactions, whether here or in the Orient. As the stage Irishman or Jewish comedian has become accepted as a stock figure of the cheaper theater, so the caricature of "the missionary" has become half-brother to the caricature of the ultra-Puritan reformer with his lantern-jawed, kill-joy face, his baize umbrella and his tight frock coat, and has thus been a convenient straw man for laissez-faire folk to scorn. This caricature of the missionary on the soapbox, plucking brands from the burning, ignores the selflessness of his zeal, and is an exaggeration of the crude evangelism of a small and amateur minority. But modern missionaries, except the burningly sectarian minority, are not like that.

Missionary policy is more statesmanlike, more truly diplomatic, more germane to native life than is often comprehended. With educational institutions equal in their standards to those at home; with modern hospitals which set the highest norm for medicine and nursing; with agricultural techniques and social service; with responsible, trained,

native leadership progressively achieved, modern missions are no inept intrusion into a differing racial field, but a highly selfless contribution.

Noble and powerfully influential missionary institutions such as Dr. Teusler's St. Luke's Hospital in Tokyo, which has standardized hospitalization for all Japan, or Albert Schweitzer's Lamborene, or Yale-in-China, or St. John's University in China, or the countless orphanages and girls' schools which have set Chinese womanhood on a new level of opportunity would be affected by the demand that the entire missionary movement must be stopped.

The disdain of broad-minded Protestants for the caricatured missionary is rooted in our steady liberalization of Christian credalism. The liberal Protestant, although he does not hold his own faith any less the truest one, does not consider non-Christian religions as deceptions of the devil. Even if he recognizes the demonstrated failings of these alien faiths and the superstitions prevalent among their unthinking masses, he likewise accepts their best doctrines as partial intuitions of the Truth, and with sympathy and charity is ready to take them as the equivalent of Old Testaments deserving a New Testament consummation. He has, therefore, a more human tolerance than his fundamentalist brethren, and a less frenetic zeal to save heathen souls from the brimstone pit of Hell. But what church does not wrestle with the fact that liberalism appears to breed less and less earnestness in this great adventure? To some extent this is even true of Roman Catholicism.

The high-water mark of missions was about 1928, when there were approximately thirty thousand Protestant missionaries in foreign lands and the same number of Roman Catholic missionaries. Annual support reached sixty million dollars from Protestant sources and thirty million from Catholic. Then came the depression, but also the greatest advance of liberalism. Ultra-liberal churchmen

Rector of Emmanuel Church in Boston, the REVEREND PHILLIPS ENDECOTT OSGOOD has recently been elected President of the House of Deputies of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, the highest honor that can be given one of its Presbyters.

now see no justification for continuing Christian missions, and they have the support of many non-churchmen who comprise half of what is still called "Christendom."

The fiat that missions must cease which comes from rampant nationalists and racialists in mission lands is even more ominous. Anyone acquainted with world trends is aware of the surge of rebellion found wherever Western folk have taken up "the white man's burden" — which the nationalists now insist on interpreting as imperialist exploitation. The yellow, brown, and black races are yeasting with rebellion against the implied superiority complex of our "paramount civilizations."

And in this we must not be blind to the part played by revived native faiths. There are now a higher Buddhism, a cultured Hinduism, a reborn Mohammedanism, a philosophic Taoism, an assertive Shintoism. Mixed with racial defense, these vigorous reformed or modernist native faiths cannot but leaven the lump of ancient custom.

As an illustration take the Buddhism of Ceylon. It is less fanatic than neighboring Mohammedanism or Shintoism; it is no mere revival of fundamentalist Buddhism, which preaches self-renunciation. Rather is it a form of self-affirming patriotism, envisioning Ceylon as a member of a family of Buddhist countries. Its slogan, "No conquered people can afford to accept the religion of its conquerors," brands Christian Singhalese as renegades, since they are implicated with the foreign "invader." "Every Singhalese should be a Buddhist" is the cry. Buddhist dogma is invoked only sufficiently to show that a religion which starts without God (as Buddhism does) makes "God's help" absurd. Such a movement decisively eliminates the missionary.

2

JAPAN provides the most extreme example of foreign exclusion. Although we now know few details of Japan's inner life, we can guess the consequence of the policies already in operation before Pearl Harbor. The Westerner is out.

To be sure, Japan has not quashed Christianity as such. It has only Japanized it by force. The 250,000 Christians are a formidable minority group, even when we subtract the nominal ones who had registered for ulterior motives. They cannot be disregarded by Tojo and Company, but they can be controlled. No money can now be received from outside, but there seem still to be enough funds for skeletal existence. The fifty-odd Protestant communions have been compelled into a single body.

The Roman Catholics are under a Japanese archbishop, and for political reasons a Japanese ambassador is accredited to the Vatican. In both groups this "beaten out" (*uttareta*) change is avowedly for the purpose of ensuring that there shall be no more alien intrusion or allegiance in Nipponese life.

The Japanese have sometimes asserted that missionaries have been sources of military and naval intelligence. Also the inherited Samurai ideals have made patriots resent the extension of alien denominations, with their Western forms and formularies. If Christianity is to have the slightest chance to survive in a defeated Japan, it must be cast in the Japanese mode and speak in the Japanese psychological idiom.

To do the dictator government of Japan justice, it must be noted that there has been no threat of compulsory dissolution of the Christian Church. Whether or not the intention is ultimately to use every religion as an arm of the government, it is symptomatic at least of the first stage that M. Tomita, the first moderator of the United Protestant Church, has been until his appointment a staunch advocate of the separation of church and state. The Christian Church, Protestant and Catholic together, is now recognized as the third religion of the Empire, taking the place formerly accorded to patently Chinese Confucianism. Interfaith coördination is in process between the three religions. All is "honorable," according to official pronouncements. We hope they are sincere.

Yet how long the liberties of Christianity will last under a totalitarian dictatorship is anyone's guess. Since its affiliations are derivatively from outside the nation, it is under strictest watchfulness. If it were not for the Vatican tie, we might speculate on whether the degree of Westernism and its dogmatic history implied in the very names Protestant and Catholic could be permitted. Militant Shintoists are now bound to press their advantage. Christian ministers are given no exemption from military service. Congregations are thereby left leaderless except by old men and by women. The silence of Toyohiko Kagawa, even before censorship clamped down, indicates that his pacifism was considered more subversive than his great coöperatives were considered constructive.

Yet hearteningly we remember the survival of Japanese Christianity through an earlier campaign of hating extermination. It lived a catacomb life underground for the whole period from the Shoguns to Admiral Perry. And emerged smiling. If defeat of Japan comes soon enough, it is probable that a stronger, more autonomous church, unified and purged, will emerge from the present bitter mo-

ment, since (as yet) Christianity has been given no command to commit hara-kiri.

Only two alternatives emerge for the Christian Church: either it will become so meekly chameleon on Japanese paganism that it will hardly be distinguishable from it; or, more likely, the very fires of its testing time will so purify it of all dross of secondary motives or foreign ecclesiasticisms that it will be a Gideon's army, smaller but stronger. A really Japanese Christianity must be given our completely generous faith and perhaps our financial aid again; but with no strings tied to it. Are we magnanimous enough to hope for such an outcome?

As a postscript to the sketch of Japanese missions the developments in Manchuria and North China must also be mentioned. For these indicate the policy and strength of the Japanese Church.

In the longer-occupied areas, missionary work from a Japanese home-base by the Japanese has been well begun by all faiths. And in the Netherlands East Indies and the Philippines, for instance, whence we have reason to hope the invaders will sooner be dislodged, a flying squadron of ministrants has been at work. The non-exemption of religious workers from army service has sent them wherever the army goes, and they have not confined their personal activities to the military. Not only Christians but ambassadors of other beliefs have been used by the military authorities to approach resident Christians and to conciliate them. Both Protestant and Catholic Japanese (including some Japanese nuns) are most zealous and, according to their own philosophy, conscientious.

Japan now has some control over more than a hundred million Mohammedans. Mohammedans are difficult to handle because of their fervent tenacity. Japan is tactfully playing up to them, for she hopes to be recognized as backing a United Moslem movement in all Asia. The same policy extends to Christianity.

In Manchuria Japanese Christians have been at work for a quarter century. The East Asia Missionary Society is a branch of the Japanese National Christian Council, and although the majority of its workers are Chinese by blood, they are now Japanese by direction. The information filters through that the properties of the Scottish and Irish Mission in Manchuria, which were purchased by the Japanese government when the former white missionaries bluntly declined to allow their adherents to be registered and supervised by the new overlords, are now nominally leased to the Japanese Church as its *pied-à-terre*.

In North China there is a United Christian

(Protestant) Church. Its constitution contains the striking statement that the fused church is "to undertake the apostolic commission of preaching the Gospel, *according to the spirit of self-government, self-supported propagation, so as to establish a united, indigenous church.*" The personnel of its supervisory group is of substantial caliber and influence, mostly Chinese.

This is highly interesting. For it means that the Japanese Church, as completely as it can do so, is adopting the policy of native self-development, eventuating in a flexible and autonomous church of the land. It also indicates something of the potency of second-generation Japanese Christianity, now forcibly free of apron-string tether.

3

INDIA is a Gordian knot which resists any sword. It will provide the major complications in any post-war settlement and probably, except for Germany, will continue to be the major obstacle to any world peace for at least a half century. Whatever we may think of the technique of administration by the British, who, inheriting imperialism, have done their best to lift India toward something other than a continued Indian Mutiny, we must take as sincere the intention to give India dominion status after the war, not only in plausible legalism but with sympathetic faith.

But that vast, polyglot, multitudinous, caste-ridden, riven, extreme land is far from any inner unity. The 275 million Hindus and 90 million Moslems, with 225 dialects and well-nigh that number of psychological strains; the jeweled maharajas and the contorted fakirs; the swarming untouchables (who are so low they are not even included in the caste system); the All-India Congress and Gandhi; the purdah, the burning ghats, the 700,000 villages, and the universities — what an agglomeration! And in all this the strongest cohesive force is the thought of British withdrawal.

With the more vocal Indians this thought of British withdrawal is hot with rebellion. As Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the poetess, philosopher, orator, and political leader, once said to me, "I was born a rebel, have lived a rebel, and expect to die a rebel unless I can free India." Gandhi is a symbol of all non-violent mutiny. But it is mutiny nevertheless.

The Christian Church is inevitably thought of as the church of imperial England. Where England is hated, Christianity shares that hatred. Among those who agitate for release, Christians are accused of treachery to India. No matter how selflessly

and expertly Indian missions have been built up to their now established efficiency, even such colleges and hospitals and model villages and agricultural institutes and leprosy sanatoria and Y.M.C.A.'s and orphanages as those now justly famous are suspect. Even if these are handed over to all-Indian staffs, the net result is almost the same, for the pattern is labeled as British.

Besides this imputation of imperialistic coloring there are two other facts which increase the nationalists' animus against missions. The first is that the Christian principle is diametrically opposed to the caste system. The Golden Rule is flatly contrary to Hinduism's gradations of the "inferior" classes. The Brahmin and the Pharisee are brothers under the skin, equally fine in their culture and equally insulated from the "unclean." Nor can the Church go back on or soft-pedal its primary postulate of human brotherhood. The caste system is its complete antithesis. And there you are!

The second cause of ire stems from the first. The greatest success of missions is among the untouchables. How could it be otherwise? There are 60 million pariahs. (The name "pariah" is applied both to the untouchable and to the wild, gaunt dog which skulks outside the town.) Outside every village there is a settlement of untouchables — outside its life, forbidden to possess property, to use the village well, to wear clean clothing, to worship in the same temple, to serve in the army. Yet the untouchables themselves may be of as high mentality and alertness as those in the village. They are rightfully indignant against a social system which settled their destiny centuries ago.

Even Gandhi's labors for the untouchables cannot alleviate their fate. But they respond to Christian missions with eager immediacy. Whole families, villages, tribes, and communities are flocking into the Church. Their lives are transformed. Their inferiority complex disappears. By thousands they have come to self-respect and hope. But the superior classes protest against such a revolutionary surge. Where coöperatives are established, they talk of the spread of Communism. The missionary to the depressed classes is accused of turning the Indian world topsy-turvy.

The Indian Church is mighty. Indeed the whole Protestant world must listen to the South India Plan of Unity, which sets the pace for the home churches. Bishop Azariah of Dornakal is the conspicuous figure of this plan. He is one of the great native pioneers. Give him and his like their heads and something will come of Indian Christianity! Incidentally, as Chairman of the National Christian Council of India and a Vice-Chairman of

the International Missionary Council, he says, "With trembling conviction Indian Christians see they must be on the side of India's freedom. . . . With its millenniums of culture and civilization, with its hoary traditions of wealth and power, with its incorrigible God-consciousness, their dear India, they feel, deserves to be a free India. . . . The Indian Christian, however, has vague fears that the freedom he desires for his country may spell deprivation of his own liberty and his fundamental religious rights. . . . Would India's freedom mean a return to the old caste tyranny?"

Bishop Azariah doubts the advisability of civil disobedience, of the All-India Congress. "With all the earnestness of his being the Indian Christian pleads with his countrymen not to let themselves go in mad lawlessness. He pleads for an exploration of fresh possibilities of reconciliation of differing views and different political parties. Whatever method be followed, reconciliation and India's peaceful development are what Indian Christians desire."

4

IN CHINA the picture is clearer and more surely hopeful. There's a silver lining to China's war cloud. Older centers such as Shanghai, Hong Kong, Hankow have been forced to evacuate their institutions or to surrender them. What may be half of the surviving population of the Eastern provinces has moved or is moving. But the vast hinterland of Western and Southwestern China, hitherto untouched by outside nations and almost entirely unknown to the Eastern Chinese themselves, is now opened up.

The Burma Road is the focus of world attention. Factories, armies, airfields, new cities are springing up. Our own soldiers and airmen are there. Long-established colleges have simply decamped with their faculties and students, knowing that buildings are not a college but that the people are; now they are starting afresh after weary flight. Hospital staffs and nurses find new habitation, sometimes bringing patients with them and always their medicine kits and surgical instruments. Schools take their pupils out of danger; pastors take their congregations. New shrines are built for all religionists. For the first time in its long history China is a great mixing bowl, and the Chinese are approaching homogeneity. It is a nation more than it has ever been.

What is the place of the Chinese Church in this great uprooting and the dogged battle against the depredator? The answer to that question is a stirring one.

The guidance of China is preponderantly Christian. Although Christians in China were only one in a hundred, in China's *Who's Who* they are one in six, half of them trained in Christian schools, with another one in six, not professedly Christian, trained alongside these others. In the top twenty of China's greatest, half are Christian. The "dynasty" of Sun Yat-sen is of a caliber and integrity any nation might envy. It is not only the Generalissimo and his miraculous wife and the other connections of the Soong family, but Dr. Wang, our former ambassador, Dr. Yen, the former Prime Minister, Mr. Wang Chung-hui, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the much publicized General Feng Yu-hsiang, and others, who make the Chinese government the deeply Christian government it is today. The National Child Welfare Association, the Anti-Opium Association, the Famine Relief Committee, the New Life Movement, the Thousand Character project, the social service agencies, the government-sponsored movement for rural reconstruction — all these were founded and largely led by native Christians. China has lifted the prestige of Christianity everywhere.

The Chinese Church is now almost entirely in the hands of its own membership. Such missionaries as remain or go on with their people are regarded as friends more than as propagandists. In all communions the native church is taking up its self-extension. Bishop Tsu, the "Bishop of the Burma Road," has recently been among us here to ask that from now on the supporting church shall give its gifts in totals to be allocated by the Chinese, and that such missionaries as are requested by them shall be placed or moved according to the wisdom of the autonomous Oriental Church. The National Christian Council of China, akin to our Federal Council, is in charge of the assignment of fields for hospitals and schools; and this Council is predominantly Chinese.

Although the staggering demands of post-war China will call for as many volunteers from the Occident as were there ten years ago, more than in the recent past the volunteer helpers will be specialists — colleagues or subordinates beside Chinese superiors. And ultimately their success will be to make themselves easily spared. The Chinese Church will go from strength to strength, particularly if we are generous of spirit and of purse. It is not to belittle the magnitude, the complexity, the severity of the reconstruction days to be sure of this.

"The time would fail to speak" of the church in Russia, whether Protestant missionaries should be allowed in South America, what will be the possibilities of Filipino Christianity, of Liberian fortunes now that West Africa is the base for our air flights, of such problems of domestic missions as the Nisei, the vast Negro field, the Indians of the West, Alaskan development, the isolated rural folk.

Everywhere, nevertheless, one general crescendo is swelling in the Christian churches. The Madras Conference marked the power and glory of the "Younger Churches," which can no longer be called merely missionary. Our children have come of age. It is a family of churches now, in which the elders somewhat wistfully regard their vigorous offspring and wish they had the verve, the courage, and the enthusiasm of the more youthful ones. It will be necessary for the elders to help their children, now no longer children, to get them well started; but the elders will not dictate, for the youthful have much to teach their parents.

Extraterritoriality has gone for good. There will be no throwback to it, even in the first most difficult years beyond war, when the devastation and unsettlement will be a temptation to religious fascism as a condition of aid. Although many have forgotten it and many Boards of Missions desired it to be forgotten, the startling volume, *Re-Thinking Missions*, was not all in vain. With united missionary comity now achieved at home among all the substantial Protestant communions, and with the missions organically established, the prospects of true advance are brighter than before the war. There is a stirring in the leaves of Iggsdrasil, the Tree of Life, which is of the wind of the Spirit which blows where it wills. It may well come to pass that "the leaves of the Tree shall be for the healing of the nations" more than we dream.

The Moscow Conference has made its magnificent declaration. The epochal Madras Conference a few years back could have given Moscow further necessary data. The Moscow Declaration agrees on "the necessity of establishing at the earliest practicable date a general international organization, based on the principle of the sovereign equality of all peace-loving states, and open to membership by all such states, large and small, for the maintenance of international peace and security."

The question of Christian missions in the post-war world is definitely interknit with this stern affirmation.

NOTES ON RUSSIAN LITERATURE

Tyutchev

by EDMUND WILSON

THE literary career and reputation of the poet F. I. Tyutchev have certain points of resemblance to those, respectively and both together, of A. E. Housman and Gerard Manley Hopkins.

Tyutchev was four years older than Pushkin and eleven years older than Lermontov, and he is usually ranked by Russians as one of the three great poets of his period; but, since he wrote no plays or novels or narrative poems as Pushkin and Lermontov did, he has supplied no opera librettos and no translatable stories, and is therefore quite unknown in the West. He was not a professional writer and did not care to be a literary figure. He was a diplomat who lived out of Russia for the better part of twenty-two years and from time to time sent verses to Pushkin, who published them in the quarterly he was editing. It was not till the early fifties that Nekrasov brought Tyutchev's poetry to the attention of the public and that Turgenev edited a book of his lyrics. The whole work of Tyutchev consists merely of about three hundred short pieces — lyrics and political verses — which, although they are known by Russians as well as we know *A Shropshire Lad*, have no way of getting through to other languages.

The comparisons with Housman and Hopkins may, however, serve not only to indicate the position of Tyutchev in Russian poetry, but also to give some idea of his form and of the kind of poet he is. We must banish first of all from our minds the idea that Russian literature is necessarily loose or disorderly. The tendency of Russian poetry is, if anything, in the opposite direction of being too uniformly well-turned. Certainly the three great

Russian poets of the early nineteenth century are a good deal more consistently satisfactory from the point of view of form than any of the English Romantic poets except Keats. There are lyrics of Lermontov's and Pushkin's so classical in achieving their effects by the mere displacement or change of a word in the pattern of a line or a quatrain that we can hardly find anything of the kind in English till we come to A. E. Housman. And Tyutchev is the great Russian master of the pregnant and pointed and poignant short poem.

But the landscapes and seasons that Tyutchev prefers, — and he largely lives on landscapes and seasons, — with the feelings that these inspire, are quite different from the clear autumn bitterness or the sharp summer irony of Housman. Tyutchev loves the indeterminate moments between fair and rainy weather, when a thunderstorm is looming or passing, or between the night and the dawn or the sunset and the dark, which reflect indeterminate and variable emotions. There is a fine little poem of E. A. Robinson's which has something in common with Tyutchev: —

Dark hills at evening in the west,
Where sunset hovers like a sound
Of golden horns that sang to rest
Old bones of warriors under ground,
Far now from all the bannered ways
Where flash the legions of the sun,
You fade — as if the last of days
Were fading, and all wars were done.

Imagine something halfway between this and certain poems of Léonie Adams's, where the phrases strike out more facets and the whole thing has a livelier psychological interest. There is piece after piece in *High Falcon* that is amazingly close to Tyutchev (*The Moon and Spectator*, *The Mysterious Thing*, *Evening Sky*, *Sundown*, *Twilit Revelation*, *Country Summer*, and others).

EDMUND WILSON, the American critic and novelist, first began studying Russian on his trip to the U.S.S.R. in 1935, and has been working at it ever since. In a series of *Atlantic* essays to be published through the new year, he will give us his appraisal of the Russian classics.

How now are we tossed about by a windy heaven,
 The eye that scans it maddened to discern
 In a single quarter all the wild ravage of light,
 Amazing light to quiver and suddenly turn
 Before the stormy demon fall of night;
 And yet west spaces saved celestial
 With silver sprinklings of the anointed sun. . . .

For though the stanza of Tyutchev is epigrammatic — he was in conversation a famous wit — his language is delicious and exquisite. He had brought over from an earlier period certain qualities that were alien to the age of Pushkin. The eighteenth century in Russia was distinguished by literary characteristics — a touch of reckless Aeschylean grandiloquence — quite different from anything we mean when we say “eighteenth century” in English, and closer to our seventeenth century. Even the foreign reader is surprised to come upon such a phrase as “a loud crimson exclamation.” But in Tyutchev this style has been infinitely refined: there are a liquidity and a shifting suggestiveness that anticipate symbolist poetry. The Russian poets of the end of the century claimed him as a precursor of their school, and were impatient with Turgenev for having ironed out, in editing Tyutchev’s poems — rather as Rimsky-Korsakov conventionalized the score of *Boris Godunov* — the metrical innovations of the poet. In this role of rediscovered “ancestor” of an advanced phase of poetry that did not derive from him, Tyutchev occupies a position not unlike that of Hopkins.

The sensibility of Tyutchev lives between light and shadow among the feelings and impressions and reflections of a region so vibrating and rarefied that it makes most English Romantic poetry seem relatively sensual and downright. One of the best of his poems is *Italian Villa*, which is certainly all Russian and all Tyutchev in this coincidence of physical with moral awareness. The poet and a woman companion arrive at an Italian villa which has for a long time been uninhabited. You have a charming and lulling description of the old house asleep in the sun, with only the babble of the fountain and the twittering of a swallow rippling the settled silence. But the visitors enter; and in the tranquil darkness where a cypress looks in at the window, they suddenly feel that a change has occurred: the fountain seems to stop; a convulsive shudder runs through the branches of the cypress; there is a queer indistinct whisper like something muttered through sleep. “What was it, friend? Was it that cruel life — that life, alas! then quickening in our veins — that ruthless life, with its rebellious fire, had crossed the threshold with its spell of peace?”

Yet, admirable though Tyutchev is, he is somehow to an Anglo-Saxon a little unsympathetic. He is a little too weepy for our taste. In his poetry is audible, as it is not in Pushkin, that incurable minor key of resignation in grievance and complaint, that may move us when we hear it in an old Russian song but of which we become impatient when we find how habitual and incessant it is in all kinds of connections in Russian life.

In Tyutchev’s case, this key is associated with a humidity of emotional atmosphere that is also rather alien to us. There are moments when the English-speaking reader, in his exploration of Russian literature, seems to come upon something clammy that makes him instinctively withdraw his hand. He is put off by it in certain passages of Herzen’s fascinating memoirs where Herzen and his wife and his friends get themselves into messy mixed-up situations so that everybody languishes and agonizes and nobody will make a decision to straighten the thing out. It is a kind of thing that people objected to in the novels of Dostoevsky when they were first being read in English, though these episodes in Dostoevsky are usually brought to an end by thunderclaps that clear the air; the kind of thing that used to puzzle and exasperate the first foreign audiences of Chekhov’s plays, though Chekhov exploits these situations for pathos and humor both. It is something which can perhaps be shortly described as a tendency of Russians in emotional relationships to “stew in their own juice” — which is a Russian phrase as well as an English one: masticating and gulping and regurgitating their problems, biting on their suffering and doting over their guilt, sweating and freezing for years in the *impasses* of personal involvements as if they were waiting in Soviet breadlines or the reception rooms of callous officials.

And something of this complaisance in incurable heartbreak, this inveterate helpless quaver, one does find in the poetry of Tyutchev, especially if one reads him in bulk (which perhaps it is unfair to do: Housman, too, is always sounding the same note, and, with him, too, we tend to protest if we read too much at once). Tyutchev is always sighing for Italian suns, and he even thinks nostalgically of the malaria of Rome, by the granite and gray skies of the Neva; he is forever grieving over stricken loves, and he never seems to write when they are flourishing. That lugubrious word *rokovóy*, which means *destined*, *fateful*, *fatal*, seems to toll on every other page, with its deep recognition of defeat, its certainty that all the affairs of the heart have come out and must always come out badly.

Tyutchev was twice married, both times to German women; and at fifty-one he fell in love with his daughter's governess. Says D. S. Mirsky, "Their love was passionate and profound and an infinite source of torture to both. The young woman's reputation was ruined, and Tyutchev's own gravely tainted, as well as his family happiness. When, in 1865, Mlle. Denisova died, gloom and despair took possession of Tyutchev. The wonderful tact and forbearance of his wife in the whole affair only increased his suffering by a profound feeling of guilt." Though I am usually interested in the lives of writers, I have not yet been able to bring myself to look this story up. I feel that I have heard enough about it in reading Tyutchev's poems on the subject.

With all this, there are in Tyutchev's pessimism a bitter pride and a noble consistency. But it is as far from A. E. Housman as it is from Alfred de Vigny.

Be still, be still, my soul; it is but for a season:
Let us endure an hour and see injustice done. . . .

says Housman; and,

"Gémir, pleurer, prier est également lâche.
Fais énergiquement ta longue et lourde tâche,
Dans la voie où le Sort a voulu t'appeler.
Puis après, comme moi, souffre et meurs sans parler."

says Alfred de Vigny's wolf. But Tyutchev, after Mlle. Denisova's death, begs God to dispel his dullness of soul so that he may feel his pain more severely, and this somehow disconcerts the Western reader.

So does Tyutchev's conception of Nature. Nature, for Housman and Vigny, is indifferent to men, and so they defy her.

Those are the tears of morning,
That weeps, but not for thee . . .

says Housman; and Vigny:—

Vivez, froide Nature, et revivez sans cesse
Sous nos pieds, sur nos fronts, puisque c'est votre loi;
Vivez, et dédaignez, si vous êtes déesse,
L'Homme, humble passager, qui dut vous être un Roi;
Plus que tout votre règne et que ses splendeurs vaines
J'aime la majesté des souffrances humaines:
Vous ne recevrez pas un cri d'amour de moi.

For Wordsworth, the natural world holds a kind of divine presence that stands always behind what we see and to feel oneself in touch with which is to be strengthened, instructed, exalted. But the attitude of Tyutchev is quite distinct. Nature, in a sense, is indifferent to man, but man does not need to fight her. She is neither opponent nor friend: she has a life and a soul of her own which are larger than the life of man and which will eventually absorb and obliterate him. Tyutchev gives final expression to his fundamental point of view in a poem written not long before his death. Do the oaks, he asks, that grow on ancient barrows, that spread their branches and grow grand and speak with their leaves — do they care into whose dust and memory they are plunging their long roots? "Nature knows nothing of the past: our lives to her are alien and phantoms; and, standing in her presence, we dimly apprehend that we ourselves are but part of her revery. Indiscriminately, one by one, when they are done with their futile exploit, she welcomes all her children into her fathomless depths that swallow and reconcile all."

Tyutchev's Nature is Pushkin's Bronze Horseman: the power that creates and that crushes; and there is a drama of feeling in relation to it in Tyutchev as there is in Pushkin. But Tyutchev, who was a reactionary in politics under Nicholas I and Alexander II and even held a post in the Censorship, is rather on the masochistic side, the side that goes in for being crushed. And one of the elements of the Russian character to which it is most difficult for the Westerner to adjust himself is the passion for self-immolation.

POEMS

by FÉDOR IVANOVICH TYUTCHEV

Translated by Vladimir Nabokov

AUTUMN

WHEN Autumn has just come, there is
most brief a lull: brief but divine.
All day 'tis like some precious prism,
and limpidly the evenings shine.

Where lusty sickles swung and corn-ears bent
the plain is empty now: wider it seems.
Alone a silky filament
across the idle furrow gleams.

The airy void, now birdless, is revealed,
but still remote is the first whirl of snow;
and stainless skies in mellow blueness flow
upon the hushed reposing field.

LAST LOVE

LOVE at the closing of our days
is apprehensive and very tender.
Glow brighter, brighter, farewell rays
of one last love in its evening splendor.

Blue shade takes half the world away:
alone a westerly radiance is roaming.
O tarry, O tarry, declining day,
keep me enchanted in the gloaming.

The blood runs thinner, yet the heart
its tenderness has not expended.
O last belated love, thou art
endless bliss and hopelessness blended.

SILENTIUM

SPEAK not, lie hidden, and conceal
the way you dream, the things you feel.
Deep in your spirit let them rise
akin to stars in crystal skies
that set before the night is blurred:
delight in them and speak no word.

How can a heart expression find?
How should another know your mind?
Will he discern what quickens you?
A thought once uttered is untrue.
Dimmed is the fountainhead when stirred:
drink at the source and speak no word.

Try living in yourself alone:
within your soul a world has grown,
the magic of veiled thoughts that might
be blinded by the outer light,
drowned in the noise of day, unheard . . .
take in their song and speak no word.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

MR. AND MRS. WILLOUGHBY

by MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER

I

THE JAMES PETER WILLOUGHBYS had no photograph album, but through the years they had acquired a sizable assortment of snapshots and small pictures of this and that. Mrs. Willoughby kept these in a shirt box in a drawer of a break-front bookcase.

About once a year, the children chanced to think of this treasure, and had a field day snickering over pictures of themselves as infants, and over the quaint clothes Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby wore when they were younger.

Joyce was particularly interested in some snapshots of Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby on their wedding trip in the Pyrenees.

"Where am I?" she always asked, looking for herself among the traveling bags.

Mrs. Willoughby explained to Joyce that she had not yet been born.

"Where are Jane and Peter?"

"They also came later," Mrs. Willoughby said.

Joyce's face always clouded. It was very selfish of her mother and father not to have had their children along on this trip.

"Where in the world did you get that hat?" Jane would shriek in horror, and Mrs. Willoughby would look, and say tranquilly, "It was the height of fashion. I bought it in Paris."

One day Mrs. Willoughby decided to assemble all the snapshots in a more usable form, since the children liked them so much; so she obtained a large scrapbook with black pages, and started pasting them in.

One of our favorite heroines, Mrs. James Peter Willoughby, made her first appearance in the *Atlantic* in February, 1942. The seven stories which we have since printed will form part of a book, *The Collected Works of Mrs. Willoughby*, to be published on the anniversary of her *Atlantic* debut.

Mrs. Willoughby's creator, MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER, hails from Indiana. She came to Manhattan fresh and impressionable, and the fashions, the good intentions, and the effervescent impulses which she catches are not confined to the feminine world of Park Avenue and Sutton Place.

Some of them were amusing, she had to admit. There were some pictures of her in the shapeless long dresses of the early 1920's, and those hip-line belts were not flattering. The passport-style pictures which were on the Willoughbys' New York World's Fair identification cards made them look like a family in the rogues' gallery; and there were some little dears which had been made of her and Jim and Lolly Winters in a shooting gallery on Broadway one night when they dropped in after the theater. Lolly had her chin down, and looked like Sarah Bernhardt sighting a tin duck.

There were a number of pictures of James Peter Willoughby at various stages of his life. Here was his baby picture — very pretty, with curls on his head and a mischievous gleam in his eye. Here was one as a young man, smoking a pipe and swaggering, and one as a gay blade with a lascivious-looking brunette. Here was a snapshot made on a recent evening when Jim covered the family with glory by winning sixty-four dollars and the jack pot on the "Take It or Leave It" quiz broadcast.

There was one which Mrs. Willoughby loved especially — of Jim as a small boy, with his hair brushed back and a rather lonely look on his face. He was wearing high laced shoes.

Mrs. Willoughby arranged the pictures of Jim in consecutive order and pasted them in, and then she started studying them. It was remarkable what a steady progression of development they showed; and still, Jim never had changed. In all the pictures, there was that clean-cut, open face. She thought of the splendid way that Jim, as a grown man, went around saying "Yes," "No," and "The hell with it"; and it came to her with great force that here was the gifted member of the Willoughby family.

Not herself — James Peter Willoughby.

"O winner of the 'Take It or Leave It' jack pot," she thought, "I salute you!"

She thought of the small boy in the high laced shoes: how he had grown up, and trustingly committed his life into her keeping. What had she ever done to advance Jim's position? Nothing. She had let him struggle along, all by himself. He had done very well, but there was no telling what heights Jim would rise to if she abandoned her own projects and devoted herself to his career.

"Every great man has a great woman behind him," thought Mrs. Willoughby. This would be her lifework: she would be a Woman Behind Her Man.

And now, looking over the pictures, Mrs. Willoughby reviewed her own activities, and brought her philosophy up to date.

Only a few days before, she had stepped on a scale in a corner drugstore. Her weight card came up — 120, which was what she had weighed for the last four years. She had punched the button which said, "What color is most becoming to you?" and the card replied, "Flesh color."

Printed across the card was the sentence: "You are a person of great action and few words; your work speaks for itself."

Mrs. Willoughby knew that this was not true. What, then, was true?

Well, for one thing, she was getting a little older. Not much older, but some. Recently she had been shocked to see in an antique shop a doll's head like that of her old china doll. Ridiculous, of course, to have it there — her doll wasn't an antique yet — but nevertheless it was a little sobering. And already some of the early episodes of her life in Mount Kisco, New York, seemed to have the quality of legend when she described them to Joyce and Peter.

The first flush of youth had passed; but, especially in the last two years, she sometimes felt a quiet, new thing which compensated for the exuberance she had felt at sixteen. A kind of wisdom. She thought of Henry Handel Richardson's novel, *The Getting of Wisdom*. It was a very good title.

That reminded her of the New York novel, "Tamoetua," which she had intended to write long ago, and her large study of history, and the Mrs. Willoughby Plan for World Peace.

She had tried to do a lot of things, but the things which she had done best had to do with her own home. She was a good wife, a good mother, a good hostess, a good interior decorator, a good cook, a good seamstress.

Suddenly it dawned on Mrs. Willoughby that what she really was was a housewife — and no more talented than any other housewife, except

that, in twenty years' residence in New York, she had come to know the location of all the better ladies' rooms in the midtown section.

2

THAT evening, Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby had a festive dinner at home, with duck, and *vin rosé*, and white lilacs in the Paul Revere bowl. Mrs. Willoughby wore her favorite cream-colored chiffon dinner dress.

They had a great discussion of flying schedules as they probably would be after the war: ten hours to London, fourteen to Moscow, sixteen to Cairo, fifteen to Rio, twenty from San Francisco to Chungking, twenty-four to Calcutta; and Mrs. Willoughby said that already Army people thought no more of going to Dakar, Cape Town, or Aden than the Willoughbys thought of going to Montclair, New Jersey. She said she sometimes had the urge to fly about now, the way a lot of people were doing, and that some mighty intelligence must come from all that traveling.

"I should like to see Foynes, Ireland, where the great pilots come in with the bombers," she said rather wistfully. "But a person could zizz around the world all his life, and some day he would be a hundred years old, with a lot of new things happening for him to see."

Jim listened attentively to this dissertation.

"After all," continued Mrs. Willoughby, "any part of the world is the world in microcosm. A person can look at his own neighborhood and know the universe — as one can study a bit of tissue through a microscope and know the whole organism."

"Is that thought your own?" asked Jim.

Mrs. Willoughby said with a gleam of mirth that she and Charles Darwin had thought this.

She started talking about her little world, the New York fifties, from Sutton Place South to Park Avenue. "If I had been off in Foynes," she said, "I shouldn't have known that Martin went into the Army."

"Who's Martin?"

"Martin Ulnick, the newsstand man at First Avenue. He closed his little kiosk and put up a sign saying, 'Good-bye to all,' and some of the cold New Yorkers you're always hearing about wrote notes on it saying, 'Good luck to you, old pal,' and 'Thanks for your friendly smile.'"

She said her little world was full of interesting incidents which gave insight into human nature, and now that she knew what her lifework was to be

she could carry on her work, and observe these incidents with great pleasure and profit.

"So you have decided on your lifework," said Jim. "What is it to be?"

"Helping you," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"What are you going to do?" asked Jim anxiously.

Mrs. Willoughby said, again with a twinkle, that the first thing she was going to do was to hire a paperhanger and have his office repapered; that the present paper didn't show him off properly, and she was going to buy an attractive design—maybe something with large cabbage roses.

James Peter Willoughby looked alarmed. "You can't do that!" he said.

Mrs. Willoughby said she didn't see why not; that she wanted him to look pretty at his office, the way he did at home.

Leaving Jim in some doubt as to whether she really meant to do this or not, Mrs. Willoughby went off to tell Joyce and Peter a bedtime story. Peter said he was too old for bedtime stories, but he still hung around, although he sometimes pretended not to listen.

"Pretty Mummy," said Joyce approvingly. She loved Mrs. Willoughby in chiffon. "Tell about the Frog Prince."

"In the old days," began Mrs. Willoughby, "when wishing was having, there lived a king who had three daughters. They were all very beautiful."

"No," said Joyce, changing her mind. "Tell about the peas in the pod."

"There were five peas in one pod," said Mrs. Willoughby. "They were green, and the pod was green, and so they believed that all the world was green."

"No!" said Joyce. It was a familiar ruse, to get parts of several of her favorite stories.

"Well," said Mrs. Willoughby, "I'll make up your mind for you. I shall tell you about the Mouse-King."

The story fell in with her present mood. Her voice rippled smoothly through the Hans Christian Andersen tale, which the children knew as well as she did. She told about the splendid banquets the Mouse-King had on moldy bread and tallow candles, but how he wanted soup made from a sausage stick. Whoever learned to make it would become his queen.

"The lady mice hesitated to go out to learn," said Mrs. Willoughby, "because they might come to hunger and starvation, or get eaten up by the cat. But a few went out. One went to sea in a ship bound for the north, into wild woods full of pines and birch trees. One tried to become a poet, be-

cause her grandmother had told her, 'A poet can make soup out of a sausage stick.'"

"And how do you become a poet?" prompted Peter.

"Three things are necessary," quoted Mrs. Willoughby meditatively. "'Understanding, fancy, and feeling.'"

She was sitting on a sofa in Joyce's room, with Peter on one side and Joyce on the other. They leaned against her.

"And the third mouse stayed at home," said Mrs. Willoughby, "and thought and thought, and finally told the Mouse-King he could have the soup he wanted, if he would simply dip his tail into the kettle of boiling water, and stir."

Joyce and Peter made pleased exclamations over this resourceful idea, as if they never had heard the story before.

"The little mouse said, 'I have not traveled. Everything good is to be got here. I have not gone about asking questions of supernatural powers, or eating up wisdom, or talking with owls. I have learned through silent communing with myself at home. Now will you have the goodness to put the kettle on?'"

When the story ended, Joyce and Peter speculated about how this soup would taste. Mrs. Willoughby continued to sit, with an arm around each, thinking about her own doings of the last few years.

Somewhere along the way there had come over her a great assurance of immortality. There would come a situation in which one handed over the record, with all its good intentions, and was received into a great radiance, like the woman clothed with the sun in the Book of Revelation.

She had known this. But she had had a small, sneaking wish for immortality in the temporal world as well. The latter, she now knew, she never would have. But it wasn't strictly necessary.

Only the Sunday before, the rector at St. Thomas's had asked the congregation, "'What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'" and the words had fallen on Mrs. Willoughby's ears like an aural balm.

"So I am a housewife," she now thought. "There are thirty million of us in this country. We are a large and powerful bloc."

She thought of the small things she could do to give pleasure. There was a red Irish setter in one of the cross streets, who put his forepaws up in the open window of a doctor's office, and watched Mrs. Willoughby go by. She always paused, stroked his shining head, and told him carefully that he was a good dog. The dog appreciated it. She would go on

doing that. And in the elevator at home she would talk with the elevator men, James Patrick Hanrahan and Michael Francis Walsh, about the great contributions of Yeats and Lady Gregory.

She saw the years ahead, and herself in them: the ornament of her household, the delight of her husband and children, in a world not much larger than a circle of lamplight.

After tucking the children in, she sat down at her desk in the living room and wrote some little household notes.

To the milkman: —

Please leave no cream tomorrow (Wednesday), but leave a dozen brown eggs when you can.

To the laundry: —

I am interested in knowing what in heaven's name you do to the washcloths to make them so stiff.

To the dry cleaner: —

Could you see your way clear to returning the tie of my red blouse sometime this summer, at your convenience?

James Peter Willoughby was reading a newspaper. Suddenly he laid it aside and said, "Janie, I've been thinking about what you said earlier this evening. I don't want you to be any different from the way you are."

"Don't you honestly?" asked Mrs. Willoughby.

"I mean it."

Mrs. Willoughby, with her head full of worthy wifely enterprises, said, "We shall see."

A breeze blew in off the East River and lightly billowed the satin draperies. The crystal pieces on the mantel girandoles came together and made small music — like a faint, far-off, but triumphal sound of bells and cymbals.



THE COMMON MAN

by H. M. TOMLINSON

1

A NEIGHBORING coastal town had a visit yesterday from the enemy. As this war is "global," a term which puts it among the hallowed abstractions, a zodiacal affair, the official account of some blasting done to the old houses and shops of an obscure British town was necessarily brief and vague. "Yesterday morning three enemy aircraft dropped bombs at a place on the south coast. Some damage was done, and some casualties have been reported." That is all the people who were not there, the global host, were told. More could not have improved their knowledge.

Just a few of us were less fortunate, for we could supplement the official bulletin, but intended not to. We had realized that complete ignorance of some happenings is preferable to exact knowledge. For such a reason, when as neighbors we met again, our exchange of news was laconic and ambiguous. The fact is, when bombs and cannon shells are aimed from a low level at a provincial high street,

England's veteran and most skillful essayist, H. M. TOMLINSON suggests that we look more squarely at the Common Man by whom and for whom this war is being fought.

in the hour when women are thinking of war in terms of rations and coupons, you cannot say much about it, though you were there.

What prevents you is not the strictness of the official censor. You are prevented by that censor everybody acknowledges when ruling out anatomical particulars, human and bared. Yes, war is ugliness so foul that its facts choke utterance. Civility can but stare numbed at what it sees, as if speech were not evolved for this.

We dismissed the subject of yesterday's irruption. It was not our first shake-up, but one is always free to hope it is the last. Thus we hoped. The following silence, while we gazed at the fire, was broken by a young woman. She remarked reminiscently, "You know, as far back as I can remember, all the news of the world I've ever heard has been bad." There was a hint of reproach in her manner, as if we had deliberately cheated her of good tidings.

We turned to her. What she had said was, in its way, more startling than the raid. After all, we have gained the point when we merely note the warning siren, trust the brutes are not heading

straight for us, and get on with the job; and our trust has been falsified often enough to make bombing, unless personal, pass with allusive comment. For war, when at a decent remove, is always an impersonal abstraction, as various and entangling as metaphysics or the marvels of the subconscious. Like the problem of pain, war has a perennial general attraction to which its sufferers are listless. But this young commentator had pointed at a matter rather more serious than war in our street. Humanity, she complained, had never provided her with good news. Could a young, healthy, well-educated, and pretty woman say anything worse of the world?

She must have supposed our silence meant disapproval of her youthful opinion, though of course it meant merely that we were not ready with some clever jugglery with history as we preferred to have it. Because then, with the coolness of a statistician putting social morality into the exactitude of numerals, she explained that one of her earliest recollections was of resisting her mother when being taken from bed down into the coal cellar. But mother stood no nonsense. By candlelight, while her parents sat on the floor listening, the booming of guns was very sad. It was like the barking of a lot of big dogs. It was a Zeppelin night. They often had one. A smash of glass still frightened her. She gave us a casual selection from the news of all nations since the twenties.

What of general good, she asked, could we set against that uproar — except a few books and poems, and the excellence of orchestras? Little, she thought, except the work of physicians and surgeons, aided by pharmaceutical chemists and research workers; nothing whatever from religion, and little from any of our teachers and leaders — not enough from any source to prevent serious people from speculating on how long it would be before the ground gave way under everybody.

At last it gave way, and nobody with a pennyworth of intelligence expected anything else. Since the other war, the drift of things had caused young people, her generation, to suppose that, in a world of lies and calculated selfishness, whatever one did was of no particular significance, seeing there was no universal law, and no authority worth respectful acknowledgment. If, she said, divine law and authority were mentioned, young people merely wanted to know why God allowed evil to do so well. And that ended their curiosity in the question. They expected no answer, and got none.

When afterwards I reported to an elderly man of religion what she had confessed, he was silent for a while, and then said her indictment was not

only just, but the responsibility was his; and that others, if they felt like it, could share the blame. And what were we going to do about it? Because, he remarked, if the earth continues to be such a place of anxiety for the young that beauty is meaningless to them, and in desperation they give themselves to frivolity as the only way to get something out of life — if the earth is to remain a place where it is difficult to rejoice, even over the first swallow, then God's purpose is frustrate.

He admitted, before we parted, that he himself gave up, became resigned to the dust of a confusion he guessed would grow worse, a month after the last war ended. "What could I do," he asked, "after it was plain, as it was by then, that all the lofty sentiments expressed by statesmen, all the promises made to keep the common man going at an awful job, were to be thrown out for burial with the dead? Statecraft, on behalf of money and privilege, and afraid of losing control of the inadequate machinery of democratic government, which it didn't want to improve, played upon the weariness and heartburning of the multitude, following four years of agony, to conjure itself back to power again.

"What could I do? In my church, I felt like the psalmist, who was required by the Babylonians to sing them songs of Zion. I hadn't the heart for it. Yes, I'm afraid I resigned myself to captivity. All I did was to maintain a ritual faithfully. That girl convicts me and my generation."

2

A TIME has come — and we are doing in it as well as we can — which is called the day of the common man. We cannot help noticing that most broadcasts are addressed to that fellow. Suddenly he has been promoted, if not to nobility, then to indispensability, thus ranking above earls. There is an unmistakable note of anxiety in the appeals to him to sacrifice himself. For him propaganda is designed, as if nothing could go right unless he believed with all his heart that our intent is just, and for his good. The microphone might as well be a flatiron if he were not listening. Without his approval, the news agencies and the newspaper press could be devoted to skipping rope, or anything you please. If the queues of him dwindled, Hollywood would realize a worse thing than war.

So he has been lifted up. This is his day. Nothing has really happened, of course, nothing new, except that it has dawned on us, if dimly, that the State, without the hearty singing of the national anthem by the nobodies, would be a disembodied tradition

and a silence, like the stones of Nineveh. There can be no doubt that when a country is threatened, then, unless the nobodies save it, it is lost.

At the end of the other war, when the nobodies, by prodigious exertions, and sacrifices too awful to contemplate then or now, succeeded in their effort, and cleared a space in which we could breathe at ease again, and were free to rediscover the use of reason, they uttered no complaint; they did not even pause to see whether their names appeared in the list of honors and rewards, but hurried away down their byways and side-turnings, to count what bread was left in their cupboards. This could not have taken them long, but they did not show up again prominently till they were told that all they had done before to save us was undone, and now they must do it again, for their very lives. What is all this fuss about a Beveridge Report? Surely the necessity for it condemns us?

There are intellectual aristocrats who shudder at the thought of the common man. That he should be honored with a day takes importance from their own existence. He is a rude creature of appetites but no taste; body but not mind. Somehow, they do not know how, he goes on living without resource to what, for them, are the founts of life, about which, showing as it were in Pierian grass, are the imprints of the winged horse; or some other token of original authority in perpetuity.

What he does not know puts him in a sphere with which they cannot communicate. There the language they use makes no sound. He can but build and drive a locomotive, or work a ship, or judge when to plow and sow, or moil at a coke oven. He has never so much as heard of the Upanishads, the Early Fathers, the Encyclopedists, the Impressionists, and what not. He has not begun. His rough surface is inappropriate to drawing rooms, where, anyhow, the allusions in conversation would be less obvious to him than a dropped plate. He does not care for poetry, except when he understands it, and he would die miserably if left alone in a Celtic Twilight. And when, hopefully and experimentally, the new movements in art and music are tried on him, he seems puzzled. Baudelaire, and even James Joyce and T. S. Eliot, are wasted on him. He has never read Marx or Pareto, and would not understand them if he did; yet it is known that the Parables of Jesus get through to him with the ease of sunshine. How does that come about? Does it mean anything?

To bother us still more — for certainly this fellow is a problem to which we are forced to give a little attention — it has been discovered of late years that he can be almost as attentive to Beethoven and

Mozart, and even to Bach, as he has always been to Handel, which makes it harder than it used to be for critics of fine discernment to dismiss Handel with his popularity. But even the recent news that at times he responds to the music of the privileged does not bring him closer to the intellectuals and refiners, who remain aloof, distressed by his incuriosity over the qualities which give them their social significance, and by his gothic humor, and his earthiness, which come of his coarse labors on the line of subsistence; and he has such simple desires, satisfied mainly with the luck, if his luck runs to it, of home, leisure, and games.

3

HE is "the mob." It was the mob, we remember, still perplexed, which was the fabulous public of Dickens, a fact which does not impress the intellectuals, as Dickens was a barbarian; so, for that matter, was Shakespeare. It was the mob which once crowded the Victorian Crystal Palace of London during the Handel festivals. But that is not the worst of it — not by a long way. The mob, though enormous, is not only difficult to make out, but it has attributes which to some observers are terrifying.

One notices this when reading that scholarly humanist, Dean Inge. The mob frightens him. Yet it is easy to sympathize with the dean, and to feel a tremor of his alarm. A familiar study, and Plato in use, should be not only quiet but immune from rude disturbance and change; the only intrusion of noise from the outside should be the rooks cawing home at sundown at the end of another day of peace. It is unsettling, while watching rooks in immemorial elms, with the tower of a fourteenth-century church just showing, to remember that beyond the quiet of that room, with old wisdom on its shelves, beyond the elms and the ancient church, the spirit of unrestful man is free, and bloweth where it listeth.

The common man, the mob, is unpredictable. He is an unshapen and dubious form of life, and very numerous. His emotions are not only stirred and gladdened by good music and certain gracious words. As the unforeseen rising of the wind, in which establishments topple that cannot face the tempest, the human spirit — moved by God knows what — can enlarge into an elemental and irresistible power. It is said the disastrous Napoleonic era began in no more than empty bellies after hope was dead, which seems miraculous. Where this spirit is concerned, all we can do is to look for what hardly

anyone believes will happen, as in China recently, and Russia. To have been in England during 1940 is to have learned something of it.

We are not helped when told that the famous historical breaks in a quiet and reasonable existence came usually of stupidity so evident that correction could have been made in one move, if made in time; and after warnings that no dumb animal would have disregarded. We know that. Man is the only animal to accumulate knowledge, and to reason on its benefits, and the only one to make a fool of itself of choice. There are years, as at present, when one could suppose he is bent on making his existence an abiding horror.

Great upsets, we know, have come of black ignorance in high places, which could have been cured by raising the blind and letting in daylight. Looking at general ruin, we see that all that was wanted to save it was a little good sense, not quite so much pride, and a touch of self-reproach. That is all. If only the few people who had common welfare in their hands had felt kindness before the sun went down! If only enough decency and gumption had been in high council to form the reconciling and creative words just not too late, then how much the less of woe!

That view of history, very likely, is illusory. Statesmen, though as great as Hitler imagines himself to be, are rarely of that stature, meek in nobility. The sense of power makes for pride, and that withers whatever it looks at. The worship of great men, and other myths, comes of common human yearning for an authority above its own modest nature, which it feels to be inadequate before the mystery of existence. And then, too, that spell-binding drama of the final days of an international crisis, when the red specter looms, is deceptive; the going and coming of inimical messengers is fascinating and appalling, and so memory and reason leave us as we watch.

The protagonists whose speech and movements hold us, as if we saw the Norns in a dire twilight working out our fate, are in reality but speaking their parts, making predestined moves. This drama was written for them long ago. They are compelled by the past. The tragedy they enact till the light goes out is of the long play through unconsidered years of the ordinary thoughts and deeds of men, and of their negligence. This is only the last scene. This is the meaning of it all. The bias to catastrophe was formed by prevailing notions and common mental indolence, though its purport was not manifest till the hour when society began to come over, to topple, for at last our eyes were opened, but

in dismay. Says Ecclesiastes, "That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past."

Shall we instance this? Almost any page of history will do. A story goes that once Thomas Jefferson proposed to a Congressional committee that, after the year 1800, there should be no more slavery, and he was defeated by one vote. One vote! And then, perhaps, that little debate over, and its decision registered, the committee looked out the window, wondering whether it was going to rain.

One vote! But is not regret misplaced? That vote mirrored Jefferson's contemporaries. They were like that. He himself had not, perhaps, divined the way things might go, but he hated every form of tyranny, the use of force for personal motives. He knew that kindness is not in whips, and that society has no security without the sense of fellowship. His mind was superior and prescient, but his advice was given to the wilderness. The people about him were unaware there was much to question, except the usual hindrances to private fortune. His judgments had no reference to the land they knew, which was not a wilderness, but the commonplace of home and effort. Jefferson was, in fact, not there with them, but distant in another time. That is why he was aware the confidence his friends reposed in the continuity of their daily scene was given to a slowly dissolving appearance.

But how tell them that? In what words as concrete as a pioneer's axe? He was aware that the thoughts of men, which shape their world, change as their perception grows of a moral order informing the material universe; and how explain that, to make it as plain as a crucifix? For their part, his fellows respected him as a good man — though he had odd views, which were harmless, because not at all relevant to things as they were.

The truth of the matter, we may fairly venture, is that when our country fares ill, each one of us must answer for it. An inheritor of an estate takes over its mortgage. He ought to know for what he is responsible. But if in careless freedom he is interested in only the gossip of the day? If what was laid up for him before he came into possession, keepsakes and remembrances not always suitable to lavender, put by last year, and in years before that — if these things do not engage him, because other things make better fun?

Well, at long last he is awakened. There is a knock at his door. It is the State. He is ordered to submit and render. He was unaware he was in for this; but who is to blame? For he is the State. The State is men and women, ourselves and our neighbors. Without individual conscience, the State is

no more worthy of affection than a temporary erection of scaffolding; than a system of sanitation; than any other convenience suitable to communal life. To make a god of it, as some people do, is to add another devil to the world. The State is we and our goings-on, continuing what our fathers did. For such a just reason, that young lady, a child when the last war began, who remarked that all the news she had ever heard of the world was bad — though she named a few exceptions — was not far out. Her accusation points at each of us.

4

THE business of men, after the last war ended, would hardly bear looking at, if one began to think it over. Most of us have heard that said, or something like it. And there was no escape from it, as monasteries had long since gone out of fashion, though the daily scene became more and more strident, coarse, and violent. The headlines in the press, you will recall, were not only like echoes of cries from Pandemonium, but were never sufficiently sustained for common expectancy; there had to be inventions. The craving for excitement suggested that to be febrile and convulsive proved you were alive. Even the arts were affected, as was natural, for they must reflect their hour, which was hard, harsh, noisy, and disordered.

That quickened rhythm of life! It should have warned a casual onlooker that society was out of heart. What civilization worth the name could there be when it was speeding nobody knew where or why, with no direction, no bearings; no time for anybody to stop, look, and listen — to say nothing of considering the lilies of the field? It was as if all were hurrying to escape their own shadows, a life of desperation in a flight from discontent, which clung to their heels.

There was no more a central conviction upon which society could remain steadfast, no Athena, no Apollo, no Zoroaster or Confucius, and the authority of our own religion, once absolute, had been taken over by science. Bethlehem, and the homage of wise men as well as of shepherds, had gone. In place of it, a physical laboratory, and formulas instead of beatitudes. It is easier to work to a formula, when one is hurried, and has no time to consider circumstance; besides, what can graciousness do to increase the power and load of the engines?

Never in history has humanity possessed so great a body of knowledge for its use as we have today. With our formulas we have gone far, we can boast,

and do boast, in the conquest of nature; and what has happened in consequence? Look around at our triumph! What we need is a salt to deliver us from the smell of this corruption.

Only yesterday I read in a sober and admirable London newspaper the assurance that, looking beyond this war, our technicians are working famously "towards the final conquest of the sky." Its final subjugation? Poor old throne of God! We shall upset it yet, doing as well as this.

We are getting on. Already many of the cities of the world, among them some of the most ancient establishments of civility, are largely rubble. Universities, libraries, museums, transport systems, hospitals, theaters, the memorials of celebrated men, and venerated temples, have weeds growing over their foundations. The seeking of impersonal truth has had to be changed into a fight on one's own doorstep with a legion of lies we thought had disappeared from daylight forever. Pity itself, without which men are savages, has been forced to improvise means to rescue populations in extremity; too often these must die in lands we cannot enter.

There it is. Our late wonderful accessions to knowledge have done their part in this; but was it supposed that forces by which we could, in a large measure, overcome space and time, alter the balance of nature, and bring either a greater fullness of life, or death, could be used outside a moral order, as though no more were involved than in a game of chance? The devices the cleverest technicians worked out to increase our physical abilities have brought about a holocaust of the innocents.

Then let us ask, if shyly, "Is it possible the empyrean has an answer to its conquest? May we not be looking at another glorious illusion?" Perhaps we should not be too confident that our success in releasing powers latent in the universe is all to our advantage, and to be used as we please. As far as our definitions of formative principles go, they may be technically right; but they cannot be absolutes. They cannot be.

Then with what powers have we still to reckon, outside our knowledge, and perhaps forever outside the reach of human wit? There are laws not embodied in our statutes, and energies undescribed in our encyclopedias. Truths we do not know may be enough to turn our glorious conquest into a wind in the desert. While we stand before our achievements in admiration, even adoration, as they revolve to further conquests, perhaps a little compunction stealing over us might prove fortunate. Mercy came to the scene when the Garden was left, and we don't want to lose both.

5

THE chief sufferer from the cruelty of ambitious authority and cunning is the common man. As I write, I hear machine guns going it in the blue. He is in the sky, the ordinary fellow, on such a day, in continuance of whatever designs we down below have upon the earth. For my part, as Spitfires are aloft, a thought comes that one ought to be young enough to be up there with him, for what is feral is at large, and must be caught and confined.

But if, beyond that, the common man, who must win this war and another peace, can be aroused to the challenge that his also must be the greater part in ordering our affairs to a better purpose, then to me it seems impossible that he could make a worse mess of it than has come of dedicated and specialized attention. It is not more knowledge that is wanted, — there exists a mass of knowledge so great that the right use of it is blacked out, — but good sense. If a superior and respected neighbor has all knowledge, and all wisdom, and understands all mysteries, and has not charity enough to see that we have not long to stay, and that we all go the same way home, and shall be on the same level when we reach it, then it would be better to depend for counsel on the house dog, who at least can bark his sympathetic understanding.

We know of the injunction, when the matter is of first importance, to speak in the vulgar tongue, that all may understand; and the need was never greater than now for the right speakers to have sufficient vulgarity to arouse the outer fringes of the multitude, with an urgent message. It is easy to fall into a hopeless view of human nature. That can come of daily contacts, with the pricking of envy and pride, and rejection through antipathy. We don't like the fellow, and he is met at every turn. To look out, when low and depressed, on the usual activities of mankind, is to see but a confusion of clumsy feet undirected by much of a head and by no heart at all, and heedless of the beauty of gardens.

That is always the early impression of the general scene, and to some despairing souls the view never changes. They can find no promise of a fairer time, when each shall be for all, and all for each. They cannot help remarking that the individual, whose freedom we desire, so often uses it, when it is his, that he goes far to sadden daylight.

Aided by longer experience and by sympathy for those poor and numerous fellow creatures insufficiently gifted with the charm of egotism, one sees that self-love appears to be all that moves

men only because its effects are so noticeable, for they are irksome. What is distasteful is always sooner remarked than what is modest. In fact, not everybody is selfish. There are others. There must be very many others. Does not the world continue to turn, in its common and uncomplaining way, war or no war, reward or none?

These others are not importunate. They are never eloquent, except dumbly. They are never in the forefront; they do not resist when pushed more to the back, nor even when at last they are pushed right out, being old. They do not grieve over their lot, so we seldom realize they are there; the world merely goes on turning. They accept stony ground, where nothing much grows, as the only kind of earth that was made, and there they are. They are the great body of the folk, in which daily heroism goes unrecorded because it belongs to this way of living, and there is nothing to say. These people are a chief element in the landscape, with trees and grass, which we scarcely notice, yet should certainly miss, if one morning we looked out and saw only earth's dry bones. The world would cease to go round.

After I have read dismal reports by health and medical officers, and have listened to the confidences of social workers, not always suitable for print, and so get the idea that civilization can include worse things than would be found in a Kaffir kraal, I recall what used to be known as the "distressed areas" of England. That euphemism softened the fact that people there were deprived of all that could make men happy. They had not even hope.

I remember in particular one distressed mining town, which had the look of a community crumbling at the end of time. A man stood at a street corner, to whom I spoke. He was neat and upright, but his clothes were threadbare on a cold day. He was haggard but stern, and his gray eyes met mine as if he were a master of his craft, though now he did not practice it. I wanted to know how long he had been out of work. He held up three fingers. "Months?" I asked. "Years," he said. That sort of fellow, now proving his mettle in Italy, as he did before at Ypres, was one of the victims of the social lie with the fine name, "economic necessity." Let us clear our civilization of that, before we ever complain again of barbarity in our midst.

6

IN Tolstoy's wise book, called the greatest novel ever written, — whatever that may mean, — we can fancy we find a special affection of the author

for two characters, General Kutuzov, and the peasant-soldier Karataev. Both were natural men. I suppose most of us have met them, some time or other. The general, though a courtier, thought as little of elaborate plans of campaign as he did of court gossip. He would be pensive while listening to a staff discussion on the science and art of warfare, and then go to sleep while the talk went on, for his mind was fixed. He did not blink at the splendor of Napoleon, and was undisturbed by the magical success of genius on the field of battle. Prestige to him was a noise. He listened as long as he could to an energetic dispute on which was victory, or which was defeat, and then dozed off.

He retired from the field of Borodino, beyond Moscow, and guessed well what had happened that fateful day, though nobody else seemed to be aware. It was supposed he was defeated once more, and Mother Moscow was at the enemy's mercy; yet his men remained confident, as if the sun and the seasons were with their general, and they could wait. Kutuzov perceived the drift of things about him, for he felt, being kind, what was undivulged in the nature of man, what was potent for good around him, and knew it could not be hurried, any more than frost in the course of time, and took advantage of his instinct to the undoing of the triumphant invader. He did not expect applause, nor look for honors. He had good sense. He did not hate Napoleon, but he had an idea that that man, now with glory about him, would soon be eating horseflesh. And who was he to interfere with the march of necessity, beyond the duty to move along with it, as his hour struck?

When the peasant Karataev appears in the novel, after a sentence or two we attend to this supposed simpleton somewhat puzzled, as if here a chance were offered to get an indirection out of innocence, greatly to our advantage, if we could fathom the drift of it, and could follow it in accord. We shall hear a word from this soldier, very likely, not to be found in the library, except also by chance, in the right hour, when one's mind is clear.

But Karataev does not know he has anything to say; he is friendly, and enjoys talking to another man. He is pleased to give himself. Life has been this way for him, he tells us, and laughs. He might be talking to his dog in solitude about the wonders of the road. He is as guileless as morning light, and when he laughs you can believe the fount of life flows clear at its source. And where is that? And what did he find there, and keep, that we lost long ago, and have never missed till this moment? Something has gone from us, though this man has it as naturally as breathing.

Both these men are as usual in the world as trees and grass. They are rarely obvious, and then only by accident. It is in our extremity that they appear, and to our aid. If we want to know the quality of human nature, let us search there, and not in statistics, in the various salons, or in the counsels of those with interests to serve. Hooker tells us, "For as much as we are not by ourselves sufficient to furnish ourselves with competent store of things needful for such a life as our nature doth desire, a life fit for the dignity of men, therefore to supply these defects and imperfections which are in us living singly and solely by ourselves, we are naturally induced to seek communion and fellowship with others."

We have heard often enough, since Hooker's time, that such an ideal is as attractive but as useless as the beauty of the Gospels, for human nature is against it, and human nature cannot be changed. As to whether our nature is changeable or not, one would give much to hear the view of a paleolithic man, after a glance at a university don. Anyhow, whenever the likelihood is expressed of a fairer and kindlier time, there they always are, those with interests to serve, or perhaps with no more than minds they cannot alter, facing us with their horrific bogey, and reminding us of the worst. We mean well, but they can give us no hope. What we desire is not within the power of human nature to bring about. Men never will voluntarily give up their possessions and their rights. It never has been done, and it never will be done.

But it is always being done. The critics have not been sufficiently observant. It is being done this day by the nobodies everywhere. Men have voluntarily given up the promise of youth, home, wife, children, wealth, and ambition, to further an idea of good for the world, which they may not live to share. Is that not also human nature? Is it not an advance on the Stone Age, and the stock market?

Human nature is a mystery, and what can be conjured from it to the common good is at least as well worth trying as an attempt to disintegrate the atom. Let us attempt something towards the integration of the virtues in our neighbors. That, if successful, would provide us with power beyond the scope of shattered atoms. Abiding in the human spirit is a force which can be evoked to either good or evil. A word will move it. We have witnessed the miracle. Men are indeed born again, and their neighbors scarcely know them. Though we can estimate accurately enough the strength of expanding gases and of electricity, we are ignorant of the lift in human nature itself, when quickened by its ghostly endowment.

EDUCATION IN THE CHINESE HILLS

by LO CH'UAN-FANG and RUTH EARNSHAW LO

1

The Professor Speaks

HUA CHUNG COLLEGE
HSICHOW, YUNNAN, CHINA

THE plight of the college professor in China today is as familiar to the man in the street as the notorious wealth of war profiteers. After six long years of refugee life, the once honored intellectual aristocrat of Chinese society is forced to accept a mode of existence only a few steps higher than that of the proverbially poor and maltreated Chinese coolie. Unlike the physical toiler, who is accustomed to hardships and deprivations of all kinds, the college professor in China has had to learn to readjust himself to ever deteriorating circumstances. This constant demand for readjustment has not been easy for one who, before the war, enjoyed the luxury of social prestige, economic security, and the ready gratification of intellectual cravings. The professor in wartime China has made himself conspicuous, not by his mental wealth, but by his material poverty.

Most distressing, perhaps, to the academic mind is the loss or scarcity of the essential tools of education. To his infinite sorrow, the refugee professor is obliged to curtail both teaching and research, for the simple but weighty reason that educational and research materials are limited, and cannot be replenished for a long time to come. Thus the very fulfillment of professorial duties and ambitions is greatly handicapped. Books are rare or out of

How the Chinese colleges are carrying on despite inflation, Japanese bombers, and the lack of laboratories, libraries, and even paper, is told in these valiant letters which were flown to Boston from the village of Hsichow in the southern part of Yunnan Province.

PROFESSOR LO CH'UAN-FANG, who took his doctorate at the University of Chicago, is Dean of the School of Arts and Professor of Psychology in Hua Chung College. His wife, RUTH EARNSHAW LO, is also a graduate of Chicago. They were married in Shanghai in 1937, joined the faculty of Hua Chung College at Wuchang, took part in its flight to Kweilin, where the Japanese bombers demolished the college buildings, and thence fled to their present sanctuary.

reach, and the price of paper is becoming prohibitive—not to mention the absence of laboratory facilities for scientific investigations.

Most college teachers have lost contact with the outside world of learning. Since Pearl Harbor, for example, I have not been able to buy a single book or subscribe to a single periodical. The college library has nothing new to offer either. After a little while one is forced to recognize the unpleasant truth that the professorial mind is becoming stale and isolated, and can present to the students nothing better than a repetition of old lecture notes. Sometimes a professor may not mind repeating the same lecture to different classes, but sooner or later he gets tired of saying the same thing every year. Sad is the moment when he discovers that what he knows to be antiquated doctrine is dutifully recorded in students' notebooks as precious truth.

It is equally impossible to try to live up to one's educational ideal by enforcing high scholastic standards upon students, most of whom do not own a single textbook on any subject. For very few textbooks are available either in the market or in the college reading room. It is this feeling of being compelled to remain ignorant in one's own field of study, and to relinquish high standards of education, that makes college teaching in China today a demoralizing routine.

Literature of general interest is just as difficult to get as college textbooks. In our college, which is located in the backwoods of Yunnan, the newspapers that reach us are at least three days old. One is fortunate indeed if one can get hold of a copy of *Life* or the *Reader's Digest* of any date. It is greedily consumed and shared by the whole faculty. Thanks to the American Information Service and the Press of the British Embassy, one may gain an inkling of what is going on in the world through the war bulletins that they distribute among the English-speaking public in China.

In the wartime Chinese college, research is carried

on only under exacting conditions. The most general references are often not available. In one refugee college, the only encyclopedia that it possesses is almost sixty years old. For physical and chemical experiments, the supply of electric power is a problem, even for the equipment and materials at one's disposal. Social scientists who wish to make an extensive survey of any kind are confronted with the difficulty of communication and transportation.

In spite of all the handicaps, however, some research is going on in almost every refugee college in China. The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake has not been willingly abandoned by the poverty-stricken professor. As is to be expected at this time, there is a great demand for research in the practical fields of industrial chemistry, physical engineering, meteorology, and wartime economy. The Chinese Ministry of Economics, with the coöperation of the Ministry of Education, is offering prizes ranging from \$5000 to \$100,000, Chinese currency, to anyone who succeeds in inventing native processes for the manufacture of war and industrial commodities. Since the migration of Chinese colleges has brought them into close contact with the tribes of Miao, Lo-Lo, Ch'iang, and others, philologists and sociologists have been busy studying their dialects and folklore. The Ministry of Education has contributed toward the maintenance of scientific research by awarding prizes for distinguished works and by making grants in aid of special studies.

In school the professor struggles to present a semblance of higher learning in the absence of adequate laboratory equipment, reading references, and other ordinary teaching aids; at home he has to labor even harder to satisfy more material needs. His domestic problems are numerous, though of a different nature. First of all, he cannot depend on domestic help to relieve him from the drudgery of housekeeping. When he is not occupied with teaching, he has to lend assistance to his wife in marketing, cooking, washing, or looking after the children.

The monotony of housekeeping is greatly heightened by the lack of wholesome entertainment, especially for the wife of the family, who has few contacts with the outside world. In many college communities, there are no motion-picture theaters or recreational grounds. The chief forms of recreation are dinner parties, picnics, bridge and mah-jongg games. But entertaining friends at home is expensive, and teachers with large families can seldom go out to parties. Travel, except for a very few, is practically impossible. There are families that have stayed at the same spot for four or five years without any chance of visiting the nearest town.

A peasant who is accustomed to the plainness of rural life may not feel that he is missing anything at all. But the refugee professor and his family have memories of city life, with all its attractions and excitements. On the surface, the lack of entertainment does not seem to impose a handicap on higher education, but many domestic and college personnel problems may be traced to the misery and dullness of refugee life in the backwoods of China.

The principal worry of the refugee professor is undoubtedly the high cost of living. Before the war, a professor with a salary of three hundred dollars a month could always manage to save a little. He could pay for his insurance premiums regularly, and make provision for the education of his children. But now, though his monthly income may exceed three thousand dollars, he is fortunate if he can escape debts.

Colleges have tried various subsidies to help the faculty and staff to meet their financial obligations. A professor's basic salary may be four hundred dollars a month. In addition to this, he may receive three or four subsidies. There is the general wartime subsidy, which may be 150 or 200 per cent of the salary. Another subsidy is for rice — one or two hundred dollars a month per mouth. Still another subsidy is for the special wartime prices of daily commodities. The subsidies are not fixed, but are increased from time to time with the rise of prices. Altogether, a professor may receive a monthly income of from three to four thousand dollars, depending on the size of his family. This sounds like a lot of money, but actually it is only a living wage.

Not a few teachers, unable to make both ends meet, have given up teaching and have gone into business, which in wartime China is quite profitable. Those who do not wish to give up their teaching profession entirely try their best to secure part-time jobs elsewhere, in addition to their regular academic load. But part-time jobs are not always available. Other ways of making money are then resorted to. One professor whom I know deals in secondhand goods. Another helps his wife to run a restaurant. Another sells typewriter ribbons and razor blades. The more adventurous speculate in cotton yarn, dyes, and other articles of value. The high cost of living has made everybody money-conscious and money-wise. Anything that can be turned into money becomes a source of income. Rare old Chinese books, spare clothes, fountain pens, ivory chopsticks, and silver and gold ornaments are sold to the highest bidder.

It is no wonder that no professor in China today can afford to buy a new garment. But one has

to wear socks and shoes, and they are a big item in the budget. Some examples of the wartime expenses of a man may be given: haircut, \$15 or more; socks, \$130 a pair; shoes made of leather, \$500; one sheet of Chinese paper, \$2 to \$5; Chinese writing pens, \$22 apiece; native cigarettes, \$3 to \$20 for a package of ten. As prices are going up all the time, no one can accurately foretell how much money he will need two or three months from the time of estimation. Financial security is practically unknown to the refugee professor.

Deprived of intellectual nourishment, burdened with domestic drudgery, and constantly troubled by financial worries, the professor in wartime China presents a sight that easily induces public commiseration. Fortunately, he has also a few moments of self-forgetful diversion and one or two pleasant indulgences. He can still enjoy his pipe fed with tobacco often prepared by his own hands. He can still concoct an inexpensive drink out of local ingredients, and be thankful that bombs are not falling around him. Above all, war has not deprived him of the pleasures of the mind. After a weary day's labor he can always refresh his soul by renewed acquaintance with the great masterpieces of literature or the wisdom of ancient philosophers. Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière, or Li Po can still provide a much needed temporary retreat from the horrors and disappointments of life.

The professor is a refugee from war. Where can he find the reassurance that college teaching in wartime is really worth while? Some professors have already abandoned the educational world. Those who are sticking to their teaching jobs do not always find satisfaction in purely academic achievements. If they are occasionally awakened to a sense of their own importance, it is through their personal, living contacts with young and healthy men and women placed under their tutorship and care. When a boy comes to you for guidance in his disappointed love affairs; when a girl wants your advice about her future career; when some extracurricular demand is made upon your time and energy to help students solve their peculiar social problems and religious perplexities, then you feel you are serving a generation of hopeful, intelligent, and unspoiled youth, who may yet create a new order out of the chaos that we and our parents have brought into the world.

Mencius, the ancient Chinese political philosopher, once said that the training of men of talents was one of the pleasures of a superior man. That pleasure still remains with the refugee professor in spite of war and poverty.

2

And His Wife Continues

Our mountain fastness seems to become more and more remote as the years of war roll along and we are more and more cut off from contact with the outside world; yet we are still here and flourishing.

Our remoteness is really a paradoxical thing. Every day the skies overhead are filled with the hum of airplanes ferrying in freight over the Hump, and occasionally we even hear a brisk bit of gunfire, but our personal excursions are limited to the distance we can walk. Occasionally we have the great excitement of a visit from some military people from an airfield at a nameless place, and then we all rally round to hear the latest news, borrow their magazines, and shamelessly steal as many of their cigarettes as we can get away with. We are almost as puzzled by them as they are by us, and such visitations make us realize how we are being affected by this curious life.

Little by little we have all been reduced to the bare essentials for living. Hardly anyone has any foreign supplies, such as coffee or baking powder, any more, and we are all inured to the work of the kitchen. All our clothes are wearing out and the newest thing any of us has is now two years old and well worn. Our shoes should be preserved in museums, and most of us now use local cloth shoes or sandals to spell out the fragments of our Western footgear. The doctor, whose mileage is probably the greatest of any of us, has frankly abandoned shoes and taken to straw sandals. All of us now wear the local big straw hats, rather like sombreros, except at Christmas and Easter, when we dig out the last foreign hat we have, and have a good laugh. We are all used to each other now, and only when someone from the outside sees us do we catch a reflection of how odd we are becoming. All hairpins have given out and long bobs are still the fashion as a result. We gave up stockings long ago. Nightgowns have all been transformed into petticoats, and pajamas into underwear. One more winter will see us in matting.

Why not wear what the villagers do? The reason is easily put. The cheapest cloth of which a dress could be made costs \$90 for 10 inches. We are a "fixed income" group, and as money depreciates and prices go up, we live plainer and plainer and think higher and higher — when we have energy left to think at all! It is a compensating development that our community life has shown a tendency to break down artificial standards and to be more honest and kindly than it used to be. The "Ladies

Dress Exchange" is one instance. When any of us finds a garment no longer usable by reason of shrinkage or personal expansion, it is immediately passed on to someone else. Everyone is now using some garment originally belonging to someone else, and false pride has died a natural death. Every new baby in the community offers an occasion for everyone else to dig down and find some essentials, and as fast as the not-so-new babies grow bigger, they pass on their diapers and socks to the next size smaller.

So much for our plain living, and now for our high thinking! It is truly very difficult for our science staff to be so isolated, and perhaps they miss their learned journals and newspapers more than anyone else. However, they do what they can with what there is. The chemistry department has done research on local dyestuffs and indigo; the physicists have worked out practical water-power electric lighting and have "lit up" the local middle school; the economists plug away at the economic phenomena of our constantly shifting prices. The work I see most of, naturally, is Ch'uan-Fang's and in spite of extremely heavy academic hours and the demands of housekeeping he shares with me, he is driving away at his work on Chinese opinions and mental traits.

Under his direction as acting head, the Chinese department too is turning out some interesting research on local religions and dialects. This place is like a museum for old customs and traditions, and we sigh for an anthropologist to do something about it. The English department suffered a large loss in personnel this past year and we have all been struggling to do the essential extra work, but we are proud of the reputation of our Western Languages department in Free China, and would do a lot to keep it up.

We have a small enrollment as colleges go, even in wartime, but our high standards attract good students, and I feel more and more that they are worth while. Other colleges have met wartime conditions of ill-prepared freshmen by lowering their requirements, so that the bachelor's degree is now being awarded to students of what would be pre-war sophomore standing; but we have put on five-year and six-year courses instead, so that our seniors are up to pre-war senior standards. This result is particularly noticeable in English, where we have standardized tests and results dating back fifteen years. All our students have a choice of jobs when they graduate, a situation which seems like a fairy tale to me, a member of the class of '31.

Out here we sometimes indulge in the notion that we college teachers are the forgotten men and women of the war. Those of us who feel that the reasons for

which we entered the profession are still valid are determined to stick it out. In less discouraged moments we know that China's war is not solely against the Japanese; it is almost equally against ignorance and poverty, and our battle on the education front will go on long after the last shot is fired at the invader. To sabotage Christian education at this point would be to act as traitors to our daughter's generation. We are handicapped by lack of staff, and every term we lose a few more who are impossible to replace. How we wish the United States government would let a few good women teachers come over here! It is safe here, and on a gold salary from a Mission Board one need not suffer. It is only the Chinese (all 150 million of us) who feel the effects of inflation in the pantry. We need an economist or two; we need teachers in practically all the sciences — physics, chemistry, mathematics, and botany; we could do with a sociologist and an advanced piano teacher. Please, Uncle Sam, loosen up!

One of the most curious experiences we have had here came when some army men very kindly sent up a load of magazines, ranging in date from January, 1942, to March, 1943. We fell on them like starving men, and gulped them, only to suffer a kind of revulsion as we read. For several years now we have had radio bulletins and the classics as our only reading matter. It was a shock to see what kind of thinking and writing has been going on during our vacation from the world. We felt that — even allowing for the time lapse and age of the articles — American thought about the war, as expressed in the magazines, was very childish and that the writing was even worse.

It was hard to tell which was more disappointing: the note of pained surprise at the realities of war, or the childish "wait till we show 'em" attitude. There seemed to be very little mature thinking about the total situation, and very little writing of permanent importance. (Speaking of pained surprise, in the middle of that last sentence I moved my typewriter from the garden to the study, and before my eyes were adjusted to the lamplight I sat down inadvertently on the kitten.)

As so often happens in the life of a mother with an eighteen-months-old baby, this letter was interrupted here, and I am continuing several days later, with no assurance of not being interrupted again. This brings me to the subject dearest to our hearts and of most profound importance in our lives — our little daughter. At a year and a half, she finds this world a most fascinating place and makes it such for us. She is a chatterbox (like her mother perhaps), and every day sees new additions to her vocabulary,

which is about half English and half Chinese. We use English at home, so she is gaining more rapidly in that language, but in time she will be as bilingual as her daddy.

I sometimes wish she were not such a democrat, for reasons of hygiene, but I think it better to wash her often and let her make friends rather than keep her in cotton wool and under glass. Every day I take her for a ride in her tumble-down fourth-hand carriage up the road to the Big Trees, where our village road meets the old Marco Polo trail, and there on the turf under the two huge fig trees which are our landmark, she gets out and pushes the carriage, digs holes, and collects flowers in her tiny basket. Here we usually meet various villagers, tribespeople, Tibetans, soldiers, all the miscellany of the back country, going about on their various occasions, on foot, on horse or donkey back, in horse carts, jeeps, and trucks; and they all stop for a look at "Toots" and a word with her.

She is very much interested in them all, smiles, and says "Morning" to anyone in Western shoes, and "Halloo" to people in sandals! Fortunately she prefers not to be touched, but she is not afraid of anyone. Everyone in China likes babies, and all the mothers with babies strapped to their backs ask just the same professional questions Western mothers ask: How old is baby? Boy or girl? Can she walk alone? How many teeth? Can she talk? What does she eat? I know what they ask and have the answers all ready, and can return the questions for their statistics, although I can't understand what they say in reply. They are always astonished when I admit that I no longer nurse the baby, but feed her on cow's milk!

This must be sent by air mail, so I must stop while it is still a reasonable weight.

Love to you all,

RUTH

TO A BUTTERFLY

Named After Its Discoverer

A Young Scientist

Now Dead of Wounds

In the old shadows and old mists of time
 When, casting off their crusts of mire,
 The continents heaved from the seas' dark slime,
 You and your race brought sparks of fire
 To earth's unbroken gray.
 Though none were there to tell,
 You held your fragile way
 While tribes of armored monsters rose and fell
 And man stole from the forests you had lighted,
 Shivering, hairless, in a world of doom,
 Just saved by glints of thought and, though affrighted,
 Sustained by love's faint bloom.

He, of all primates the most prying,
 Listed your kin as ages passed,
 But you yourself in secret still were flying
 Till, in a year when boys were dying,
 A boy saw you at last:
 In a quick glance saw all your marks and shading,
 Saw them with instant microscopic eye;

His notebook speaks, in lines already fading,
Didactically of you, a butterfly.
But under the severe pedantic phrasing
We feel a waking fire, no less,
The first lines of a poet praising
The loved one's shining dress.

Now he lies buried on a coral atoll,
This poet of your gold and green and blue
Dead from an hour of ship-consuming battle
Such as no past age knew.
For the weak primate has become the master
Of fire and steel and speed and earth's most hidden prizes,
Monarch of all, except perpetual disaster
Which he himself devises,
Which he himself builds up, intent and aimless,
Heaping the obtuse and the savage high,
Then claiming the protection of the blameless
From an impassive sky.

So, while we watch our tall boys going
Toward near horizons, rimmed with bursts of flame,
We give them only platitudes, well knowing
That what they give still leaves the world the same
Unless the desolate who knew them
Can find the truth they now could teach,
Learned from the guns that spoke death to them
And high explosives' speech,
Can salvage truth for earth's appalled survivors,
Dredging a point of light from sick despair
And black primordial depths, as divers
With bursting lungs bring pearls up to air.

But if the loss is total in their dying,
If, for us, what they say turns out to be
As empty as the sea-gulls' crying
Above an empty sea,
Then we shall doubtless make an end to sorrow
And joy and to our beaten souls, at last,
And for this ball of earth, tomorrow
Will be the same as the blank distant past
When, through millenniums of silence,
Your flight in time's dark womb
Gave an effect of gay, light, charming violence,
Making delight — for whom?

*This poem was written by JAMES BOYD in memory of his nephew,
John Boyd, Seaman First Class, United States Navy.*

THE QUARREL

by MONICA STIRLING

1

ALTHOUGH the evening was unusually hot for September in Northern Europe, the suspense in his heart rather than the weather had drawn the sweat to Alain Lemerre's face. General mobilization had been announced. And, as Alain turned to ask the owner of the café in which he was sitting whether the hour marked on the enamel clock opposite was correct, he was aware that, should his cousin Marie-Thérèse fail to arrive within fifty minutes, he would be obliged to leave Paris without saying good-bye to her.

His heart began to beat more heavily and his head to feel dizzy with the despair of one who stands at the window of a moving train and watches the platform that holds a beloved person recede. He called for another drink, running his left hand over his face without realizing that he was doing so.

When the Dubonnet was put before him, he drank it slowly and carefully, having superstitiously agreed with himself that if he did not look at the clock until he had finished the dark, sweet drink, his forbearance would cause the merciful God, in whom he did not believe, to place Marie-Thérèse at his elbow.

The café had five occupants besides himself: a young soldier and his mother, whose appearance, together with the look she gave the boy from time to time, suggested she was one of those women who abound in France — women who after being widowed in their teens in 1914 spent twenty years providing a good upbringing for only sons who were to march away in 1939; a young girl in a dark coat and beret who had come from the near-by Conservatoire and now sat flicking the pages of her shabby Racine with the smoldering despair of one who knows she is presently to be cheated and feels she owes it to her intellect not to abandon the resentment appropriate to this circumstance; and two old

men, one engaged in playing patience and sipping Dubonnet, the other in glowering at a newspaper.

The boy and the two women had no attention to spare for Alain, but the old men glanced at him now and again. The patience player took the young officer's tortured face for the outward and visible sign of the chickenheartedness of a generation perverted by the Front Populaire. The newspaper devourer, who owned among the bees in his capacious bonnet one that buzzed incessantly of the lethal properties of journalists, banged his glass upon the table in fury that vermin who could not write their own language should have the power to send youth and intellect, such as he perceived in Alain's face, to deaths less humane than those generally accorded twentieth-century cattle.

The clumsily dissecting glances of neither of these made any impression on Alain, who was occupied, not with the war for which he was bound, but with thoughts of Marie-Thérèse.

It was Alain's habit to say that he could not remember a time when he had not loved his cousin, and this was nearer the truth than is usual with such statements. For he had met her when she was fifteen (he being then twenty), and during the five years that had passed since then, she had occupied a place in his life so much greater than anything had previously done that the years before he met her had paled in his memory, as even the most vivid of night's dreams pale in the actuality of morning.

Neither Alain's father nor his mother had at first shown enthusiasm at the prospect of his marrying his cousin. For Marie-Thérèse's mother had been an Austrian whose death — she had been thrown from her horse while riding in the Bois — had seemed to her French relatives but one more example of her tendency to introduce wildness into civilized surroundings — a characteristic which her daughter had inherited.

But the girl's dowry was satisfactory, and her

An English girl who lived for many years in Paris, MONICA STIRLING is an ardent supporter of de Gaulle. This is her first published story.

pride so inflexible as to make it appear unlikely she would permit her beauty to draw down on her family the scandal for which its excessive quality called. Monsieur and Madame Lemerre resigned themselves to their prospective daughter-in-law's stormy temperament with an equanimity so genuine that when she made it clear she was in no hurry to marry anyone they were filled with indignation. They did everything in their power to help their son make her his wife. But he had not yet done so, and the fact that he must now go for a soldier seemed to him, on this hot and tragic September evening, to have set the seal of truth and finality upon his intuitive feeling that he never would.

For though Marie-Thérèse preferred her cousin Alain to any other man of her acquaintance, and although she had several times lately suggested by a sudden, uncharacteristic gesture that she was beginning to feel for him physical passion such as was included in his love for her, it was doubtful that she would willingly marry a European. She would not because she loathed war with a loathing far greater than her relatives — who took expressions of dislike of violence for part of any well-brought-up young girl's correct conversational baggage — supposed. This feeling had been transformed by the Spanish War from a rational dislike of slaughter to an almost pathological hatred of Europe, which her inadequate knowledge of history led her to believe more contemptibly inhabited than other places.

Marie-Thérèse did not understand what had happened to her, but Alain, who had been unable to prevent her willfully turning from himself, in whom she might forever have put her trust, to an amiable, middle-aged member of the staff of the American Embassy whose advances she had hitherto noted with indifference, knew precisely from what this nationless child was determined to escape. And he found this knowledge the harder to bear because he felt certain that the spirited flight which would leave him destitute would bring Marie-Thérèse no happiness.

Being courageous as well as intellectually gifted, Alain had for some time striven to accept his impending loss without bitterness. But he had not yet progressed so far that his cousin's failure to fulfill a promise could not push him back into the slough of anguish in which his grief had lain bogged during the first weeks of its inception.

2

PRESENTLY the old man with the newspaper stamped to his feet and banged from the café. His

departure acted like a signal previously arranged on those present. The patience player gathered his greasy cards into his pocket and walked out as if upon a red carpet; the girl glanced at the clock, sighed, clinked four francs into the saucer on which her glass was standing, and hastened out, gripping her Racine with a thin elbow; and the mother and son rose with faces so pale and manners so strained that it was clear they were on their way to take leave of each other on a station platform.

When they were all gone the room became not still, but noisier. A wicker table wheezed. The clock, which had previously been ticking discreetly, began to mutter with the loud callousness of those who have made up their minds and are not going to discuss the matter further. A sudden puff of wind touched the curtain of red and yellow beads which hung across the open doorway and set it lazily clicking. And the proprietor and his wife and children, who were dining behind a greengage-colored screen at the back of the room, stopped whispering and added loud meridional voices to the smell of veal billowing from their table.

The corners of Alain's mouth went down and he told himself, in the spirit of one who, having been in vain to the best doctors, decides to try an old wives' remedy, that there were after all plenty of people worse off than he. And his feeling for others naturally increased his depression.

He was about to order a final drink before leaving for the station when he looked up and saw Marie-Thérèse standing in the doorway.

She was wearing a gray dress, with a collar of white lace, in which her Renaissance beauty looked so uncontemporary that it was as if Lucrezia Borgia had anticipated the fashions by four hundred years. The lines of her long fingers gave her the air of a woman in a portrait, loosely clasping a scepter, rather than that of a girl holding a handbag.

But Alain's attention was soon drawn from his cousin's beauty. For Marie-Thérèse's eyes were so glittering, and her face so pale, that he saw she must have a fever. He reproached himself for not having thought of so simple a reason for her uncharacteristic failure to be punctual.

Rising concernedly, he went to her. But she motioned him back to his table, called for a drink, and sat down opposite him with the scintillating firmness of one who has decided upon a duel and is going to stand no nonsense from her seconds.

She did not explain her lateness — and this was so unlike her as greatly to increase Alain's belief she was unwell — but sat handing him well-turned remarks concerning the weather, in the tone of an ambassador's wife being firmly kind to a new and shy

attaché. When her Dubonnet was brought she drank half of it, then clenched her exquisite hands and said, with the air of someone who will bite if touched, "Now Alain —"

"My dear —" His voice was tender, for she was in one of those sullen moods which made him feel, with justification, that though her loveliness was such that most men would like to possess it, yet only he had enough love to coax happiness into this wild creature. "My dear, don't be so defiant. Say what you want to say. I shan't hurt you."

Her low voice rose with exasperation. "How do you know *I* shan't hurt *you*?"

"I don't."

"My dear —" The words slipped from her wry mouth in spite of her, and in a second Alain and Marie-Thérèse were laughing at each other, and sanity was seeping back into their conversation as it had always done, no matter how wild Marie-Thérèse's mood, until a few months ago.

"Come, my little one." Alain kept from his voice the pain apparent in his face. "Are you trying to tell me you are going to be married?"

"Indeed I am not." She looked at him angrily. "How you take things for granted, Alain! I was not *trying*, I was *going* to tell you that Lee has *asked* me to marry him. And I've said I'll give him my answer tomorrow."

"I see."

"You see, do you? How omniscient you are, Alain! And do you see what my answer will be?"

"I'm waiting to be told."

"Oh. I should have thought you could guess." She looked at him with despair, because she could neither control nor understand her neurotic reaction against the tradition that a girl is always kind to the soldier to the war returning, the frenzy that was driving her to this cruelty which revolted her even as she indulged in it. "I should have thought you could guess. I'm going to America. To America. Do you understand?"

"Oh, Mariette!"

The anger in his expression was at himself — for having allowed the nickname to slip from him at a moment when its utterance might be mistaken for an attempt to create an effect of pathos favorable to himself — but as Marie-Thérèse did not understand its cause, the sight of it filled her with angry excitement.

"Oh, Mariette!" she mocked him. "Well — is there any reason why I shouldn't marry Lee?"

"None. Except that you don't love him. Which is only a reason, of course, if your conception of marriage includes love. Not otherwise."

His voice was stiff with contempt, which was the

vocal form misery always assumed in him, as in her. Had Marie-Thérèse looked at his face, instead of listening to his voice, she would have seen in it a love for her as beautiful as her own face; but her sudden need to create in her personal life a chaos to correspond with that in the world around her held her back, and she cried out, wildly raising her hand to parry the blow he had not given her: —

"But why stop at that, my dear Alain? Why not say what you really think? Why not tell me how greatly you despise me? Why not talk about rats and sinking ships and ideals? Why not —"

She might have continued until her powers of invention failed her, had not the proprietor, who felt, as he told his wife, that there would be enough of scenes in the world tomorrow, turned on the radio and set flowing into the twilight room the exquisite waters of Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*.

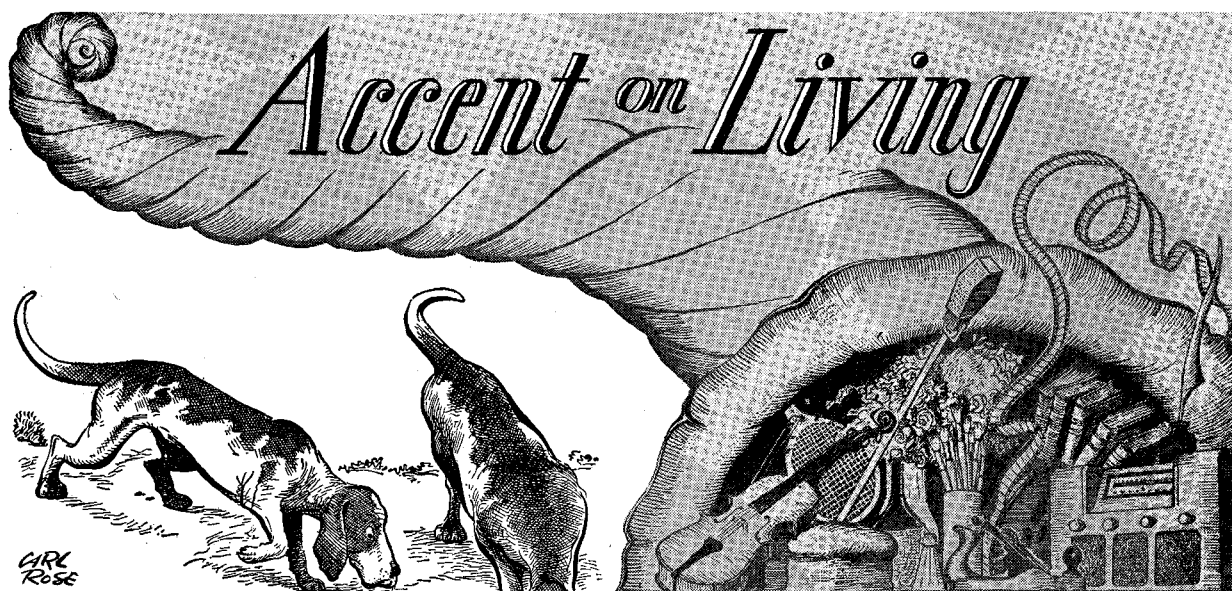
It was the music Alain and Marie-Thérèse preferred to any other, and their hands fell to their sides and their heads turned like those of obedient children called to order by an adult in whose kindness and wisdom they both have complete trust.

Wave after crystal wave of loveliness broke over them, diffusing the knowledge that beauty is truth, truth beauty, as a flower diffuses perfume — but without suggesting that this is all we need to know on earth. And, as the exquisite subtlety of the design and the entrancing simplicity of the feeling it expresses surprised the cousins for the hundredth time, there came into Marie-Thérèse's face a ravished look which meant that the genius of Mozart had freed her from the burden of fury laid upon her by the military band she had encountered as she left the American Embassy, when she was running in her anxiety to find Alain and tell him how great was her love for him.

She lifted her head and, seeing from the peace now in Alain's face how tortured had been his expression before, rose and knelt beside him, whispering feverishly: —

"Oh, my love, my love. How could I have been so wicked! Of course I don't want to go to America. Of course I want to be in France. Oh, please forgive me, Alain. You must forgive me. I love you so much. I will be so good — so good in the future."

Alain did not look at her, but put his arms around her and held her tightly. And suddenly it was as if the music were not breaking over them, but carrying them; as if something within them, with undiscarding voice, were rightly answering that melodious noise; as if they were being swept, rapt in a bliss as peaceful and satisfying as it was violent — up — up — up — as never before in the best hour spent in each other's company.



The Cold-Nosed Hounds

By J. FRANK DOBIE

IT is impossible for many people, myself included, to be as liberal towards all kinds of dogs as the old-timer was towards whiskey. "Some of it is better," he said, "but all of it is good." When I go to a city and see bipeds dressed in pants, derby hat, and white gloves leading a poodle by a string, I feel ashamed of myself for belonging to the same species, and am outraged that this poodle-pamperer can vote. He prejudices me against the poodle. I can't call myself a dog man at all; yet a real part of my education was *Beautiful Joe*, classic of all dog books. If I could be a boy again, I would stipulate that our old black mongrel named Joe must be a dog again. Boys and dogs belong to each other like boots and spurs.

Dogs belong to homes in the country as much as coons belong to the land around them. If it is after dark, some pot hound in pursuit of fleas should be thumping an elbow on the front gallery floor as fast as a rivet hammer works. I like to hear any dog howl at the moon. I like to hear a hound trail. I had rather hear a genuine artist — no apology for the word — blow a good hunting horn than listen to any clarinet, bugle, trombone, or flute ever breathed into. I am less of a musician than I am a dog man, yet full of appreciation for some kinds of music and for honest dogs and good dog talk.

A resident of Austin, Texas, and professor of English literature at the University of Texas, J. FRANK DOBIE is widely known for his books on the history and range life of the Southwest. He is now in England at Cambridge University, giving an extended lecture course on American affairs, for RAF and Royal Navy cadets.

Good dog talk is much more than the details of how a dog went up one hill, down a creek, through a fence, over a log, under vines, and on and on until he finally put his cat up a tree. Good dog talk, to me, consists mainly of stories, natural history observations, and delineation of characters of both dogs and men associated with dogs.

2

Jim Ballard belongs among those rememberers who, slaves to neither books nor business, go on down the years sipping with a fine gusto the flavor-some experiences of the past. Because of the power and joy of remembering what's interesting and good, at the same time paying no mind to what's drab and dull, Jim Ballard and his rare kind live not only their lives but, in a way, the lives of their ancestors. For instance, flour was plentiful before he was born, but Jim Ballard recalls through his grandmother Hallett, dead long ago, how because of their rarity — they were a Sunday treat — biscuits were called "Billy Seldom," whereas unvarying corn bread was called "Johnny Constant."

Jim Ballard, without ever having been what you'd call "a fool about a dog," has had plenty of experiences with them and with dog men. He's a whittler from 'way back, and while whittling red cedar on his front gallery here in Beeville, he's been remembering dogs, and men of dogs, for me.

His father, W. P. Ballard, — Pal Ballard, "Pal" being short for Palestine, — had sixty long-eared hounds that he kept to run deer with out of the Devil's Pocket on the Navidad River, out of Tiger's Bend and other bottom thickets. In early days, as the old-timers tell, deer used to run like antelopes

Where they find the time nobody knows. But the fact is that 116 staff members of the stations on the CBS network are giving radio instruction in 34 colleges and universities, and in 60 schools: both civilian and Army and Navy technical classes. Mostly these people work at capacity in their regular jobs. For their teaching mostly they take in not a penny...some teach script-writing, directing, producing; some teach the equally mysterious behavior of the tubes, wires and electrons. A pretty formidable and useful volunteer "faculty" of people who work for the good of their profession, as well as for their daily bread.

★

When a new composer becomes a celebrated composer, how do you go about helping him to release the impact of his music not only upon the audience in its first concert hall, but upon the whole seating-capacity of the globe?

Here is what you do:

First, simply build a radio network. As an arm of it, you put observant correspondents at important centers all over the map. That is step number one.

Step number two, when your Moscow correspondent tells you that Shostakovich has written a 7th Symphony, is to ask your correspondent to go and talk with him at once about his 8th Symphony.

So Lesueur goes through the snow and rings a doorbell and says: "Mister Shostakovich, may we do your 8th?"

"Alas" replies the composer "not a note of it is written. What is more, the Seventh is not yet played. It looks all right on paper, but we have not heard it, have we? And yet now you talk to me of Number 8."

"Alas, yes" agrees the CBS correspondent—"but we both believe in the future, do we not, Tovarich?"

So it was decided.

Two years pass, during which Shostakovich writes his 8th Symphony, with all the power of those two years packed into it.

So now, on a date which Dr. Artur Rodzinski will shortly fix, the United States Rubber Company will present the Shostakovich 8th Symphony,

played by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony orchestra for the first time in the Western Hemisphere—and it will go straight from Carnegie Hall out over the CBS network to the world, on standard wave and short wave.

Don't pay too much attention to the speculative stories of its content. Just plan to listen. And when you hear it, whether you like it or not, understand it or not, are moved by it or not, the thing to do is to thank God that (1) nations who cannot converse easily in language can still converse in music (2) that nations who traffic in lethal explosives can also traffic in harmless percussion (3) that all nations (thanks to the imaginative venture of private enterprise) can still share the world-language, world-education and world-understanding provided by the ageless arts.

★



The tallest radio transmitter tower in America is that of WNAX, CBS affiliate in Yankton, S.D. From the top of it, 927 feet up, you can see way to hell and gone, and broadcast even further.

★

Whenever John Doe and Richard Roe, citizens of the USA, meet and talk they express different opinions. That's what makes horse-races, true democracies and town meetings, and town meetings are what make our country as secure as it is.

So because CBS reaches the vast majority of the American people, CBS invites both John Doe and Richard Roe to talk their opinions on the network air, free. "Air your views," says CBS, "so 31 million families can listen."

That is the self-imposed normal public service of our network.

Most champions of causes know that. They come and ask to speak. As far as time allows they are cheerfully put on the air without cost: John Pro and Richard Con. Last year 470 of them made "talks." On all sorts of hot issues. On all sides of each. Fierce talks, too. Passionate partisanship. Airing all sides makes commoner sense.

Four times a year we print, in a little pocket-magazine called, simply, *Talks*, excerpts from some of the talks made by the hundreds of competent people who speak on CBS. It's a pretty interesting digest-size magazine. If you want a copy of it the thing to do is to write CBS on a post card (or call CBS, or any CBS station) and say "I want 'Talks'." You'll get it, but you probably won't get a second copy unless you like the first and come back for more.

★

By the time an actor's voice in a New York CBS playhouse reaches you by direct sound-wave in the back row of the theatre, it has already been heard by radio as far away as Cleveland.

★

Two more firsts—in one week:

1. November 14, Sunday, at 9:07:20 a.m. EWT, listeners to CBS *News of the World* heard the first American correspondent's voice broadcasting from Naples. It was Farnsworth Fowle, of CBS.

2. Sunday afternoon, November 21, at 4:30:00 EWT precisely, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz released in Honolulu the first news of the American landings on Makin and Tarawa islands. Twenty seconds later, Webley Edwards, CBS correspondent in Honolulu, read the communiqué to all continental America over CBS—beating all other news services by a cool ten minutes.

You've got to expect alertness like that in the normal operation of the Number One News Service on the air, even if the points of origin of the broadcasts are about 8,100 miles apart on the ground.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

on Golden Rod Prairie, between the Navidad and Lavaca rivers, but fifty years or more ago most of them in that part of Texas had taken to the thickets.

Pal Ballard was sheriff, and the finest piece of furniture in his house was a gun case. He had a hunting horn that he could make sound for miles. He didn't keep but about twenty hounds around his home at Hallettsville, and these he fed mostly on corn bread. The other forty dogs he left in good hands over the country. He had many friends, and

sometimes on an organized deer hunt he would scatter them at stands by the dozen.

Jim Ballard considers Jeff Porter's pair of cold-nosed hounds as probably the most remarkable dogs that ever ran in Southern Texas. Jeff Porter imported them to his ranch on the San Antonio River years ago. A cold-nosed dog is a dog that can follow a cold trail. These two that Jeff Porter brought in and trained

got so that hardly any trail was too old and cold for them to follow. They would snuff the cobwebs out of some coon's trail, warm it up with their breath, and follow it.

Jeff Porter was mighty proud of them, understood their voices as if they were talking to him in Mexican or English, and had absolute confidence in their abilities.

3

Late one fall he invited his friend Jim Borroum to come over for a coon hunt. The dew had fallen, and maybe it was ten o'clock that night when the two ranchers stopped and made a fire. Bowie and Bonham — those were the names of the two cold-nosed hounds — didn't seem very eager to hunt. They hadn't scented a thing so far. Now, for a brief time, they tarried with the men.

Directly, Bowie sat on his haunches and let out one of those long, long lonesome howls that seem to go up to the remotest nebulae of the Milky Way and back through the ages to the night when sorrow became a companion of man. Bowie howled and Bonham howled after him, and their howls awakened memories in Jeff Porter and Jim Borroum that actually brought tears. If you have never heard that longest and loneliest of all l-o-n-g, l-o-n-e-s-o-m-e hound howls, you cannot conceive its effects. This night the howls of Jeff Porter's cold-nosed hounds made the leaves on a knock-away tree close to them

flutter and fall; actually they nearly covered Bowie up.

Then the dogs set out to hunt. After they took off, Jeff Porter boiled a can of coffee. He and Jim Borroum smoked, heard the first sand-hill cranes flying south, talked about the way wild turkeys hold a strutting party, and felt better.

Then a sound that comes to a hunter like the break of dawn of the Promised Day galloped over the air.

"Listen," Jeff Porter said, raising his hand. "That's Bowie, and he's struck a trail sure as shooting. . . . He's working it. Listen. Now he's on the royal highway and headed fer the throne. Amazing grace! Jest listen!"

It did sound as if Bowie was going home. And then, away over to the right, the other hound opened up.

"That's Bonham, and he's hit another trail," Jeff Porter announced. "It's cold, but wait and he'll warm it up. . . . Listen. . . . Listen. Now that coon ain't got no more chance of hiding himself than the North Star has on a clear night."

For an hour or so the hunters listened to the bayings of the hounds coming over the almost frosty air. "By ganny, the trails are going to cross," Jeff Porter said. "By ganny, they have crossed. Now Bonham's on the right of Bowie."

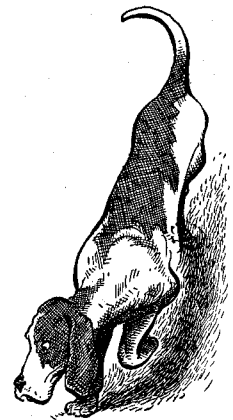
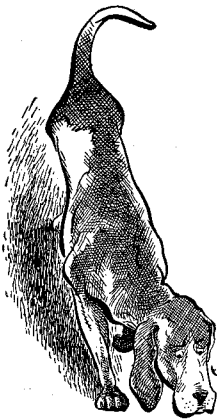
The men put some more dry mesquite limbs on the fire and waited, always listening. "Derned if the trails ain't coming back together," Jeff Porter said. "Yes, sir, they're nearly side by side now and still going. Let's ride."

They rode, but not so fast that they could not continue to enjoy the hound music. After a long gallop Jeff Porter pulled up. "By ganny," he said, "they're barking treed."

"Sounds that way," Jim Borroum agreed.

"Yes, sir, treed, and two coons from two different directions climbing into the same tree at the same time. That is peculiar."

A full moon was overhead and the first light of dawn was in the sky when the hunters came up to the dogs, now only intermittently barking. They seemed to be interested in a dead live-oak tree — dead so long that its bark had fallen away, leaving the trunk and a few stubby limbs bleached and bare. It stood apart, in clear ground, not far from a motte of timber.



"Now listen, Jeff," Jim Borroum said, "you don't mean to tell me that those fine dogs you been talking about are barking up that old dead tree. Why, who in the nation ever heard of a coon going up a dead tree?"

"Yes, a coon wants cover and I've never seen one take to anything but a tree with leaves and moss on it," Jeff Porter admitted. "But when Bowie and Bonham tell me something, I know it's true, and all your laws about coons can just be blown."

About this time Bowie reached his forepaws up on the trunk of the dead oak and gave a few scratches. Then Bonham did the same thing.

"Coons in that tree, shore," Jeff Porter yelled.

"Jest as well talk about razorback hogs smelling honeysuckle when they could be picking up acorns," Jim Borroum answered. "Look. You can see for yourself all the coons there are in this tree."

By now Porter was off his horse. "Help me pull off my boots," he said. "I'm going to skin up and show you something."

He climbed to a fork. "Here's the hollow they went into," he yelled.

He lit a match and held it in the opening. "Pitch me up some old dry moss," he requested. After he got it and made a good light, he reported, "Hollow ain't deep at all. I can reach to the bottom of it. Look out, the coons are coming down."

He hauled out the bleached skeletons of two grown coons and dropped them at the feet of his friend. After he had descended and put his boots back on, he said, "I'll still admit that coons won't take up a dead tree, but this tree was not dead and them coons weren't dead neither when they clumb it. I told you Bowie and Bonham were the best cold-nosed hounds that ever worked a cold trail."

They were smart dogs, too. When they got too full of fleas, they used to each bite up a wad of Spanish moss, jump into the San Antonio River, and swim against the current, gradually

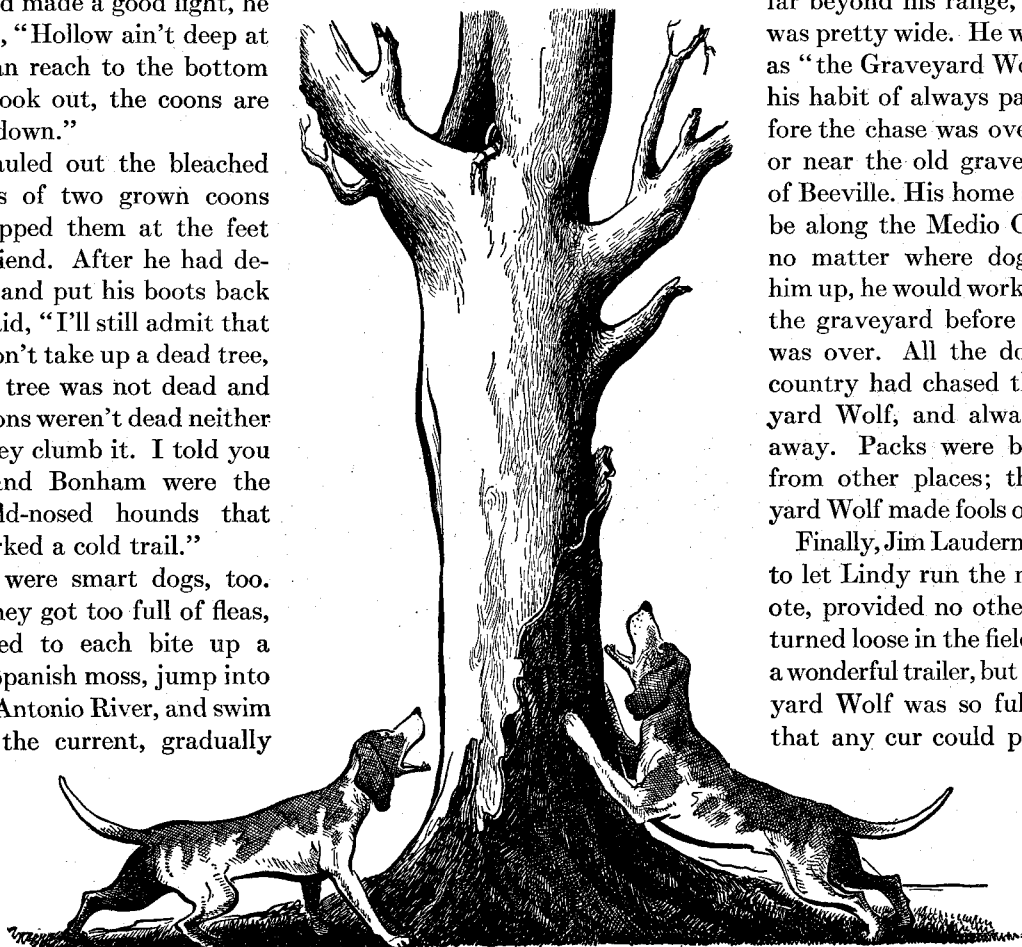
sinking lower and lower into the water until nothing but the tips of their noses and the moss remained above it. The fleas would retreat from the water, and when they had taken refuge in the moss the dogs would let go.

4

Bowie and Bonham probably had just a little of the edge on Lindy as respects trailing, but they were not so smart. He was a Walker hound, straight from Mr. Walker's own kennels. Jim Laudermilk, who is an automobile mechanic in Beeville, imported him back in the good days before government trappers caught out most of the coyotes, ruined hunting, increased the jack rabbit and rat pests, and did nobody any good except themselves. Laudermilk used to take Lindy out alone and chase down many a coyote. He wouldn't let Lindy work with other dogs. He said that in the first place Lindy would not work with them, he'd simply work ahead of them; in the second place, his superiority would make the owners of the other dogs feel bad.

About the time that Lindy reached the zenith of his powers and fame, a certain coyote of the region was also coming into fame. His reputation spread far beyond his range, though it was pretty wide. He was known as "the Graveyard Wolf," from his habit of always passing, before the chase was over, around or near the old graveyard east of Beeville. His home seemed to be along the Medio Creek, but no matter where dogs started him up, he would work around to the graveyard before the night was over. All the dogs in the country had chased the Graveyard Wolf, and always he got away. Packs were brought in from other places; the Graveyard Wolf made fools of them all.

Finally, Jim Laudermilk agreed to let Lindy run the noted coyote, provided no other dog was turned loose in the field. He was a wonderful trailer, but the Graveyard Wolf was so full of brass that any cur could pick up his





Styled in the gay nineties, known as a diamond dog collar, containing nine large cushion shape galeonda diamonds weighing over fifty carats, and seven hundred round diamonds purchased from the late Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan estate.

As styled in 1943, the nine large galeonda diamonds reset in a modern diamond and baguette diamond necklace.

Winston Jewels have long been known to the world's foremost Jewelers. Now you have the opportunity to acquire Jewels directly from the Winston collections—in New York by appointment. Elsewhere in America, Winston Jewels will be forwarded on request to the leading Jeweler in your city for a private showing.

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"MADONNA" (from Gerard David, Fifteenth Century Flemish), painted for the Capehart Collection by Peter Lauck, 1943

Hour of Splendour

A glorious spirit is abroad again in the land. . . .

Spoken here by a light in a window . . . by a sprig of holly . . . by a church spire lifting its cross to the stars . . . or a Madonna serene in the glimmering light of a hundred candles.

Enshrined anew this Christmas, the Madonna transfixes the rapt joy of that hour of splendour when angel-song rang through the night to herald a new-born Son. Then it was that her radiant star, risen out of the darkness of the ages, first brought to man a promise of peace on earth.

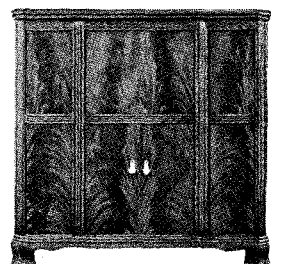
On this present day of gladness, the light of the Madonna once more shines undimmed, to instil in man's soul hope and strength . . . a vision of peace . . . and the promise that the earth, washed of the stain of war, will know again the deep significance of the true spirit of Christmas.

Then will the rich potential of mankind be realized. Then will Americans and their fellow citizens in the new neighborhood of nations, enter into a fruitful era when the goodness of each Christmas will flood the soul and light the way — not for a day only, but throughout the year.

The music of Schubert's "Ave Maria" was the inspiration for Peter Lauck's interpretation of the David painting. . . . For information on reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection, write to Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

Capehart - Panamuse

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& RADIO CORPORATION**



N. W. AYER & SON

trail. Out close to the Medio, Lindy picked it up. His owner had permitted several hunters to come along to watch the hound work.

After they heard Lindy open up, they went back close to the graveyard to await developments. It wasn't an hour before they heard Lindy coming. Then he did a remarkable thing. When he got up close to the ground from which the wolf habitually made his getaway, he stopped, howled a lone howl or two, and started back the way he had come.

Jim Laudermilk at first seemed sort of embarrassed. Then he caught on to the hound's sagacity. "Just be patient," he said. "Just give Lindy time."

The other hunters, tired of what appeared to them nothing but nonsense on the part of both dog and man, were going in when Laudermilk explained.



Lindy had realized that he was not cunning enough to catch up with the Graveyard Wolf. Now he was backtracking to catch him as a pup coming up. And—he actually caught the pup, though it took him thirty-six hours to do it.

A Christmas Grace

By DAVID McCORD

CHRISTMAS came wrapped up when we were young:
Wonder piled under a tree of ornaments, candles,
stars;

Merry and fresh in passing as a music once heard
sung—

Dear for its flavors, smells, surprise, and the ratchet
of key-winding toys and cars.

Far to the westward, eastward, north of us and
south,

Thousands, millions . . . *millions* keep that Christ-
mas in kind hearts.

We keep it too: it is in our letters, the first word in
our mouth

Crossing the seas between us. *Christmas, carry them*
Christmas! the carol starts . . .

Jungle and desert, islands in fog, stones of what
bomb-riven place;

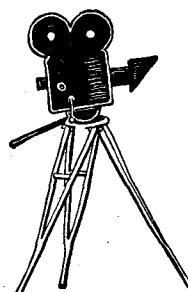
Ships of the convoys, ships of the fathomless levels
above;

Distance and solitudes — we live them, think them.
Oh, but may the grace

Of a world that is waiting and wanting be yours for
the Christmas we love.

Objection Sustained!

By NEWMAN LEVY



I WAS born and reared in the practice of law. While other boys frivoleed away their time with air rifles, slingshots, baseball bats, and similar lethal weapons of youth, I used to sit indoors playing contentedly with a demurrer or a subpoena duces tecum that had been given to me by my doting parents. Demurrers have been abolished in New York State, but I still remember with affection those cherished playthings of my childhood.

These early habits still cling to me. When I go to the movies I like to see a picture about law and lawyers. This is not a busman's holiday; rather it is a pleasant escape from the realities of my daily occupation.

For the practice of law, as it is revealed upon the screen, bears about as much resemblance to the real thing as Walter Huston does, let us say, to Ambassador Davies. Motion-picture law is a rare and beautiful thing, and if lawyers and judges were not so tied down to crusty tradition they might learn some useful lessons, and the world would be a sweeter and better place.

Judges in the movies are invariably dignified, courteous, and handsome. This is not an important departure from realism, although it is one that will immediately be observed by any experienced lawyer. The judicial charm and urbanity are compensated for, however, by a serene ignorance of the elementary rules of law, a condition that happily does not exist in real life. These judges never fail to sustain the bad objections and overrule the good ones, and their comments from the bench must undoubtedly cause the late lamented Chancellor

A native New Yorker, NEWMAN LEVY is a lawyer, versifier, and author of much lively writing about opera, movies, and the theater.



A message for you...from 1953

(Today, John Jones is just an average American, wrestling with all the doubts and worries and problems that beset every one of us right now. But let's skip ahead 10 years. Let's look at John Jones then—and listen to him . . .)

SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you

can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as a man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '43—that was our second year of war, when we were really getting into it—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying War Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

"'Don't do it, John!' she said. 'Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's *wonderful* to know that every single payday we have *more* money put aside! John, if

we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!"

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We made clothes do—cut out fancy foods. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the War Bonds.

"We didn't touch the War Bonds then, or any other time. And I know this: The world wouldn't be such a swell place today if we had!"



Kent to spin dizzily in his grave. Their record of reversals on appeal I am sure is staggering.

A few years ago I made a discovery that throws some light upon the eccentricities of Hollywood law. I was visiting a studio where a courtroom scene was being shot. I walked over to the judge's bench during a lull in the proceedings to examine the ponderous tomes that he was studying so learnedly. One was the Los Angeles Directory for 1932, one was the Motion Picture Register, and there were three novels of Bulwer-Lytton. How can you expect legal erudition from that kind of library? I knew that judge was a fraud the moment I saw how polite he was.

The most fascinating thing to me about a motion-picture trial is its gay, unrestrained informality. Everybody takes part just as in the Town Hall Meeting of the Air, and if Lionel Barrymore is in the courtroom he answers the judge back and calls him Henry.

It's all nice and friendly. Spectators keep bobbing up from all parts of the courtroom to prompt the witnesses and interject unsolicited remarks into the record. The defense lawyer, who, judging from the way he tries his case, seems to have gone to the same law school as the judge, never bothers to object to the unorthodox procedure. Perhaps he has a premonition that the missing witness, who is speeding along the highway at ninety miles an hour, will arrive just in time to dash into the courtroom, upsetting court officers and spectators, rush into the witness box, and exonerate the defendant by confessing that he did the murder himself. So why should the lawyer worry about an occasional procedural irregularity?

I wonder if the jolly, carefree atmosphere of these trials may not be due to the fact that they generally turn out to be family affairs. It is astonishing how everybody is related. I remember one case in which the defendant was the young lawyer's long-lost mother, one in which the district attorney was engaged to the defendant's daughter, and one in which the judge was found to be the childhood sweetheart of the murderer's mother. It has been revealing to observe how often the judiciary is romantically involved in these cases. Many times in

the midst of a discouraging litigation I have wished that the judges before whom I practice had not lived such impeccable sex lives. It would be comforting to know that even though my adversary had me licked on the law and facts, the sour-faced judge on the bench was nursing a secret passion for my client's aunt.

2

The busy lawyer who spends his days tangled up in the intricacies of legal procedure must be filled with envy at the charming simplicity of the Hollywood system. Take the foreclosure of a mortgage, for instance. Ordinarily this is a job that involves a considerable amount of work, delay, and red tape. In Hollywood, however, all that is needed is to walk into the premises and wave a document with a large seal on it in the face of the frightened victim. Fortunately the method of canceling a mortgage is equally simple. Someone, generally the missing son, dashes in from Alaska, South America, or somewhere, snatches the document, and tears it into fragments. That is all there is to it. No fuss, no red tape, no filing fees.

There is one curious misapprehension I have met repeatedly in motion pictures, and that is that a wife may not be a witness against her husband. I cannot recall how many beautiful girls I have seen cajoled or coerced into unwilling matrimony to seal their lips. Of course, the opposite is the fact. A wife may testify against her husband — which Hollywood could have discovered by the simple device of asking some lawyer. Maybe they found this statement of law in the Los Angeles Directory.

There are dangers in the practice of motion-picture law that might well terrify the genuine practitioner whose greatest occupational hazards are nervous indigestion and disbarment. I do not refer to such elementary risks as drinking poison in the courtroom, which, I am informed, was a customary practice of those real-life mouthpieces, Earl Rogers and Bill Fallon. Any lawyer worthy of the name will take a dose of cyanide in his stride.

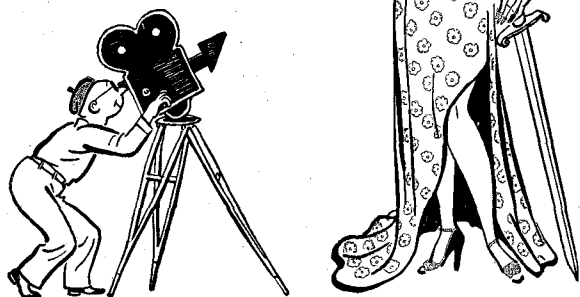
No, practicing law on the screen is a man's job, and the successful practitioner has to combine the



qualities of a Demosthenes and a commando. I have in mind as an illustration a masterpiece in technicolor that I saw recently (the name escapes me), in which the guilt or innocence of the defendant depended upon whether the body of the alleged victim was at the bottom of the sea in a shipwrecked vessel. Most of my cowardly associates would have hired a professional diver to go down and find out. Possibly I might have done so myself. But not the lawyer in this case. He said he was going down in a diver's suit and find out himself if the girl was there.

It was what the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe* would have described as "a nice point." The judge pleaded with him and tried to dissuade him. There was nothing in Pollock on Torts on the subject, nor in Chitty on Pleading. It was doubtful whether even Clarence Darrow had ever donned a diver's outfit. But this young lawyer was determined, and down he went. After battling with an octopus and also with the real murderer — who happened to be in the neighborhood also in a diving outfit — and after the air tube became hopelessly clogged up, he emerged at length, breathless, but triumphantly clutching a fragment of the corpus delicti. It was the sort of thing that made me proud of my profession and glad that I had not taken up undertaking or plumbing instead.

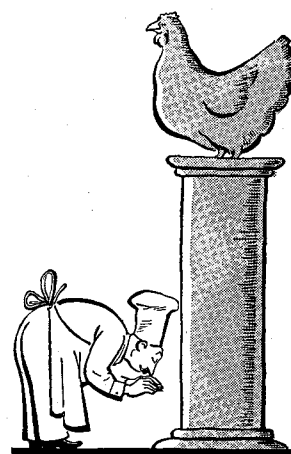
Sometimes when the daily grind becomes particularly vexatious I wish rather wistfully that I had been admitted to practice at the Motion-Picture Bar. It might be disconcerting to discover that the client I was defending for felonious assault was none other than my little sister who had run away to sea in her infancy, and that the judge who looked so stern and imposing in his silken robe was still cherishing a sprig of mignonette that my mother had given him fifty years ago. But it would be consoling to know that, after I had acquitted my client, Paul-ette Goddard, Rita Hayworth, and Lana Turner would be waiting in the courtroom to fold me in their arms and tell me what a great guy I was.



Chicken (Unrationed)

By HENRY NOBLE HALL

CHICKEN is about the only form of food not threatened with restriction. Some six million people in the United States are raising chickens, and their output — already in excess of a million tons a year — can be expanded indefinitely. As Oscar of the Waldorf says, "Chicken is America's favorite food. It is almost as nourishing as beef and more delicate than game. It is within the reach of nearly everybody."



Of all the pleasures of the table, roast chicken comes first; yet real roast chicken is scarce, and few people in America have ever tasted it, because spits and wood fires have gone the way of quill pens and sand-shakers. When a chicken is roasted, it cooks in free circulating air; when baked, it cooks in stagnant air and is not improved by the fumes rising from the metal casing around it. Now it is quite a simple matter to roast a chicken, and Alexandre Dumas, than whom no greater gourmet ever lived, tells how to do it wherever you can build a fire.

Hickory logs are best, but any dry wood will do. Just fold the flap of neck skin over onto the chicken's back, sew it up tightly, roll a lump of butter the size of an egg in salt and pepper, insert it in the vent, and hang up your chicken by its legs on a piece of twisted string in front of the fire. Beneath it place a pan with another good piece of butter and half a cup of cream. As the chicken turns slowly on its twisted string, baste it often, putting as much of the liquid inside the chicken as you can. To those who have only eaten chicken baked in an oven, this will be something of a revelation.

Cova's restaurant was once the finest in Milan. There one met all that was best in Italian politics, finance, and industry, as well as artists, writers, and singers from La Scala. One day after a *fonduta con trofati*, made with melted Fontina cheese and white truffles, I was introduced to chicken à la Cova.

For his findings on cookery, HENRY NOBLE HALL can draw on the experience of a newspaper career which embraced New York, London, New Orleans, and most of Europe, South America, and the West Indies. His short treatise on Creole dishes appeared in the *Atlantic* for April, 1942.

What do you want to know about the coal industry?

ROY SPALTHOFF, New York Riveter, asks:

Why are there more strikes in coal mining than in other industries?

There are many people who think as you do, because anything affecting the coal industry is so important that it gets widespread publicity. But the fact is, our contract with the union comes up for discussion every two years, and there are rarely strikes at any other time. Naturally, we wish the record were better. We hope that all future strikes can be avoided. Up to this time, however, strikes in our industry have been spectacular rather than frequent.



ART ROLLINS, Carrizozo, N.M. Druggist, asks:

Why don't you give miners better working conditions?

We are working on this problem all the time. Straight through the lean years of the "thirties" we have been shifting the hard work to modern machines. Men formerly had to lie on the mine floor and gnaw at the coal with picks and shovels in doing what is called "undercutting." Today, 90% of the undercutting is done by mechanical gophers, driven by electricity. About 40% of all coal is now loaded into mine cars by mechanical loaders—more will be handled this way as machines become available. These machines also, by saving costs, have helped us to pay steadily better wages. As an official report of the National War Labor Board shows, the wages of coal miners today are twice what they were in 1933.

ELAINE KOTHE, Detroit Secretary, asks:

Why do miners have to buy in company stores?

Many people have this impression, but the truth is, miners are free to buy where they please.

Company stores were originally started for the convenience of miners, before the days of the automobile, and before chain stores had grown to their present size.

There are some mining towns today which are served only by company stores. This is likely to be true in towns where mines will soon be worked out, and outsiders do not wish to start in business.

But in most mining towns there are many stores, and chains and independents are welcome. In many cases miners will tell you that company stores are the best in town.

It must be remembered that the bituminous mining industry is made up of many separate companies operating in many towns under many conditions. In all honesty, some company stores are better than others just as some independent stores are better than others.

But, coming back to the original question, there are no rules requiring miners to buy at company stores, and there haven't been any such rules for many years.



BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

Bituminous coal is by far America's most important fuel. For that reason we feel that the public has a right to know what kind of industry is providing this coal today.

Our business is an open book. Anyone who takes the trouble can dig out any fact he wants to know about it.

But we'd like to save you that trouble. So we have invited thousands of people to send us their questions—and in a series of advertisements such as this we'll try to answer the ones which seem to have widest interest.

Our story is a big one, and we cannot hope to tell it all at one time.

But we believe the more you know about it, the more you will realize that we try to live up to our duties to our country, our customers, and the people who work for us.

BITUMINOUS COAL

Institute

60 East 42nd Street

New York 17, N.Y.



Welders of War Finance

Making the credit power of the nation available in all production centers is a vital wartime necessity. The nation's banks are rendering this important service through the medium of correspondent banking. These helpful relationships facilitate the exchange of credit and investment information and permit the undertaking cooperatively of large loans and credit operations. Thus does banking save time and labor for industry and help to keep war production running smoothly.



THE NEW YORK TRUST COMPANY

Member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

100 BROADWAY • MADISON AVENUE AND 40TH STREET • TEN ROCKEFELLER PLAZA

BUY WAR BONDS

To make it you need a large roasting fowl and a really sharp knife. From the raw breast of the bird cut slices as large and as thin as possible. Season with pepper and salt, and let them soak for an hour in beaten egg. Drain the slices well and dip each one in cracker dust. Fry in butter and serve on a folded napkin with fried parsley and slices of lemon. This sounds like an extravagant dish, but it is nothing of the kind, for you can grill the legs of your capon next day and make a *petite marmite* out of the rack and wings.

There was probably no other city in the world where food entered so largely into the lives of the people as in Lyons. Creamed chicken was its most famous gastronomic specialty. It is quite different from American creamed chicken and, although simplicity itself, needs infinite care and cannot be left for a single instant from the time you start making it till it is brought to table.

A young and tender chicken of the highest quality should be used, or where cut-up chicken can be had, just the breasts of young Leghorns. If a whole bird is used, cut it up as for frying, but remove all skin, and bone the second joints. Turn the pieces of chicken over and over in plenty of melted butter on a slow fire and let them poach gently without taking the slightest color. When quite tender, add enough rich cream to cover the pieces of chicken and simmer gently for ten minutes. Take out the pieces of chicken and place them in a hot dish. To the cream add a little salt, a squeeze of lemon juice, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Pass this sauce through a Chinese strainer onto your chicken, which should come to table well covered with the rich ivory-colored sauce.

The first thing to bear in mind in making a sauté is that, just as to poach is to boil without boiling, so to sauté is to fry without frying. The chicken is cut up as for frying, except that a good piece of the breast is taken off with each wing, the pinion being removed. The second joints, separated from the drumsticks, should be boned. First the pieces of chicken are turned in butter, just hot enough to form a

coating that will retain the juices, and as soon as this coating is formed the pot is put in a moderate oven so that the cooking may be completed. The moment the tender breasts and wings are cooked they should be taken out and kept warm, the legs being left a few minutes longer and added to the wings when they are cooked. Then the pot is used for making the sauce for the chicken, which is usually dished up in the center of a garniture cooked separately.

Here now is a chicken sauté especially for two portions. It is dainty and delicious, the only sauté with a garniture in the raw. If you have a cook who will gladly stay up to make you an "after the theater" supper, there is no better midnight delicacy than a chicken sauté Cynthia. Sauté the chicken in butter, keeping it to the color of champagne. When the pieces of cooked chicken have been withdrawn from the oven, swill the cooking vessel with a glass of champagne, let it reduce to half, and add a tablespoonful of chicken jelly, the juice of half a lemon, a piece of butter as big as an egg, and a brimming tablespoonful of dry Curaçao. Mix well and pour this sauce over the chicken, around which you have arranged alternately twelve sections of orange from which all skin has been removed, and half a pound of big seedless grapes carefully peeled. A bottle of champagne makes an ideal accompaniment.



There are a dozen methods of frying chicken, and of course a great deal depends on whether the bird has just had its neck wrung or has been bought in a city market after being processed and chilled. Chicken may be fried in butter, in bacon fat, or in any other good frying medium, but not in oil. It never tastes the same cooked in oil.

After a good deal of experimentation I have come to the conclusion that the following is the best method of frying the commercial chicken to be bought in American cities. After cutting up the chicken, put the pieces to soak for one hour in clear cold water. Shake the water off and dip the pieces into plenty of flour, so as to form a thick crust. Plunge them into a deep skillet half full

The Signpost

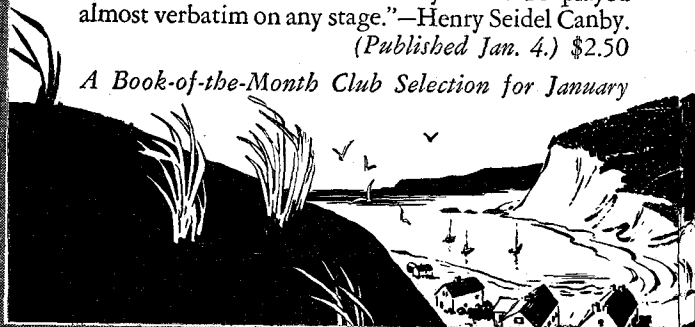
By E. Arnot Robertson

Author of *Four Frightened People*

Here is a novel that is at once fresh, strong and amusing. It is the stirring love story of a young Frenchwoman and a convalescent R.A.F. pilot on leave, in the Donegal village of Kildooey in neutral Ireland. "The scenes are so fresh, so unexpected, so full of wit and charm that they could be played almost verbatim on any stage."—Henry Seidel Canby.

(Published Jan. 4.) \$2.50

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for January



Winning the Peace in the Pacific

By S. R. Chow

Dr. Chow, Professor of International Law at National Wuhan University, presents to the Western public the first definitive program for Far Eastern postwar planning.

\$1.50

Indian Crisis: The Background

By John S. Hoyland

A vivid account of Indian life and English rule in India. The author, long a resident there and winner of the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal for Public Service, knows the country and its people.

(Tent.) \$2.50

The Future of South-East Asia

By E. M. Panikkar

In a vigorous, and encouraging way this book by an Indian experienced in local and foreign affairs opens some of the problems concerning the future of South-East Asia.

\$1.75

Jane's All the World's Aircraft

Edited by Leonard Bridgman

Just published—the new revised edition of the complete authoritative record of the world's aircraft development. More than 3000 photographs, scale drawings, and other illustrations.

\$19.00



Far on the Ringing Plains

By George Rodger

A brilliant LIFE and TIME photographer reports in word and picture his adventurous 75,000 mile journey throughout war-ravaged Africa and Asia. His observations of native life and military activity were made with a sharp eye for significant detail. A thrilling, magnificently photographed panorama of war on two continents.

(Published Jan. 4) \$3.00



By Arthur Koestler

Author of
Darkness at Noon

"The best novel the war has so far produced," says James Gray of this powerful and intensely exciting story. It is written with "full awareness of the individual and collective problems posed by the war for this generation."—*N. Y. Times*. "I cannot too strongly urge it upon you," says Clifton Fadiman in *The New Yorker*. "Koestler may become the great writer of our generation."

\$2.00

Arrival and Departure

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • New York 11, N. Y.

of very hot fat, turning them all the time. As soon as the pieces of chicken are a light golden brown, reduce the heat, cover the skillet, and let the chicken cook through. Then uncover the skillet, turn on the gas, and as soon as the pieces of chicken are crisped up again, bring to table with mashed potatoes and butter. Of course, if a cream sauce is desired, butter or bacon fat must be used and the frying process modified accordingly. But to my mind fried chicken is not improved by any sauce, no matter how good. Fried chicken should be eaten as is.

Bear in mind that chicken is one of the most delicate of meats and cooks at a lower temperature than any other. Overdone or exposed to too great heat, a young bird can be made stringy and tough; but cooked with loving care, even an old rooster adds to the joy of life. I once ate a seven-year-old cock that weighed close to twelve pounds — his name was Abraham — and the pleasant memory of that noble bird is with me yet.

Day of the Russets

By WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

THE boy, the man, and the old man in the orchard
Gathered russet apples all day long.

Their feet printed frosty grass of the morning,
Boy's running, man's steady, grandfather's scuff.

The little grove, fragrant with ripened russets,
Took them in just as it took the sun.

Grandfather picked what he reached, father on
ladder;
The boy filled burlap from the brown-green ground.

There were big fall-defying bees, I remember,
And grackles that kept on sorting the field.

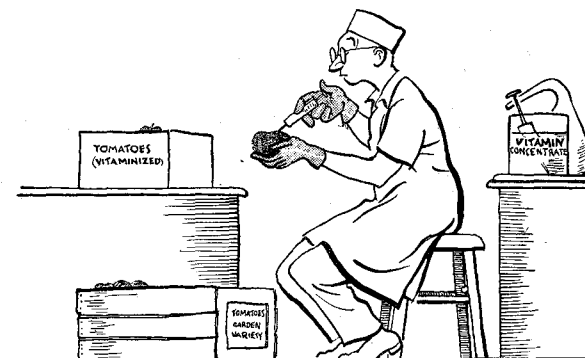
Too fast at first for talk, too tired later,
They worked, and also too much at ease.

Afternoon resumed sound of small punches
Apple by apple now not quite so cold.

But the day grayed with the sun southwest,
Northeast the dull clouds beginning to shut.

The boy quit, to start eating the harvest,
Sitting half asleep except chill hands.

Toward the last, grandfather went picking flowers,
Coming back loaded with asters in the dusk.



"Positively Contains No . . ."

By ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

MOST advertisements announce proudly that their product contains something special and wonderful that other similar products, to their everlasting shame, do not contain. The Pepsodent people, for instance, proclaim loudly, in a tone of voice that suggests they have just laid an egg, that Pepsodent "contains *irium*." What *irium* is, of course, has never been made clear to the general public — and for all I know, it might be made of the brown stuff that accumulates in the bottoms of pockets; but the implication is that it is something marvelous which no other tooth paste has.

The Old Gold cigarette company announced brightly, some time ago, that Old Golds contained Latakia, and now it says in a syrupy voice that they contain Apple Honey. The advertisements never said that no other cigarette contained Latakia, but they insisted that Old Golds did, and that furthermore it was something *new*. (Little lines fanning out all around it showed the shininess and brightness of the *new* part.) As for the Apple Honey, what could be sweeter?

But then they were faced with the fly in the Apple Honey. It sounded as though the cigarette would taste sweet and honeyish, and what would happen to the people who like the taste of tobacco in their cigarettes? So after many more long and harrowing conferences, involving hundreds of mimeographed memoranda and thousands of shoe soles worn out by office boys running around with the memoranda, the words "Apple Honey" sprouted a little asterisk and a careful explanation that Apple Honey really doesn't affect the taste of the cigarette at all.

All food advertisements have discovered vitamins, and no advertisement for an edible product is complete without its alphabetical list. Philadel-

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH is a native New Yorker, an amateur of the peculiar effects which advertising agencies appear to exert on the American public.

New Scribner Books

INDIGO: A Novel of India

By CHRISTINE WESTON

A dramatic, exciting, sensitive and brilliantly written story of life in India, as seen through three families—French, English and high caste Indian. *A Literary Guild Selection.* \$2.50



THE TURNBULLS

By TAYLOR CALDWELL

A novel of London and New York in the 1850's. "Colorful, rich, full of drama and suspense. The characters are real, alive and breathing."—*Baltimore Sun*; Third Printing. \$3.00



THE RINGED HORIZON

By EDMUND GILLIGAN

A story of Nazi U-boats and Gloucester schooners off the Grand Banks. "Blending mystery, romance, patriotic fervor, and adventure, all in a fine, fluent outburst of rhythmic prose."—*Chicago Tribune* \$2.50



IN the DAYS of THY YOUTH

By MARY BRITTON MILLER

The "alternately gay and poignant" story of the lives of two identical twins in New England of the 1880's. "Truly a fine novel. It has maturity, sureness, poise. It reveals extraordinary comprehension of people."—*John T. Frederick, Chicago Sun.* \$2.75



SHADOW OF NIGHT

By AUGUST DERLETH

The "compelling" story of Hasso who journeyed from Europe to Wisconsin in search of his brother's slayer. "A contemplative and deeply satisfying story of the pioneering 1850's."—*N. Y. Sun* \$2.50



No Longer Fugitive

By ANN CHIDESTER

A convincing and sympathetic story of American youth today. "Colorful, well-observed and achingly alive."—*Boston Herald* \$2.75

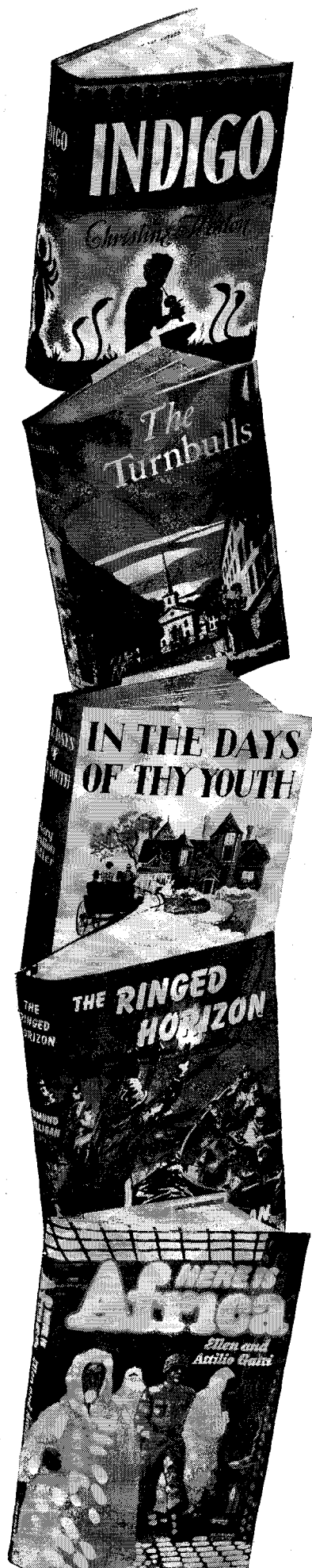
Here Is Africa

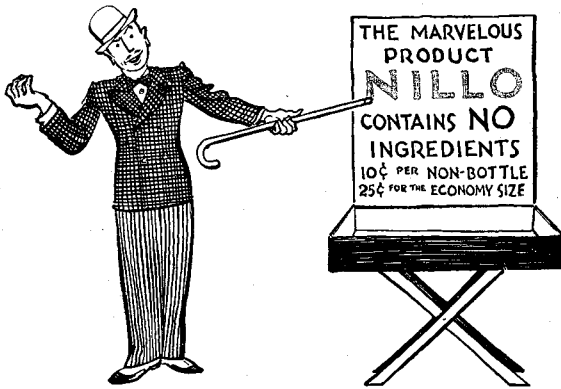
By ELLEN and ATTILIO GATTI

A timely, authoritative and superbly illustrated journey from Tunisia to the Cape of Good Hope, the work of two experienced African travellers. \$2.50

at all bookstores CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





phia Cream Cheese helps supply food energy with Vitamin A, Parkay Oleomargarine is a good source of Vitamin A with 9000 (count 'em) units in every pound. Swift's Prem has Vitamin B complex, and Libby's tomato juice hits the jack pot with C, A, B₁, and G. The thing that nobody ever mentions any more is that vitamins are *supposed* to be in foods. That's where they were found in the first place, and they've always been there as far as I know. It would be just too bad if cheese or tomato juice or meat *didn't* have them. But each advertiser rides along with the public discovery of vitamins, and each one mentions its vitamins as the exclusive virtue of that particular brand.

So much for the look-what-we've-got-that-nobody-else-has-got school of advertising.

2

The other night I was standing around in a drug-store when my eye was caught by a jar of hand cream. "Contains no Lanolin," the label shouted excitedly, as though lanolin were some frightful poison which would make you turn green and itch. *There* was a stroke of genius. The whole advertising world has been limping along, trying to sell its products on the grounds that they contain something unique or something extra. Here, in three simple words, is a totally unexplored angle which may well revolutionize the entire advertising industry.

"High Skies," some cigarette will advertise, "are absolutely guaranteed to contain no tobacco. Only the highest quality splinters, grown in the cool green forests of Oregon, are used in High Skies."

Or, "Fludge, the bread that mothers prefer. Fludge contains no vitamins, and is made from the finest flour, carefully milled from home-grown wheat and pure crystal-clear well water. There are absolutely no injurious chemicals added to Fludge, no indigestible fats."

Or, "Sludge, the soap that soothes, cannot irritate your skin. Sludge is specially whipped up with air,

so that the smooth cream-colored cake you find in the green and pink package contains less of the irritating lyes and fats with which ordinary soaps are made. Sludge is guaranteed to be at least 92 per cent pure, unadulterated air. The expensive whipping process which makes Sludge so different from ordinary soaps is your insurance against rough, red skin." Or, "Spatter, the different tooth paste, contains absolutely no whitening agent."

Then of course you can turn it inside out and come up with this sort of thing: "Puffö is the smoothest, lastingest face powder you've ever used. Puffö contains more lead than any other face powder." "Brighten up your table with Bangup Ketchup. Bangup Ketchup's beautiful bright red color comes from the expensive chemical dyes which are used in place of the tomatoes found in ordinary ketchups."

I could think up dozens more terrific advertising slogans for not quite poisonous products, but I'm in a hurry. I have to get to the drugstore for some lanolin for a slight rash.

An Excellent Thing in Woman

By SAMUEL YELLEN

To women silence gives their proper grace. — SOPHOCLES
Silence in woman is like speech in man. — BEN JONSON

THESE wise men and others
Have issued their fiat:
The business of woman
Is to keep quiet.

The ideal woman
Sits there gawking,
While her lord
Goes right on talking.

Her voice should be soft,
Gentle, and low;
Softer than
Pianissimo.

The master bids her
Hold her tongue
Until his aria
Has been sung.

If she is wise
Her mouth is shut,
While he tells her
What is what.

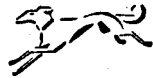
Her duty simply
To adore,
While the sahib
Holds the floor.



NEW BORZOI BOOKS

2

ALFRED · A · KNOFF
FELLOWSHIPS
will be available for 1944



*One award of
\$2,500
in the field of
HISTORY
and another
of the same amount
in the field of
BIOGRAPHY*

*for the purpose of assisting talented writers
to complete well planned but as yet
unfinished books*



A brochure, describing in full the terms of the awards and the requirements for applicants, is available on written request to the publisher.

*of Lasting
Significance*

LESSONS OF MY LIFE

by the Rt. Hon. Lord Vansittart. In the opinion of the author, the overwhelming bulk of Germans has been militarized, and they have therefore been involved in Germany's persistent ambitions and atrocious treatment of her neighbors. The only hope for a peaceful Europe is the total defeat and elimination of German militarism.

Third large printing. \$3.00

AMERICAN POLITICAL PARTIES

Their Natural History

*Winner of an Alfred A. Knopf
Fellowship in History*

by Wilfred E. Binkley. "It is the most comprehensive, useful and sagacious outline of American politics so far written. It is illuminating and wise . . . for the general reader it is a very valuable book indeed."—BERNARD DeVOTO, *New York Herald Tribune* \$3.75

PARADOX ISLE

by Carol Bache. A penetrating record of personal observations that lays bare the essential quality of the Japanese . . . based on the experience of fourteen years as an Intelligence agent in Japan. \$2.50

TCHAIKOVSKY

by Herbert Weinstock. Much material published in recent years in Russia lights up a thousand dark places in the great composer's life and contradicts much that has been accepted as authentic about him. The first really adequate biography of an extraordinary man. With 14 illustrations. \$5.00

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH by Victor Ilyich Seroff. The first full-length biography of the great Soviet composer. With 13 illustrations. \$3.00

ALFRED · A · KNOFF

501 Madison Avenue · New York 22

THE *Atlantic* BOOKSHELF

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by EDWARD WEEKS

IF SIGNS mean anything, this Christmas Eve will be portentous. All year we have climbed up the long, rocky path from defeat and uncertainty to emerge at last into the clear, winter-cold starlight of Christmas Eve. We know that victory lies ahead, and this time we mean to have the staying power to ensure peace on earth.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men." The ancient words still touch the heart. But I wonder how much good will can survive during the period of reconstruction. German brutality and Japanese treachery this time have lit a running fire of hatred which cannot be dampened as it was in 1919. Such detestation is only beginning to show in print. In England we see it in Vansittartism — that credo for the suppression of Germany for at least two generations, which blazes forth in Lord Vansittart's *Lessons of My Life*. His thesis, "Seventy-five per cent of Germans have for seventy-five years — the figures are easy to remember — been eager for any assault on their neighbors," has been steadily gaining converts in Britain, though I have the impression that for the most part they are men and women over forty-five. What the young men and women in uniform believe has not yet been disclosed.

Here the Hamburger Theory, the grinding of German Imperialism into little bits, has been preached most vigorously by Mr. Rex Stout and Mr. Clifton Fadiman, and with no less authority by such German refugees as Dr. F. W. Foerster and Thomas Mann. We have not yet made up our minds as to how Germany should be treated, and the fact that we have no scorched earth may make us more tender-minded than our allies. But there has been a searching of conscience and a constant testing of opinion ever since the publication of Dr. Brickner's book, *Is Germany Incurable?* The problem is being threshed out in pulpit and on lecture platform; it is the table talk in a million homes, and our resolution will firm up when we know more accurately what the Big Three have in mind. Here again we have no sure knowledge

of what the men in the armed forces are thinking. "But this time," as a friend of mine said, "the bombers put teeth in any covenant. We have the police power and we shall use it!" Perhaps the best temperature reading of our formative opinion is to be found in the outspoken debate conducted by the *Saturday Review of Literature* for May 29, 1943.

Even in this relatively unmolested country where no bombs fall, literature is subordinated to the war. The war has changed the format, the paper, and — most of all — the content of our books. Since Pearl Harbor the reflective, the Freudian, the stream-of-consciousness writers have been muted; in their stead we have reportorial narrative, swiftly observed, rapid-fire, full of action. The novelists were the first to realize that there could be no "writing as usual," and many of them have now been dispersed to the seven seas. The men and women whose first novels should be breaking into print are in uniform. In autobiographies like *Connecticut Yankee* by Wilbur L. Cross and *The Little Locksmith* by Katharine Butler Hathaway, in novels like *The Big Rock Candy Mountain* of Wallace Stegner, in history like *The Year of Decision* by Bernard DeVoto, we are harvesting the last of our peacetime crop. And now, as in 1918, peaceful Americana, whatever their power or beauty, are taking second place to the more insistent books of war.

Balance Sheet: The Profits

In war, changes occur so rapidly that we have hardly had time to add them up. If one were to draw up a balance sheet of the profits and losses in literature for 1943, I believe the following entries would appear on the plus side of the ledger.

MORE PEOPLE READING. The Old Corner Book Store of Boston does approximately one per cent of the nation's business. For the month of November, 1943, this shop reported a 60 per cent increase in book buying as compared with the year previous. I have heard similar reports in Toledo, Cleveland, Chicago,

and Detroit. As in England and Russia, it is increasingly difficult to keep popular books in stock.

WHAT THEY READ. They prefer books of fact to books of fiction. They swallow a bitter dose like *Under Cover*; they weigh Walter Lippmann's *U. S. Foreign Policy*; they prefer Mr. Willkie's survey, *One World*, to Clare Luce's "Globaloney." They recognize the most stirring prose of the year in Churchill's *Speeches*.

THE LEADING CURIOSITY is for the vigilant reportorial writing of men attached to the troops, like Ernie Pyle, Richard Tregaskis, John Hersey. We have a tender heart for aviators when they write as vividly as Flight Lieutenant Richard Hillary or Lieutenant Colonel Beirne Lay. And we have a conscientious sympathy for the new books by Negroes and those extending our understanding of India, Burma, and China.

GENEROSITY. At Michigan State University I first encountered a movement which seems to me as generous as our rebuilding of the library of Louvain in the 1920's. The faculty members in East Lansing were making a collection of books, both scientific and in the humanities, for replenishing the parched or destroyed libraries of Europe. This work is being taken in hand by many another academic community under the direction of the American Library Association. The Rockefeller Foundation has made a grant of \$200,000 for the purchase of scientific periodicals, and the big university libraries, such as Widener, are sifting out duplicates for restocking the empty shelves abroad. A war chest of a million volumes destined for Europe has already been collected in England.

BOOKS FOR THE ASSEMBLY LINE. Mechanically this is the most remarkable development since the war began. Paperbound reprints ranging from classics to mysteries are reaching Americans who literally never owned a book before. Pocket Books, Inc., has printed seventy million copies in three years. Beginning in October, the Council of Books in Wartime has been delivering a million and a half paperbacks each month to the Army and Navy: at the end of the first year of operation we shall have shipped eighteen million volumes to our men overseas. The books are small enough to fit in a uniform pocket. Their text is unabridged. Here at home both Woolworth and Sears, Roebuck are finding it profitable to sell reprints in a big way. We have Henry Ford to thank for this larger literacy — he taught us mass production.

NEATER BOOKS. They have to be — neater in size, smaller in type, and lighter in paper. Compare your gift books this Christmas with that spacious classic of the Depression, T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. The big fellow is very handsome, but he used up a lot of paper and a lot of room. The smaller margins make it difficult for librarians to rebind.

Nevertheless I believe we may come to prefer the neater format.

READING BETWEEN THE LINES. Skepticism is out for the duration. If it returns with the veterans, it will be because we have bungled the peace. While the fight is on, both soldiers and stay-at-homes are responsive to the lift of poetry. British poets, having had a longer time in which to readjust themselves, have already risen to the response, and in *The Burning of the Leaves* by Laurence Binyon, John Masefield's long poem *Wonderings*, the poems of aviation by John Pudney, and the lyrics of that prisoner in Germany, John Buxton, is a body of war poems which will be remembered. Ours will come.

With this avidity for poetry, but on a more popular level, goes a craving for the faith and consolation offered by the religious novels, *The Song of Bernadette*, *The Robe*, and *The Apostle*.

Now what are the lasting assets in that column? We find that American readers at home are of a more serious and inquiring mind; we find that the publishers, applying the lessons of mass production, have made the best of their books available at the lowest common denominator. But mark this: most of these books were old books, seeking new audiences; only a small fraction of them were new books, written in the anxious uncertainty of 1943. That year was not productive of many major contributions to literature. Why?

Truth and patriotism

Perhaps we shall find the answer if we recall what happened to authors and books in 1917–1918. In the Introduction to his anthology, *Men at War*, Ernest Hemingway writes these hard-hitting words: "In the last war there were no really good true war books during the entire four years of the war. The only true writing that came through during the war was in poetry. One reason . . . is that poets are not arrested as quickly as prose writers would be if they wrote critically since the latter's meaning, if they are good writers, is too uncomfortably clear. The last war, during the years 1915, 1916, 1917, was the most colossal, murderous, mismanaged butchery that has ever taken place on earth. Any writer who said otherwise lied. So the writers either wrote propaganda, shut up, or fought. Of those who fought many died and we shall never know who were the fine writers who would have come out of the war who died in it instead.

"But after the war the good and true books finally started to come out. They were mostly all by writers who had never written or published anything before the war. The writers who were established before the war had nearly all sold out to write propaganda during it and most of them never recovered their honesty afterwards. All of their reputations steadily slumped because a writer should be of as great probity and honesty as a priest of God. He is either honest or not, as a woman is either chaste or not, and after one piece of dishonest writing he is never the same again.

"A writer's job is to tell the truth. If, during a war,

conditions are such that a writer cannot publish the truth because its publication would do harm to the State, he should write and not publish. If he cannot make a living without publishing, he can work at something else. But if he ever writes something which he knows in his inner self is not true, for no matter what patriotic motives, then he is finished."

These are fighting words, and they aroused Stephen Vincent Benét, who read them shortly before his death. "I don't happen to agree with Hemingway's thesis," he wrote. "I don't think that writing propaganda for a cause you believe in necessarily vitiates Milton, who did a good deal of it. If you don't believe in what you write, that's something else. If you do believe in what you write and yet write badly, sloppily, untruthfully, that's your fault. If what I am writing today as propaganda will hurt my eventual reputation as a writer — very well, then let it. Maybe, later on, some of the things I have written will make me squirm — OK, I have squirmed before. It seems to me that the Government has as much right to call upon me to use such special abilities as I may have as it has to call upon a chemist to use his. Anyhow, I just can't sit on my integrity (as a writer), like a hen on a china egg, for the duration. And maybe even if I did, nothing could hatch."

This is not a head-on contradiction, for each man has truth on his side. Madrid surrendered on March 28, 1939, and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was published in October, 1940. Thus the materials for Mr. Hemingway's last novel must have been observed and the actual writing begun in the closing stages of the Spanish War. And in so doing the novelist did not jeopardize his integrity by the too liberal application of the propagandist's brush. But in defense of his case it must be added that the novel was conceived and published without any restraint of censorship. In these two opinions you see the decision which has faced virtually every professional writer in this country since December 7, 1941. It is useful to have them in mind as we review the literary debits of the past year.

Balance Sheet: Debits

THE DRYING-UP OF FICTION — or perhaps I should say, of good fiction. Short stories of distinction are as scarce as hen's teeth. Most of the stories now published are lacking in range, depth, and versatility. They narrow down to two stock situations: Boy Gets Girl in a Uniform, or Boy Gets Nazi Underground. The reason is clear: writers of talent have been silenced. We have had nothing from Hemingway for reasons which he has explained, and next to nothing from Eudora Welty. Louis Bromfield has been writing polemics, Oliver La Farge is preparing the history of our Ferry Command, Clifford Dowdey is on a writer's project in Washington. So it goes. And so it goes in England — where Geoffrey Household, Peter

Fleming, and Evelyn Waugh are in uniform. There only "Flying Officer X" maintains the peacetime standard with his stories of the RAF.

NOVELS THIN OUT. There were approximately two hundred fewer novels published this year, but the thinning out of their quality is even more noticeable. The Book-of-the-Month Club selected nineteen books in 1943; only four were novels. In my judgment four books (including only one of the Book Club's selections) stand out above the field — and it is a thin field at that: —

So Little Time by John Marquand

Indigo, a Novel of India, by Christine Weston

The Apostle, by Sholem Asch

The Big Rock Candy Mountain, by Wallace Stegner

The distraction of the war is steadily reducing the manpower in fiction, leaving the field to the feminine writers. There may be men who, as Mr. Hemingway suggests, are writing and storing up their manuscript against the return of free speech. But I don't know of any. Most of them simply are not writing.

PAPER SHORTAGE. This is habit-forming, and most of the habits I am afraid are bad. A publisher with only a limited quota of paper is naturally tempted to keep his popular titles in stock. Which obviously works to the disadvantage of the new writer and still more so to the unorthodox. Again, the shortage of paper and the rising labor costs have given some publishers a pretext for raising the price of their books. More new novels were priced at \$2.75 last year, and more thin books were at \$2.50, than in times past. As a general rule, prices have remained constant, but I dislike to see, even in exceptional cases, the price of clothbound books climbing back to 1929 levels.

ANTI-SEMITISM. Perhaps we in Boston are hypersensitive on this subject, but I have the strong impression, gathered from many trips around the country, that anti-Semitism everywhere is on the rise. Some of the more evident sources are identified in Mr. Carlson's *Under Cover*, but the trouble is that the contagion of the near-beer Nazis and crackpots is too readily passed on by the careless-minded. There are too many half-serious references to the Protocols and the "Jew-inspired war." There is too much publicly expressed resentment against the Jewish candidates who are top-ranking in the Officers' Training Schools. There are too many scurrilous jokes handed on from salesman to salesman. Broad­sides like the following are sneaked into metropolitan newspapers: —

When we get through with Hitler,
And Hirohito too,
Johnny Doughboy has a fighting date
With the G—— d—— fighting Jew!

The feeling spreads from civilian life into the services. On June 21 of this year a General Order was issued from the Bureau of Personnel of the Navy rebuking the editors of their service papers for reprinting Jewish jokes which were not as harmless as they looked. In *Here Is Your War* you see how sincerely Ernie

Pyle combats the smear story that a Jew won't fight. This anti-Semitism is not yet a sizable blot in our literature, but we must watch out.

LACK OF EDUCATION. This is an imponderable which might have a serious and debilitating effect on the writing to come. The colleges today have so little of the humanities to offer, and so little time in which to teach that little, that there is a real risk of discouraging those potential scholars, historians, essayists, and critics who ought to return to their books when at last they are out of uniform.

CASUALTIES. Here is the irretrievable loss, the loss of writers who had it in their power to give us so much more. I begin the list with two *Atlantic* contributors whose deaths occurred last December.

Raoul de Roussy de Sales. A brilliant analyst of ailing democracy and a Frenchman whose American blood and understanding qualified him as one who would have been enormously influential in the difficult reconciliation to come. His book, *The Making of Tomorrow*, and his diaries to be published in 1944 under the title *The Making of Yesterday*, are unquestionably works which will tell our history and our anguish to later generations.

Katharine Butler Hathaway — stylist and valiant lover of life, whose death cut short the most ambitious adventure an invalid could undertake: the writing of a three-part autobiography. In style and substance her posthumous volume, *The Little Locksmith*, is a satisfaction in itself and a promise of what we might have had.

Alexander Woolcott, who will be remembered as an affectionate and provocative raconteur, for the pioneer work which, unaided and over twelve years, made him the most skillful voice on the radio, and most of all for his championship of authors. In the words of Walter Lippmann: "Only the best critics are able to write convincingly and persuasively when they praise. Woolcott had a sharp taste. But he had gusto, he really liked what he praised, and he cared much more for the men and women he liked than he worried about those he did not like."

William Lyon Phelps. Again, a champion rather than a writer of good books. Billy Phelps came in for a good deal of disparagement from my generation because of the superlatives — "So-and-So is in the full plenitude of his powers"; "Fine book. Quote me to the limit" — which he handed out so generously in his busy years. But in any summing-up one must remember what he did to revive Herman Melville and Samuel Butler; one must remember the "Browning or Bust" school which he inspired at New Haven, and the prevailing good nature in his career.

Stefan Zweig. A refugee writer and master of the short novel, as evidenced by his *Amok*, Mr. Zweig, who took his own life in Brazil, was the embodiment of that wandering legion who have been buffeted from pillar to post since first their persecution began under the Nazis.

Eric Knight. An Anglo-American novelist, he wrote *This Above All* in the United States, intending it as an abjuration for the veterans who would emerge from

this war as he had emerged from the last. Then, feeling the irresistible call, he enlisted in the U. S. Army and was promoted to the rank of major before meeting his death in an airplane accident in Dutch Guiana.

Romain Rolland. Author of *Jean Christophe*, for which he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1915, M. Rolland is believed to have been sent to a German concentration camp in September of this year. The rumor that he was dead, put out perhaps as a feeler by Radio Algiers, was promptly denied by the Nazis. Pacifist until 1939, and lifelong Socialist and Communist, M. Rolland awaited in Vézelay, France, the arrest which he was sure would overtake him. He worked to the last upon a volume of reminiscences of his childhood and a treatise on the last Quartets of Beethoven. It is to be hoped that he was able to place these manuscripts in friendly hands.

Laurence Binyon. Scholar, far traveler, and poet, as Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, he perceptibly widened appreciation for the arts of India, China, and Japan. His war poems, *For the Fallen* and *The Burning of the Leaves*, are a part of England's inheritance.

Stephen Vincent Benét. Poet, who will long be remembered for his epic *John Brown's Body* and for his singing ballads; short-story writer who, in *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, invoked a new magic of fantasy in American prose; patriot who, in *The Burning of the Books* and *Litany for Dictatorships*, fought with the pen beyond the staying power of his frail body.

LESSONS OF MY LIFE

\$3.00

By the Rt. Hon. Lord Vansittart

KNOPF

AFTER a lifetime in the British Foreign Office, where from 1930 to 1938 he was Permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Vansittart has written his own specialized equivalent, for his countrymen, of Walter Lippmann's recent *U. S. Foreign Policy*. The parallel is certainly not to be sought on the surface, for Lord Vansittart is concerned that his country should understand the nature of her enemy, whereas Mr. Lippmann was considerably more concerned that we should recognize our friends. Moreover, Lord Vansittart is directing his words as much to us as to his countrymen. But neither book would have been written if Germany were not the enemy.

As a working diplomat, Lord Vansittart constantly relates Germany's aggression to the openings so freely given her by her opponents. "I have often thought," he tells us, "that everyone should be able to crystallize the principal experience of his or her life in a quite simple, or even single, thought. If I had to define mine in one phrase it would be this: I have seen all democracies, and especially the great ones, steadily lose the instinct of self-preservation. That loss is reflected in an almost total lack of policy." Lord Vansittart sums up his own policy toward Germany in four words: Defeat, demilitarization, occupation, re-education.

TCHAIKOVSKY

\$5.00

By Herbert Weinstock

KNOPF

HERBERT WEINSTOCK, in collaboration with musicologist Wallace Brockway, is the author of *Men of Music* and *The Opera*. Now in *Tchaikovsky* he has written the most comprehensive biography of the Russian composer in the English language. And this is of consequence, for Tchaikovsky's music rivals Beethoven's in concert hall and radio

broadcast popularity, his musical influence cannot be minimized, and the man himself is a fascinating personality. Mr. Weinstock is not addicted to the probable, save in a few instances, and those are clearly stated. Nor is it his intention to glamorize, sentimentalize, or even romanticize. He presents the complicated facts of Tchaikovsky's personal life, his musical career, and his times as he has found them, and the reader may emotionalize them if he wishes. When Mr. Weinstock is quoting from letters, documents, memoirs — some of this excellent source material has never before been printed in English — his book is brilliantly alive. But when he industriously marshals facts, dates, and general background material, the book diminishes in popular appeal. The musician interested in Tchaikovsky will not mind this, and the patient lay reader desirous of viewing Tchaikovsky whole will be richly rewarded. For, despite a certain dogmatism in presentation, *Tchaikovsky* is the honest and amazingly detailed record of a life as psychologically interesting and revealing as a Havelock Ellis case history. It is also a musical and political panorama of extraordinary scope. Whatever its minor imperfections, this book will remain, because of its basic integrity and wealth of material, *the* book, in English, on Tchaikovsky for years to come.

RISE TO FOLLOW

\$3.50

By Albert Spalding

HOLT

ALBERT SPALDING, at fifty-five, is one of America's most popular concert violinists. He is also known as a composer of two concertos, violin works, chamber music, and songs. The publication of *Rise to Follow*, his autobiography, should make him a successful author, for this 328-page book is delightfully unique among contemporary artists' memoirs. Its author has lived in many worlds, and he has known many of the great and near-great in all these worlds. Now, he recreates them effortlessly and unforgettably. New York of the nineties; Edwardian Florence; Saint-Saëns "with his lisp"; Imperial Russia; Aunt Sally Guest, who was "devoutly a Baptist, intransigently a Republican, obstinately a Northerner, and vindictively a New Yorker"; Mary Garden, "whose French accent had been born in Scotland and unashamedly wore kilts"; his own father, "a massive structure both mentally and physically," the "Brother" of A. G. Spalding and Brother; post-war Europe and the new isms — all are here.

Rise to Follow is written with great honesty, discernment, gayety, and charm. It is fascinating, moreover, for the intimate, detailed picture it gives of an artist's life. This is a book for amateur musicians and laymen. It is also a book for all those interested in people and good books.

A TREASURY OF RUSSIAN LIFE AND HUMOR

Edited, with an Introduction by John Cournos

COWARD-McCANN, \$3.75

IN a book market almost overcrowded with anthologies, this one is a find. Kiev-born John Cournos — novelist, editor, translator, playwright, poet, biographer, critic, and member of a commission sent to Russia by the British Foreign Office in 1917-1918 — has gathered together representative selections, some cut overzealously, from all the categories of Russian literature. And in doing so, he has presented us with a 676-page survey of more than one hundred years of Russian life, letters, and literary tradition. Not only are the acknowledged "greats" here — Tolstoy, Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Chekhov, Dostoevsky, and

Gorky — but Russian authors of distinction who are comparatively unknown to the English-speaking world are also amply represented. There are excellent notes and a comprehensive introduction. This anthology has come, of course, at a most opportune moment for a world interested in knowing more about Russia and the Russians.

AGAINST THIS ROCK

\$2.75

By Louis Zara

CREATIVE AGE PRESS

FOR his new book, Louis Zara has had the good fortune to utilize one of the most thought-provoking of all historical personages, Holy Roman Emperor Charles V, and the background of the Renaissance and Reformation worlds. Charles V was a dynast of the first magnitude. He ruled the Netherlands and the Indies, Naples, Spain, Austria, Burgundy, and Sicily. He married his sisters and his children into the reigning families of countries which he did not directly control. His life, which he considered dedicated to coördinating the world into a great and single Catholic state, was a succession of bloody battles and autos-da-fé. And finally he renounced his dream, abdicated his throne, and went to spend his remaining years in religious retirement and gluttony. Mr. Zara has presented us with 635 pages of rousing historical narrative — for the most part true. And although his novel is conventional, overwritten, and given to sentimentality where its hero is concerned, it makes engaging reading, especially when the actual stuff of memoirs and histories speaks.

MARY POPPINS OPENS THE DOOR

\$1.75

By P. L. Travers

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

ONE of the most delightful things in the world is to begin a *Mary Poppins*. It's as satisfactory as the smell of fresh-made toast in the early morning or an ice-cream soda on a hot summer's day. It is sheer and joyous escape of a very special kind and potency. And with the publication of *Mary Poppins Opens the Door*, there are three *Poppins* books to begin and, sadly enough, three to end.

Australian-born P. L. Travers, dancer, Shakespearean actress, and — according to Æ — one of "the more notable of the young Irish poets," wrote *Mary Poppins*, the first book, mostly for the fun of it, and perhaps that, plus P. L. Travers's special wit and magic, is what contrives to make *Mary Poppins* and its sequel, *Mary Poppins Comes Back*, a perennial and international delight.

When last seen, the unpredictable, scornful Mary Poppins, governess *extraordinaire* and popular beloved of the gods — or is she herself a celestial handmaiden in disguise? — was whirling away from the Banks family and Cherry Tree Lane in the Merry-Go-Round. When we meet her again in this new book, she is diligently stepping earthward, and her first words are, "I'll thank you to let go my shoes! . . . I'm not an object in a Bargain Basement!" But any *Mary Poppins* must be read. Their very personal magic — the magic of the enchanted moment between the real and the unreal, the moment of perhaps it really did happen — is destroyed in telling. Let it suffice that Mary Poppins is back in the Banks nursery, and that all the old Cherry Tree Lane friends are here again and augmented by some amazing new ones including a "Cat that Looked at a King," and that even if this *Mary Poppins* doesn't quite come off as well as the first one, any *Mary Poppins* is an exhilarating experience.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

\$4.50

By Maisie Ward

SHEED & WARD

ANY life of G. K. Chesterton must be interesting and entertaining, especially if it is in considerable part a rescension

of his published and unpublished writings. As a boy he loved fairy tales and he never lost the vivid sense that life is miraculous. One might say that he thought with his sense of wonder — a different thing from the mere emotionalism of wonder. In the dogma of the Catholic Church, Chesterton found scope for his never dulled apprehension of the fabulousness of life and for another prime characteristic, his capacity for friendship, engagingly revealed in Maisie Ward's account of his school club, the Junior Debating Society. For all his humor and friendliness, he was a hard fighter, shocked into political commentary by the Boer War, when he became a "Little Englander," and again by the Marconi scandal, which turned him into a sharp critic of plutocracy and international finance. Maisie Ward perhaps stands too close to her subject and occasionally carries eulogy into doting; her book would have benefited from pruning of the trivial and repetitious. But more critical biographers of this great journalist — G. K. C. accurately called himself a journalist — will always be in debt to her industry.

LIBERAL EDUCATION

\$2.50

By *Mark Van Doren*

HOLT

By drastically curtailing liberal education, the war has created a breathing spell for reconsideration of the importance and teaching of the liberal arts, and Mark Van Doren's plea for "the idea of a college," which he finds exemplified in St. John's College at Annapolis, could not be better timed. Severely critical of the elective system and of American education in general, Mr. Van Doren conducts in a rather oblique fashion a search for a curriculum "that is worthy to be uniform and stable," and finally lists the great books which at undepartmentalized St. John's all the students and all the faculty must study. Despite the skittish style of its advocate, the St. John's idea of a college communicates a thrill and a large hope, and the author's frequent and well-chosen quotations from St. Augustine, Pascal, Emerson, Thoreau, Arnold, Comenius, and other luminous writers enlarge many of his pages from thin to weighty discourse.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

\$2.75

By *Dorothy Canfield Fisher*

HARCOURT, BRACE

As a member of the American Youth Commission, Dorothy Canfield Fisher studied intensively for six years the blighting of our young people in the Great Depression. In Thomas Huxley's words, which she quotes, these boys and girls were undergoing "the severest shock which the human system can sustain," namely, "the sense of uselessness." They were victims of personality anemia ascribed by the author to the lack of a life-giving vitamin called work. Society had changed; the old family economy into which youthful helpers could fit was gone; power production was far ahead of consumption, and the age of material scarcity had ended. Yet their elders had not adjusted to that fact, and the young people waited and drooped in a vacuum. Mrs. Fisher has adjusted herself to the revolutionary fact of plentiful production with diminishing manpower, and her mind now probes a new psychology of work and leisure to correspond with the new pattern of production. The exploratory character of her thinking about the NYA, the CCC, equal rights for women in business, the danger of treating money as an end, and cognate topics makes even arid statistics bloom with new meaning. A far more radical book than meets the eye.

COUNT ON TWO DAYS

\$2.50

By *Mannix Walker*

DODD, MEAD

COUNT on great fun when you read this zany novel, of which the subtitle might well be *Hellzapoppin* on Beacon Street. Discovering two uninvited guests, a woman counterfeiter and a naked young man, scurrying about in her Back Bay home, Mrs. Dowell, an imperturbable Boston lady equally familiar with Sophocles and gangsters, spurns the help of the Democratic police force and hires a private detective. In the midst of the chase her son's fiancée, a New York debutante whose name none of the family can remember, arrives and becomes involved with the detective and the naked young man. Add to this a dash of Drogheda the vision-seeing maid, Charlotte the lightheaded sister fighting off a case of dipsomania which never threatened her, and the Big Boss who sets up his gangster headquarters next door to Mrs. Dowell, and you get some idea of this heady concoction. It is a lighthearted tale filled with the unexpected, and barbed with witty satire on Boston society.

TOMORROW IS FOREVER

\$2.50

By *Gwen Bristow*

CROWELL

MANY readers may find this story improbable or impossible, but all will read it to the end, for it is skillfully plotted not to satisfy your aroused curiosity until the last page. It is the story of Elizabeth, who as a young woman lost her husband in the First World War and was unable to take her mind off him. In desperation she moves West, remarries happily, and brings up a lovely family. The imminent departure of her eldest son for the Second World War brings back to her mind her first husband, who has never been far from her thoughts. Then her first husband actually returns, a mutilated, patched-up man, who, unrecognized, meets his wife and becomes a counselor for her and her family. His greatest mission is to try to stop her from allowing the shadow of the past to blur the beauty of the present. It may all seem too unreal, too contrived, but it is a book filled with wisdom and understanding of human problems.

THE FORGOTTEN ALLY

\$2.75

By *Pierre Van Paassen*

DIAL PRESS

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN continues to raise his voice in this howling desert of injustices. And it is a loud, clear voice. The static imperialistic policy pursued by the British Colonial Office seems to have woven a net of conspiracy to keep the heroism of one of our allies under cover. It goes so far as to deny that Palestine is an ally. Yet, in the Middle East, the Jews of Palestine have shown not only heroism but a magnificent morale. Their unscripted young men have joined suicide task forces which beat out ground for the British Eighth Army, notably at Mechili and Bardia; their civilian population has thrown itself into the war effort with all the supplies and factories at their disposal, not for protection, nor for hope of gain, but because of their belief in right and democracy.

The Balfour Declaration, which gave Palestine to the Jews as a homeland and a refuge, has been almost totally rescinded by the White Paper of 1939 limiting the immigration of Jews to Palestine to almost nothing, giving as a reason the "inherent" Arab-Jewish animosity. Mr. Van Paassen charges that the British themselves fomented the Arab uprisings, and that if the Arabs were consulted, it would be found that they would rather than not have the Jews, who provide schools, work, and a certain security hitherto unknown among these traditionally poor and uneducated tribes. This is no raving of an Anglophobe. Mr. Van Paassen's crusade is against institutional anti-Semitism, wherever it resides; nor is he the first to have discerned it in the history of the British mandate in Palestine.

LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND!

The autobiography of
SIR OSBERT SITWELL

NOT since the Brontës has an English family been represented in a single generation by three such fertile and talented writers as Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell Sitwell. Their early and impressionable years were spent in the spacious park and lovely rooms of Renishaw Hall, a country house whose *genius loci* has thus far escaped the bombs. Some ancient homes have storied in them the character, the physical beauty, and the trophies of experience which a vigorous family hands down the centuries. And such is Renishaw. The long stone house stands on a wooded crest of Derbyshire, that rolling country, half Vermont, half Pennsylvania. From its roof-walk you look down on the farmlands, the giant beeches, and the lake set amidst the two thousand acres; directly below are the terraces, the box, — uncut since the war, — the Italian statues and formal garden as John Evelyn might have laid them out; to the right are the racing stables, now unused, and in the distance the tenant farms and the colliery which give this house its sinews — and which were never busier.

Sitwells have been living at Renishaw since 1625. The family fortunes have fluctuated, but through the three centuries the house itself has been enlarged and reanimated by the men and women who loved it. Hot-tempered and reckless, scholarly and passionate and adventuresome, this family is in miniature a portrait gallery of England. The present owner, Sir Osbert Sitwell, served in the Grenadier Guards from 1914 to 1919. In his prose and poems of the Long Armistice he led the attack against the English Philistines. Now in his early fifties, he combines the duties of a squire with the pleasures of a biographer.

I am indebted to Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith for my introduction to Renishaw. In a letter sent to me shortly before I flew to England, he wrote: "Of the three large, blond, passionately lettered aristocrats, Sir Osbert is the real genius, and his autobiography is full of fascinating reading, admirable portraits of his grandparents, great aunts, two uncles, of their great houses, and the strange lives they led in them. I think I can honestly recommend this frank, beautifully written, and excessively amusing book to you, and I think the American public would enjoy meeting these clever and almost incredible products of the rich soil of English life and letters." — THE EDITOR

LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND!

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

INTRODUCTION

ALL works of art that are purely imaginative — poems, novels, stories — are pulled out of the future as you may pluck a roasted chestnut out of the fire, scorching your hand in the process. But in this cruel and meaningless epoch, between the bars of which I now write, neither past nor future seems to have any existence; only the present, which contains the dead ashes of the past. Since the whole of life and its background is being dissolved to chaos before our eyes, it is impossible — because our balance from day to day remains too precarious — to wrest a book from the future. In consequence, I have resolved to start the story of my life, to describe some of it and some of those who have figured in it.

No biography is easy to write and, because we know more of ourselves than of others, autobiographies are the most delicate of approach. Of the kind of book that I want to write, I will treat in a moment. But first it is necessary to explain that I had the fortune to be born toward the sunset hour of one of the great periodic calms of history. So placid was this brief golden halt that often as a small child, passionately addicted to reading books of history, I used to wonder whether its stream had not altogether dried up. The Diamond Jubilee, the Boer War, the Edwardian Decade, none of these, viewed separately, was history — indeed the Jubilee was a sort of official celebration of its death. Nothing had happened for so long, and nothing would happen again: nothing. (But life seems static to all children, even those of the present day. Such is their innate confidence in parents, that it is only necessary for the father to dismiss an aircraft, in the very act of dropping bombs, as “one of ours,” for the children immediately to believe him and regain their sense of security.)

Everything was calm and still and kindly. Yet as I listened sometimes to the complacent chatter of my nurse, while she sewed new ribbons on to a new lace cap and, in my presence, talked about me to my mother's maid over the hum of the sewing machine (I can smell the warm, oily smell of it as I write), saying how lucky I was to be an elder son of such parents, and therefore of assured prospects, growing up in a world which had improved, because of Queen Victoria and the benevolence of all members of the British race, beyond what anyone could have expected, and held in it no possibility of deterioration even

though the general progress was occasionally impeded by the spite of foreigners such as Kruger — how lucky to be born exactly then and thus, and not in any other age; at such moments a very strong doubt, arising from the wisdom of the blood, that fragile scarlet tree we carry within us, used to assail me, and I would wonder, “But am I; is it true?” prompted by a precocious spirit of contradiction which has its good as well as its bad side, being the fount of such wit as I can show.

Notwithstanding, it is to that halcyon age in which I grew up that now I turn; years in which human life had a value set upon it, inalterable as it seemed then, and when the ape, so cleverly fitted in just under the skin of each human being, was a secret taint of which to be ashamed, a shadow, the mere glimpse of which would frighten the bravest man, and not, as now, an ideal to be extolled and after which to struggle. Vaguely people still talked with horror of the Siege of Paris; the only thing, real thing, that had happened within memory.

But that, after all, was an incident in *French* history, and, as such, perhaps should have been looked for: it had not affected us except to make rich English merchants and hotel proprietors yet, and still more justifiably, richer. It had been *dreadful*, though, — everyone admitted that, — and out of keeping with the times. And my Aunt Florence kept, I remember, as a reminder of the depths to which human beings can come, a kind of *memento mori*, a piece — given her by a former French governess — of the bread that the people ate in the beleaguered city. Straw-colored and apparently petrified, it stood as granite, and in those days constituted the sole evidence of human cruelty. It was, I want to emphasize, necessary to remind oneself. But in the years that have followed I have watched the endless massing of the apes for conflict.

I should like to emphasize that I *want* my memories to be old-fashioned and extravagant — as they are; I *want* this work to be as full of detail, massed or individual, as my last book, of short stories, was shorn of it — had to be shorn of it because of its form; I *want* this to be gothic, complicated in surface and crowned with turrets and with pinnacles, for that is its nature. I mean it to be full of others besides myself and my brother and sister, giving scenes and *divertissements*, crowded with people of every sort; for I have always found friends and, perhaps because of my origin, coming of a family that has lived within three miles of the room wherein I now write, for at least

seven hundred years, I have never experienced that sensation of being separate from the working classes, in the way in which the city-bred, middle-class poets of the proletarian movement continually proclaim themselves to feel cut off, deploring in foot-sore meter, often very justly, their own stiff collars and priggish, coy, self-conscious silence. No, we all here draw our strength from the same soil, and my friends recognize it.

I have seen many people in many countries, and will write of some of them. In descriptions of persons, it is often difficult not to give offense, but I shall try for the most part to avoid it. In a former book I showed new people in lands new to me, and endeavored to evoke the age-old life of the Chinese against the threadbare golden expanse of their country: now I am setting myself to the task of bringing out the equal fantasy and beauty that are to be found in people and objects familiar to us from birth, these qualities being only obscured for us by their vicinity or the custom of many centuries, and to prove that English life, today and yesterday, often contains as much power and character as when Chaucer first presented it in a new language.

What strange customs and ceremonies we have been privileged to see. Never before, for example, has there been a period when the style in which the women of the richer classes dressed changed completely every year — and latterly, in the two decades between the wars, every three months. What fantastic, what beautiful people have been provided for us to see and know. Though Shelley and Pope and Shakespeare have long been dust, we have all of us been given the chance of passing in our own streets Yeats, than whom no human being could look more noble, with his sweeping gray-white mane that appeared to be almost blue, and his fine and enrapt features, or of seeing the octogenarian Bernard Shaw striding down Piccadilly in all the vigor and sparkle of his unending youth.

Though Cézanne and Seurat, though Schubert and Brahms, lived before we were born, we have been able to sit in the same room as Picasso and Matisse and Tcheli-cheff, as Ravel, Stravinsky, and Debussy. On the stage, too, we have watched Chaliapin and Nijinsky, Karsavina and Duse; artists whose merits those of my generation must sing, whose memory they must make an effort to preserve for posterity. How often lately have I not been asked by those half my age in what manner Nijinsky could have surpassed the dancers of the present day, and, although I also in my youth had not believed in the superior skill of, let us say, Taglioni over Karsavina when extolled by my elders, and had been irritated at the idea of such a presumption, have yet found myself lost before these depths of tragic ignorance.

First I must essay, in order to effect a portrait of an age and person, to show how a child of such a family as mine *should* have developed, what his background was, as well as how he *did*, in fact, evolve.

Before I begin, and all the trumpets blow, only one point remains: I must explain the title I have chosen. The whole work is called *Left Hand, Right Hand!* because, according to the palmists, the lines of the left hand are incised inalterably at birth, while those of the right hand

are modified by our actions and environment, and the life we lead. But, because I phrase it after this manner, — the name so perfectly expressing the purport of the book, and the sense I wish to convey, — and although I believe all men, including myself, to be superstitious, do not, gentle reader, conclude that, except in so far as any attempt at divination is more apt to catch the glint of the future than if none at all were made, I accept the childish boundaries of chiromancy.

1

THE garden would be beautiful — and is beautiful — when no flower blooms there. Though this lovely country teems with industry, every prospect is idyllic, and chimneys in the distance become tall obelisks. Its architecture does not consist so much in stone walls and paved walks as in green walls of yew and box. If you stand with your back to the large old house and face due south, on your left, behind and below the formal arrangement of beds and statues and fountains and yew hedges, lies the Wilderness, part of a wild garden surviving from the eighteenth century, with dark, mysterious cut glades, and at the end of them, far away, a golden cornfield in which in August and September you can just descry the turreted sheaves.

Here in spring, when the trees are burgeoning, the ground is covered for three weeks at a time with the azure snow of bluebells, and later, in the summer, you find the tall, overweighted spires of wild Canterbury bells, no doubt descended from flowers escaped long ago from older enclosed gardens of monasteries and manors. On your right hand towers up the Avenue, a piece of formal planting, old elms alternating with limes, surviving, it is said, from 1680. To the south, in front of you, the garden descends by level, terraced lawns and green platforms, each with its piece of water, pool or fountain, to the outer green terrace, which commands a wide view of the lake, lying far below, and of a sweep of beautiful country rising up beyond it.

The gimcrack, tangled battlements of Barlborough, which have yet stood so long, show near at hand among the green mounds of the fat-leaved treetops, while, on the horizon, you can distinguish the lofty stone keep of Bolsover, jutting like a cliff, its windows burnished every evening by the setting sun, and, on a clear day, the three tall towers of Hardwicke, perhaps the most beautiful Elizabethan house in England, a skyscraper of glass and golden stone. A little to the right, the view ascends toward the Peak, so that in the distance are the shimmering faint outlines of what, for England, are mountains. On each side of flights of steps, stone statues of Neptune and Diana, and of two giants, gaze outward from the house toward this superb and romantic prospect bound together by the glint of water — pool and lake and fountain.

Often you would wonder which is the most beautiful moment in this garden — at noon, on a hot summer day, when the light reflected from the water quivers in dazzling patterns upon statues and walls, and upon the warm velvet of the lawns, or on spring mornings when in their mist the trees are towers of crystal, each twig a glittering vein

in it, or later, when whole rival choirs of birds practice within them, and every twig is unfurling a golden and transparent pennon; on summer nights when you feel its mystery as at other times you feel its joy, — for in the manner of all gardens it is a little haunted, with the mystery of stillness and space and silence, a rustling sense of expectancy that, though alarming, is not disagreeable, — and then, a miracle that can only occur in this neighborhood, the whole sky flames out from the furnaces, and the sighing, tall summer trees and the dark walls of the hedges smolder in the fierceness of this light until, after a minute or two, the flares subside and the world settles to darkness again, the white owl snores once more in her moated grange, the hollow tree upon an island, and the startled bats fly home in arching, segmented flight; or in the early mornings of October, when the mists and cobwebs natural to a Derbyshire fine morning at that season are being brushed away by the sun, which, nevertheless, all day long, seem a little tarnished, so that everything, every stone and trunk and dying, gilded leaf, takes on a hue of deeper and decaying gold.

But this is the pompous month of August — a month of an unnatural length ordained by the pride and caprice of an Emperor nineteen centuries ago — and the early, the very early, morning. Already, however, the light summer mists have evaporated, the distances are visible, and at the end of the long, somber aisles of the trees, upon the sides of the hills at which they are pointing, the pale yellow glint of cornfields twists in and out of the nearer pattern of green leaves like the Arabesque by Schumann. And already, too, a tall man, fair and with a curious air of isolation, is out there upon the terraces.

My father is very fond of walking, extremely rapidly, in these gardens he has made. All day long he can be found in them: and this year, into which I lead you, he is there for a longer time than ever, because to him the Middle Ages are the model for all life to follow — hence the isolation you noticed, for he lives behind invisible barriers of pedigrees and tourneys and charters and coats-of-arms, and all round him hang its shields and banners, all round him sound its discordant trumpets and the battle cries of armored men — and since every medieval romance opens in a garden at the hour of sunrise, he has, this summer, chosen to be called every morning at five. But, though he has his share of the proselytizing spirit and is eager that others should benefit from the same experience, he is still alone. But this, in itself, in no way irks him.

He walks up and down, surveying his work, which will never be finished, his head full of new projects of sun and shade, but never of flowers, measuring the various views with a stick to his eye or a pair of binoculars. Sometimes he is planning a boat of stone upon the lake, or a dragon in lead, writhing for a quarter of a mile through its level waters, or a colonnaded pavilion upon another island, or a Roman aqueduct in counterfeit to frame the prospect with its elongated arches, or a cascade to fall down a stone channel for a hundred and fifty feet, from the water to the garden below; and, for projects such as these, though most of them never materialized, he would cause wooden

towers, built up of planks and joists and beams — like an early machine for siege warfare or a drawing by Piranesi — to be erected here and there at the right points of vantage. In the summer he would spend many hours aloft on these platforms, with a large gray hat or gray umbrella to shield his light-colored skin and eyes from the sun, and with a telescope to his eye, enjoying the air and also, perhaps, the feeling of command which such an altitude above the ground affords.

Then he descends, preoccupied, recognizing, if it is by now the hour of social activity, no one whom he passes, and walks up and down the terraces again, pausing occasionally to contemplate a vista lately cut. If it is past eight-thirty in the morning — for to his sorrow he “cannot induce the fellow to follow the right plan and be here by six” — he will stop occasionally to talk to his agent, ever and again asking, after surveying the model for some new box-edged, formal beds or the possibility of a new perspective, “How much can we twist this, without being found out?”

All my life, these have been his ways, in one place or another. He made the great garden layout at Renishaw just before I was born, and I grew up, year by year, with its yew hedges. I never remember a time between the ages of three and seventeen when we were not the same height, though now they overtop me, and this is a privilege and rare experience for which I have him to thank. Indeed, though he has written many books — of which, perhaps, the best and best-known is, happily enough, *An Essay on the Making of Gardens* — it is as an artist in levels and lawns and vistas and lakes that he lives and will survive.

2

AT ANY rate, one fine summer morning, when the yew hedges were about four feet high and I was about nine years of age, he raced me at a tremendous pace up and down the Avenue, telling me of various relations of his in the past. I can see now the wide expanse of lake and woodland — nowhere else in England can you find such contrasts in the sky, such dramatic effects of cloud and sun and smoke — high over which flew the proud streamers from the mines. Suddenly he stopped talking of these dead lives, and said, as though to himself — and, indeed, I had not been paying much attention: —

“It’s quite evident, if you read the family letters, that we’ve been working up toward something for a long time, for well over a century.”

He did not, I think, realize fully the implications of what he said, — though as he said it, I experienced a slight lifting of the heart, — for his mind, though in many directions so very unconventional and gothic, displayed certain strata of intense conventionality, and he did not think of writers when he made this pronouncement, — for writing was to him only an incidental accomplishment, part of the general make-up of a cultured man, — and doubtless in his heart he dreamt of colonial governors and proconsuls, supreme over the wastes and teeming cities of an empire, shining somewhere among his descendants,

among his great-grandchildren — for he was interested more in ancestors and descendants than in sons and fathers.

Mothers and daughters were worse still. Thus, when he talked of the “family,” he was indicating, of course, his own, and not his mother’s, or my mother’s; for the English tradition regards every child born in wedlock — just as it considers a bastard as having no father, only a mother and, therefore, no ancestors — as being solely his father’s, descended from *his* father and his father’s father. The mother’s family do not enter in, bear no responsibility, and derive no credit. My father, however, frequently noticed, and never failed at the time to mention with distaste, traits, physical and otherwise, occurring in me which he had observed in members of my mother’s family — directing attention to them, too, with a sour look, as though I had in some way broken all the rules of the game of heredity and as though they were evidence, also, of original sin. And, as time went on, this unfortunate embodying of other characteristics besides those belonging to himself and his own family was to be one of the great troubles existing between us in our relationship.

Yet it may well be that some qualities vital for achievement in the arts were transmitted through my mother, though she herself set so little value on this side of life. Artistic creation, like any other form of creation, is born of energy, is connected with the body and the backbone and the blood, being in no way merely cerebral. Thus it is important for the creator to have sources of energy that have not been tapped, to come of blood, at any rate in part, that has not been obliged to endure too great a strain upon it; an artist — not a cultivated lover of the arts — flowers best when the blood flows most freely in the veins, from stock that has not, intellectually, been overworked. To generalize, governesses are the friends of culture, but the foes of the artist; and, to particularize, were Mrs. Humphry Ward *my* aunt, as she is my friend Mr. Aldous Huxley’s, and Matthew Arnold *my* great-uncle, and Dr. Arnold *my* great-grandfather, and Thomas Huxley *my* grandfather, I should find the joys of artistic creation attenuated and not easy to capture; but I should be more cultivated.

My mother’s acuteness of the senses was much stronger than my father’s. Her love of pleasure, her sensual delight in driving through summer woods at night, catching their scent and feeling their cool air, had much of a child’s, and perhaps of an artist’s, feeling in them, as, too, had her swift seizing on the peculiarities of people and places and her vivid gift of instantaneous mimicry, keen and acute imitations which she could do once but never again. The kindness and cruelty in her seemed without reason or basis. She was so impulsive. Only yesterday, I found some letters of hers written to me nearly thirty years ago, when I was a young officer in the Brigade of Guards. In one of them she wrote, “I must have a large bunch of white Parma violets,” stressing it as though it were a point of the utmost importance to her, causing me no doubt to search all over London for them.

Her love of flowers, especially if they were strong-scented, was overwhelming: the rooms, summer and

winter, were crowded with lilies and tuberose and stephanotis, and, from the time I can first remember her, she always wore at her waist gardenias or tuberose, with sweet geranium leaf, so that I always associate her with their scent, and if I were to smell them now, should expect to hear her footstep or see her come into the room; and this strong physical emphasis of the senses, may not this, too, be connected with the perceptions of the artist? Certainly it was hereditary, for my mother would tell me how, when she and my aunts used to drive in Hyde Park with their mother, my grandmother would say, suddenly, “Oh dear, there’s a Chinaman somewhere near!” And sure enough, after a few minutes, they would see a figure in long robes and a pigtail — for Chinese then really wore pigtailed — approaching beneath the trees.

Such slight but curious characteristics, altered and exaggerated, may play a much more important part than one would imagine in the make-up of descendants, and be transmitted in one family, or from one family to another, for many generations. But “form” may only be studied now in horses, not in men. (If racing were truly democratic, the race would go to the tortoise.) I recollect a visit a few years ago to Haddon, which — for it is situated about twelve miles from Renishaw — I had known, when a child, as an immense gray, deserted house, one of the most beautiful shells in the world; everything in it then was bone-colored, or the color of ivory or wood-ash, but, though it was the oldest unfortified residence in the country, no one, I think, expected to see life come back to it, apart from the uncongenial, invading hordes of tourists who at that time trampled through its paneled galleries to the accompaniment of a custodian’s whistle, as she marched her gaping army in rough formation from room to room.

But life returned to it after more than two hundred years, for its owner perhaps felt in his own blood the same call which had moved his ancestors to dwell there. It looked no less lovely when lived in again, and at dinner I asked the sister of the owner, my old friend Lady Diana Cooper, next to whom I was sitting, if she was not very attached to it, and she said yes, adding, “But roots are out of fashion now.” So they were, and so, more than ever, they are; but though hidden, they can still strengthen, just as they can on occasion enfeeble the character.

Who knows whence come the various traits of sensibility? Ancestors stretch behind a man and his nature like a fan, or the spread tail of a peacock. At every turn, in every gesture and look, in every decision he takes, he draws on the reserves or deficits of the past. Every human being, the first man marching ahead of the endless ape armies of prehistoric times, you and I, no less than our descendants, is the heir of all the ages, poised on the perilous brink of time. Every single human being, the criminal or mentally weak, no less than the great poet or the great soldier, is the culminating point of some experiment, worked out by life forces beyond our knowledge and control over a span of a million — but the figure is arbitrary, it may be a thousand million — years. Thus, though a man

may be negligible as an individual, he is, notwithstanding, of a certain experimental interest.

Countless radiations from our descent help us to modify our environment. Whatever position in life by chance we occupy, all these diverse rays of lineage center in every human being. Our ancestors, whether we know who they were or not, roll away at gathering speed into the past, at times taking us with them. From our summits, turning to look back, we can see them fading into the distance, the perspective diminishing, head by head, individuals merging in the crowd, and beyond that into the misty ramifications of history.

Thus each of us, when the English freedom concerning a choice in marriage is taken into account — and though this choice was formerly, until the end of the eighteenth century, more limited, it was always wide when compared with foreign, class-bound nations — is a synthesis of his race. Even if in reality the romantic marriage is no more conducive to happiness than the Continental marriage of convenience, it does at least afford us that fascinating mixture of blood which in England constitutes the aristocratic tradition.

Let us, therefore, stop to look back and scan the mist out of which three writers have emerged — or, rather, let us survey those figures that, though they still stand out clearly in the foreground, have attained something of heroic exaggeration. The mist of oblivion drifts up at them, it is true, obscuring them a little already, yet it makes what we can see of them loom out at us with an unnatural and overwhelming immensity. Let us glance rapidly at collateral as well as direct ancestors, so long as they stand near the main line of descent, since a man often resembles his uncle more strongly than his father. And let us first, before examining more intently the faces that are still almost close to us and easily recognizable, survey, too, for the instant, the various gleaming points, high or low, in the haze behind us, the eyes of the peacock tail of which I have spoken and which each of us carries.

They stretch behind one, these ancestors, as I have said, at a gathering speed: two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, until already, in the tenth generation, a man possesses ten hundred and twenty-four of them. These figures form a cloud of witnesses in us, by whom they survive, testifying to our physical and mental heredity — even though the number is less than at first it seems, since the marriages of cousins, from time to time, affords the same ancestors. In the palaces of Germany and Austria and Italy we may often see sets of portraits of ancestors ordered by the ruling princes of small states: these usually begin, at some period during the eighteenth century, with real faces, recognizable faces, human and self-indulgent, but beyond the third generation become just a pack of royal portraits, painted obviously from a single model, like the kings and queens on playing cards, with all the attributes of their sovereignty, scepters and robes and crowns, with different-colored hair and eyes given them, but otherwise with nothing individual about them except their names on the canvas; so it is in life.

Beyond our grandparents, whom most children have

known, have stared at and talked to, these men and women enter the realm of personal reminiscence (and how little, even of that, we remember; how much, afterwards, when it is too late, we wish we had tried to impress it more deeply upon the memory). Beyond our great-grandparents, about whom their sons and daughters have told us, so that we know their manner of speech and dress, their peculiarities, and in their children have heard their voices reflected, and have even, perhaps, lived in the rooms in which they lived; beyond them, then, our relatives enter the realm of myth, their faces lose their identity and no longer connect with those round us. They have become ancestors. The point at which this disintegrating but formalizing process begins is with our great-great-grandfathers: they and their sons are the crucial generations, and about them I propose to tell the reader the little I know.

Fortunately these men and women possessed plenty of character of one sort and another; and for my illustration of it, I have at my disposal an unusual amount of authentic personal material, in many cases diaries and journals, upon which to draw. So now, gentle reader, let us approach them more nearly, seeing who they were and what currents of life run in them, and thus, perhaps, in me, thereby coming to understand what I might have been and what I am: Left Hand, as we are born; Right Hand, as we make it.

3

SIMON CYTEWEL, son of Walter, was settled like his father before him — so the summary of a lawsuit of the time, concerning the ownership of land, reveals — in Ridgeway, on the hillside opposite Renishaw, and about three miles distant from it, in 1301. It was not until 1625 that a George Sitwell came to live at Renishaw, a site which he had inherited from a great-uncle, Robert Sytwell, who, although an adherent of the old faith, had contributed to the fund for the defense of the country against the Most Catholic King's Armada.

On the tableland in question, George Sitwell built a tall stone house of three stories, crowned with gables and battlements, and surrounded with garden courts, full of intricate designs in box and of stone obelisks; a house that was as typical of its period and district as was its situation, for elsewhere houses were still more generally built for shelter in the valley. When I was a boy old men would point out to me the mark of cannon balls upon the stone of the upper stories (their fathers had shown them these traces of former poundings), and though I found it difficult to identify them, George Sitwell had been, certainly, a staunch royalist — indeed, in the Commonwealth, he was called upon to give up being Sheriff of Derbyshire because of his opinions — and the house had been garrisoned for the King in the Civil Wars.

It is, though, my great-great-grandfather with whom we are concerned. When, at the age of twenty-two, in 1793 he inherited from his father the house together with a large estate and fortune, one room had been added to it, and a gothic appearance had been imposed by the re-

moval of gables and by the substitution everywhere of battlements, and an emphasis upon them where they already existed. The old gardens, too, had been leveled to the idyllic landscape taste of the time. But the interior, apart from the furniture and pictures deposited there by successive generations, remained much the same as when the house had been erected.

As the proud repetition of his name suggests, Sir Sitwell seems to have been a very typical figure of the Regency. How he had met her I do not know, but he had as a boy fallen in love with Alice Parke, the beautiful daughter of a Liverpool merchant of yeoman stock. Because he was heir to many thousands of acres and an old name, his family did not approve of the proposed match. In order to render him forgetful of the girl he loved, the young man — then nineteen — was sent on a Grand Tour designed to be even more extensive than usual, and, of course, with a tutor to guard him. When he arrived at Constantinople, the farthest point in his travels, a letter reached him from his old aunt, Miss Warneford, breaking the news that Alice was dead; a cruel stratagem to aid oblivion. But it produced the opposite effect; distracted, he at once set off for home and, arrived there, found her alive! Touched by the devotion he had shown, his father gave consent for the young couple to be married. His wife, as two portraits of her — and especially the exquisite painting by Sir William Beechey — show, was a very beautiful and graceful woman. From the point of view then prevalent, the marriage turned out better than his family had expected, for Alice's brother rose to fame as a lawyer and judge, becoming Lord Wensleydale, his grandchildren numbering among them the 1st Viscount Ridley, the present Viscount Ullswater, and the 9th Earl of Carlisle.

Apart from her portraits, we know little of Alice. She died six years after her marriage and, alas for constancy, her husband married again within fourteen months of her death. His new bride was Caroline Stovin, the celebrated bluestocking Lady Sitwell, the friend of every literary man from Byron to Longfellow.

The best likeness of Sir Sitwell is that contained in "The Sitwell Family," by Copley, which portrays him at the age of sixteen with his sister and his two younger brothers. Tall and well-built, his high color and full lips, his very attitude, indicate his characteristics as they have reached us from more distant sources: impulsiveness, high spirit, taste, audacity, and temperament. He was a friend of Pitt's and represented for a time the Cornish rotten borough of Westloe in Parliament. But, typical of the age in which he lived, his existence, as I have said, was chiefly divided between sport and building, the two curses of my family, though as a rule not to be found united in a single person, but ruining alternate generations. He kept two packs of hounds, one at Renishaw and the other across the Yorkshire border, and the blood of his mares and stallions still runs in the veins of the best race horses of today. His colors were known on all the chief courses in England, and his private racecourse stood at the end of the park, its situation being now occupied by a coal mine. (As a boy, I was given the huge gold stop-

watch with which he there timed the pace of horses, but I have long ago lost it.)

His hunting exploits, like those of his youngest brother, Frank Sitwell of Barmoor Castle, were many and famous. The most fantastic incident at Renishaw — only to be matched, indeed, by the even more exotic episode in the time of his son, which I shall relate shortly — occurred early in November, 1798, when a "Royal Bengal Tiger" escaped from a menagerie in Sheffield. On hearing of its jaunt, and that it had killed a child, Sir Sitwell "generously went in person, with a few of his domestics, and with much trouble, as well as exposing himself to imminent danger," subdued and killed the animal with his pack of hounds, as it flashed its cruel tropical streaks through the cool mountain foliage of the Eckington Woods — those hanging woods and deep valleys that were once part of Sherwood Forest, full as they always are at that season of bracken and rowanberries, mingling their gold and scarlet, and of pheasants hurtling through the golden and misty air.

Such tales of Sir Sitwell still haunted the popular memory when I was a boy. Popular with everyone, even with those with whom he tempestuously quarreled upon occasion, stories of his willfulness and high spirit are rife, for he had impressed his personality upon the imagination of the countryside no less by his continual building. He added very largely to Renishaw — for example, he specially erected the ballroom for a rout he gave to the Prince Regent in 1806. Its ceiling has an ornament in the manner of the brothers Adam, which displays in the center the Prince of Wales's Feathers, and is said to be the first work upon which Chantrey, the sculptor, — who came from the village of Norton near-by, — was employed. He built, in addition, stables and paddocks and gates and triumphal arches (he himself sketched out upon a piece of paper the design for the gothic entrance arch to the park).

For many generations past, the Sitwells had been extravagant in matters of pictures and furniture — and a letter from a friend and neighbor exists, written a hundred years before Sir Sitwell inherited the estate, expostulating with the owner of Renishaw upon his "unheard of" expenditure on such kickshaws. In Sir Sitwell this tendency found its culmination. The marble chimney-pieces, which he put in the drawing room and ballroom, are superb.

The famous Perugino, perhaps the finest example of that master, which Sir Sitwell bought — I believe at the sale of the Orléans Collection in London after the French Revolution — was sold by my father a century later to Pierpont Morgan, but the five huge panels of Brussels tapestry by Louis de Vos which Sir Sitwell hung in the ballroom and great drawing room still, at the moment of writing, haunt those rooms with a plummy exoticism of pearls and elephants, garden vistas and trophies that burn in a livid light. The figures within them, clad in somber, rich brocades, golden or crimson, live in a sullen glow such as has never lit earthly beings; just as salamanders were said to be creatures of the flames, so do these exist in their own element, the same to which, in their cold burning,

all jewels belong. These panels must influence the imagination of all who see them, still more of all who have lived beneath them: and so, perhaps, Sir Sitwell to this day influences his descendants indirectly, besides by the folly of his expenditure. For the strain which Sir Sitwell placed upon the family fortune, though that was so large, proved too much for it to bear, and when he died of gout in the head at the early age of forty-two, he left his son a poorer, though certainly not a wiser, man.

Mrs. Swinton, in *Two Generations*, describes how Sir Sitwell was twice seen after his death, once in the streets of Sheffield, and once — on the same night — at Renishaw, while his body was still lying in the library. It was a very silent evening, after dark, and a relative of his widow was sitting in the hall, next the room in which was the coffin. She heard a ring at the front-door bell and, the servants being at supper, opened the door herself. Sir Sitwell, his face illuminated by the lamp she held up, looked steadily at her from the darkness beyond and then disappeared. The same incident, or something akin to it, has happened on more than one occasion; the face of a man, for example, was seen looking through the door at the time of the funeral of Sir George, Sir Sitwell's son, some forty years later.

These singular stories possess for me an especial interest, because on the evening of the day on which I first heard of my mother's fatal illness, I entered the house, having returned from an expedition to Bolsover, to find two friends, who were staying with me at the time, much puzzled because a tall, rather indistinct figure had mounted the steps from the park and stared at them through the identical glass panels of the door; but when they opened it, he was no longer there, nor anywhere to be seen.

4

THE next owner of Renishaw, Sir George, was of a less gay and ebullient disposition, and appears in himself to have anticipated by a decade or two the sentiment of the Victorian Age, into which he survived. Like his father before him, he stood for Parliament, though in this case with some semblance of an election; and for a local constituency, Chesterfield. Indeed his candidature took place during the great Reform controversy. It was a brief episode, but left its own memorial behind it, in a book called *Figaro in Chesterfield*, a rare volume entirely devoted to abuse of Sir George and his chief supporters; an unusual honor, even in those times of which Dickens, in his account of the Eatanswill Election, gives so unexaggerated an account. For the rest like his father before him, again, he was that contradiction in terms, a "great sportsman," and though only half his father's fortune had come to him, liked to spend as much money. Memorials to his love of sport exist in the many paintings of his horses, and one of my great-grandfather himself with his huntsmen and hounds, by J. F. Herring. Sir George, indeed, had helped this artist to achieve fame. Originally the subsequently celebrated painter of horses was driving a mail coach, and one day he happened to show Sir George,

who had the seat next him, his drawings. Sir George, struck by his talent, gave him a pony cart and sent him round the country to obtain commissions.

Sir George was among the first English sportsmen to find their paradise in the Highlands, and for some years rented, first Birkhall, and then the old house which existed at Balmoral, before Queen Victoria bought the estate and built the new castle. Both he and his wife are so fully described by their daughter, Mrs. Swinton, in *Two Generations* that for their picture I will content myself with one small quotation from her. "It must, indeed, have been hard to find a prettier bride . . . when she first arrived at Renishaw, with her shower of golden, or light auburn, curls, her peculiarly slight and graceful figure, her large happy blue eyes, her skin as fine as a baby's, and cheeks and lips like a rose. Her boy husband was just six foot high, and was also very fair in complexion. He had beautiful teeth, features which were sufficiently regular, and remarkably dark-blue, kindly eyes."

It must also be explained that Sir George was finally ruined by an unfortunate combination of the expense of his style of living, a catastrophic fall in land values, the failure of the Sheffield Land Bank, — which closed its doors the very day after he had deposited in it many thousand pounds realized by the sale of land, — and the action of the brother of the family solicitor, who absconded with thirty-four thousand five hundred pounds.

During the two years that followed the collapse of his finances in 1846, Renishaw was shut up and many of its treasures were sold. But it is to this period that the other curious incident in its history, to which I have referred, belongs. Below the Wilderness stands a cliff, completely masked by trees — beeches with dark foliage and elephant-gray boles — and full of caves in the rock. Now the leaf mold mounts, and silts them up, so that, though still mysterious and dark, they are no longer so large as in the time of which I tell. But though many parks during the eighteenth century possessed caves, containing anchorites, who had been induced to reside there by the considerable salary offered them because of their "picturesque" qualities, none, I think, ever sheltered so strange an inhabitant as was found in one of these.

A few months, then, after my great-grandfather had been obliged to shut up his home, and while he was touring the small towns of Germany (where living was so cheap) with his wife and family, and the great house stood empty, all the more desolate because of the intense activity it had so long framed, the neighboring farmers began to complain of the inexplicable loss, now and then, of a sheep from among their flocks. Sheep-stealing was still a capital offense, but though a sharp watch was kept, the thefts continued at intervals, and the offender could not be discovered. Consternation spread.

Eventually however, one spring day, a year and a half later, and just after another sheep had vanished, a party of farmers, walking along the road that borders the park, observed a spiral of blue smoke ascending over the tops of the tall trees below the Wilderness, and thought it a peculiar circumstance. They decided to investigate, penetrating up the steep, narrow paths under the budding

branches along the cliffside. And there, they saw that the smoke issued from the largest of the caves and, entering it, found a tall Negro, naked except for a sheepskin slung round him, roasting part of a carcass over a log fire!

The explanation of this mystery is that the poor creature was one of the last demoded victims of the craze for black servants which during the former century had been so widespread. Brought out of Africa to act as page to Lord Scarsdale at Kedleston, about forty miles away, he had begun to entertain a loathing for white people and the way of life they obliged him to follow. So he had run away, and after several days of aimless but clandestine wandering — for he did not know the country — he had found this unexpectedly secret and secluded retreat. Here he had lived for more than eighteen months, going back to something more like his own method of existence, capturing a sheep from time to time, cooking it, and preparing its fleece as a covering for his body.

To this story, the sequel is happier than might have been expected, since my great-grandfather, a very humane man, by chance returned from his travels just at the time of the blackamoor's trial and, being chairman of the Bench of Magistrates, contrived, instead of having him hanged, for him to be repatriated, sent back to a joyous, demonstrative meeting with dusky relatives in the torrid zone.

This incident, together with the tiger hunt of fifty years before, always invested the immediate surroundings of Renishaw in the minds of those brought up in it with an air all its own, romantic and pertaining to the world of miracle. How often, as children, Sacheverell and I used to look in the deserted caves for signs of their vanished occupant, bones or the marks of fire upon the rock, or began to clear away the damp accumulation of leaves that partly blocked the entrance of some of them in order to examine the ground. Indeed, for me, it is a story that never loses its fascination. And, as I write this, and look out the window at white and endless perspectives, which, except that they are shrouded by guardian mists — though even these are in part frozen, hanging down from the white branches of the trees — seem to stretch from pole to pole, I still wonder how, accustomed to blazing equatorial suns and hot, languorous nights, that sepia-washed figure contrived to exist through the bitter winters of this part of the world, which, from its proximity to the Peak, often shows its trees encrusted with crystal, and its ground thick with snow, for months together, and how, too, his almost naked body looked, intruding with its sleek brown muscles into these Breughel-like vistas of gray and white, of icicle and iron twig.

5

SIR GEORGE lived on for two or three years after this kindly intervention, but never again inhabited Renishaw. His widow survived to the age of eighty-four, dying in 1880. She was the eldest sister of Archibald Campbell Tait, the subsequent Archbishop of Canterbury, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Craufurd Tait of Harviestoun. The Taites are descended from one of their name who is described on his tombstone, erected in about 1680, as a

“stonemason.” This has been taken by his descendants to mean an architect. But his father, the great-great-grandfather of the Archbishop, was a gardener — though more distinguished ancestors have sometimes been found for him in pedigrees. Craufurd Tait inherited in 1800 from his father the house and estate of Harviestoun. He was soon at work “improving” it — or, in other words, building and altering as hard as he could, without taking into account the consequences to himself or for others.

“The old house rapidly grew,” writes his daughter; “the improvements which succeeded each other . . . quite changed the face of the country. The highroad ran too near the house — it was moved as though by magic half a mile lower; clusters of poor mean-looking cottages occupied ground too near the back of the house — they disappeared.” In their place, Mr. Tait laid out a garden with Milton's sonorous version of the Garden of Eden from *Paradise Lost* as his model.

The attitude of “Let that hill be removed!” which this extract reveals, is well known to me; I grew up with it. (And it must be remembered that to move mountains is easier, often, than to influence those round you, and that the actual moving of them, with the illusion of power it affords — similar to that experienced by Xerxes when he ordered the sea to be flogged — offers concrete compensation for lack of success in other, more human, directions.) The sentiments, the wish to build and lay out, are doubly familiar; for I feel them in my own heart, and have, also, heard them continually expressed, on a basis of the best excuses, round me.

Thus, when reading of Craufurd Tait's experiments, I cannot doubt that his life, which ended well over a century ago, has influenced my own, both directly and indirectly. I recall, for example, an incident that occurred in 1924, when my father, surveying with an appraising eye the comparatively small garden at Weston, a house then already in the possession of my brother, nonchalantly remarked, somewhat to the surprise of the owner, “I don't propose to do much here; just a sheet of water, and a line of statues. . . .” (And then, suddenly, reverting to his other principal interest — medieval times — by, as it were, catching the blue eye of a periwinkle, effected a formal introduction of us to it in the following terms: “The Periwinkle! A charming flower, and a common term of endearment in the Middle Ages.”)

Or I think of a sentence I found lately in a letter, written in 1939 after his retirement, by Henry Moat, my father's old servant, who was with him for nearly fifty years (of him I shall have much to say later — and shall give many of his letters, for he was a born letter-writer). “It sounds like old times Sir G. arriving at Renishaw with a hundred disturbing plans. When I look back, he never entered any place but he commenced pulling down and building up, in short I have lived among bricks and mortar just like a builder's yard.” Or I read again a letter, which I found here among the estate correspondence, written by the young subagent to his friend, the agent, in 1911. (In that year my father had sold to Pierpont Morgan for a large sum the magnificent Perugino he had inherited, and this explains the opening sentence.)

"... I am wishing Pierpont Morgan to Gehenna, for now all the wild schemes which have accumulated for fifteen years are to be carried out. White, the landscape gardener was here several days last week and Lutyens one day. Already we are moving the entrance to the Chesterfield Approach a hundred yards toward Thirby Cliff. A drive to Foxton Wood is planned which will cut up no end of good arable fields and entirely re-arrange the fences and plantations. Three lakes are to be made in the Eckington Woods Valley. A new drive is to be made through Cadman Wood. A new drive and terrace are to be made though Twelveacre Plantation and Goodness knows what is to be done to entertain a crowd of people in the field between the Woods when Osbert comes of age. The drive is to be continued to the Ford past Never Fear Dam. The Ince Piece Wood is to be re-constructed. A swimming-bath is to be made under the waterfall, and the waterfall raised to three times its present height. A 'crowsfoot vista' is to be cut in the Wilderness, for which plans have had to be made and platforms erected to be able to see where they would strike. Terraces are all to be pegged out. A pavilion is to be built in the lake. (Lutyens' idea is a stone ship.) An extension is to be made at the top end of the lake, ditto near the Sawmill, and the Sawmill is to be removed, etc. etc. etc. What next, I wonder? ... He is talking quite seriously about this lot. Heaven help us if he does a tithe of it. I find no time for anything except taking levels. Estate work will be in a pretty mess presently."

Of course, in the case of my father, this urge to build — and especially to build gardens — was fortified by the similar strain, equally strong, which he had inherited from Sir Sitwell Sitwell; but though I little used to think so, now, having studied the facts, I often wonder whether this trait, in many ways so amiable, but which I have seen ruin other families descended from the same blood, may not in reality have been transmitted through many generations from the striving hearts of an obscure Scottish stonemason and his still humbler father, the gardener, and so have no claim to patrician origin. Who knows what schemes in stone and mortar, in trees and flowers, these men may not have dreamt?

From 1814 onwards, for thirty years, the Taits, a numerous sept, frequented Renishaw. Relying on Sir George's weak, kindly, and sociable disposition to make them welcome, hordes of indigent Scottish relations poured down on it from the north, making it the general headquarters for their various campaigns. Several of the younger of them found here a permanent home. But the burden of the expense thus thrust upon him was undoubtedly one of the contributory causes of my great-grandfather's ruin, and so, too, has affected the lives of my own generation, for it conditioned my father's mind to the perpetual fear of being imposed upon, and rendered him continually on the lookout for extravagance in others, and in other than the directions approved by himself. To be financially safe, he felt, one should be friendless. ("Such a mistake," he remarked to me once, without explanation, "to have friends!")

Again, for the play of action and reaction upon lives

much later in time, it should be remarked that Archibald, my great-grandmother's youngest brother, was brought up at Renishaw, and this also was not without its consequences. His lameness was cured through Sir George's sending him to a bonesetter of the period: without which treatment it is doubtful whether he could have filled the office of Archbishop. Subsequently he became my father's guardian — for my grandfather died when my father was two — and no doubt his ultra-religious zeal was, in its turn, largely responsible for my father's unbending atheism, the certainty of his conviction. Admittedly his childhood and boyhood were martyred by religion, and Renishaw is still full of holy books, given by the Archbishop, and containing, in his handwriting, exhortations to his ward to attend church constantly.

I once asked my father, I remember, how he had escaped the contagion of the prevalent church fever.

"Well," he replied, "when I was three or four, I came to the conclusion that I was too young to understand such things properly, and so had better reserve my judgment until I was old enough to form an opinion of my own." And when he grew up, his lack of conviction assumed a very positive form. He could not be said to "cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt." He was no mere agnostic.

In addition, however, to the suffocating religious atmosphere of his home, an incident, or an adventure, when he was a boy of nineteen, had helped to crystallize his disbelief; he had, during a vacation from Oxford, been one of the two chief protagonists in the first direct exposure of a fraudulent medium. This lady had long been the most famous of her kind, possessed the trust of Sir William Crookes, and was the regular vessel of his psychic experiments; moreover, the séance, in which her body had been found masquerading as a spirit, had taken place at the headquarters of the British National Association of Spiritualists itself. Previous to this, it had been given out by the members of the faith that anyone touching a manifestation would die, so that my father's action in holding the "spirit" and preventing her from escaping had required courage and enterprise. But henceforth, until he became an old man and his attitude softened, indeed completely altered, there were no spirits, no ghosts, neither angels nor devils, no God, nothing behind the scenes, as it were, but the Law of the Survival of the Fittest — and the fittest were those at present in possession.

Nevertheless my father, in spite of his convictions, remained attached to the Archbishop, who was very kind to him. As a boy, when in London, he always stayed at Lambeth, and later, when he first went to Oxford, he was touched by the fact that the Archbishop had written, with his own hand, seventy letters of introduction for him. The Archbishop died before I was born, but I bear him a slight grudge — it would be stronger if I liked port better — because during the long visits of those days, which he paid to Renishaw, he often suffered from episcopal sore throat (an occupational disease, one imagines). Port was then held to be the best disinfectant, and, as only the best appeared in the butler's eyes good enough for the Archbishop, a bottle of 1815 port, the finest vintage ever

known, was always taken up to his room, and he gargled away bottle after bottle, year after year, until the large stock became exhausted.

6

MY FATHER could not recollect his father, Sir Reresby, and though I lived so much with my grandmother, Lady Sitwell, who will often appear in these pages, I know little of him, except that he was a man of strong temper and deep affections, who suffered greatly by the ruin of the estate. To him, the shutting-up of his old home, and the forced dispersal of much of its contents, came as a shattering blow. In an effort to be helpful, he found that he had made himself responsible for his father's enormous debts, and that there was no prospect that the property would recover in his lifetime. He had married when his affairs had appeared to be in a less lamentable condition, and the feeling that he could not support his wife and children in the style to which he was accustomed preyed on his spirits. Singularly enough, his early death helped to rectify the position, and during my father's long minority the estate, owing to my grandmother's management of it, recovered.

When he was a cornet in the First Life Guards, my grandfather devoted himself chiefly to sport, but he had other sides to him, for he was a friend both of Ruskin and of the philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, and was an accomplished water-color artist. For a few years before his marriage, he had lived alone at Renishaw, only part of it being then furnished. My grandmother did not see the house until she was on her honeymoon. She describes in her diary her first visit, in October, 1857: "I peeped out very anxiously between the trees, as we came near Eckington, but instead of seeing the *house*, to my surprise we saw about thirty men on horseback with white favors, and flowers in their horses' heads, they rode in front and on both sides of the Dog-cart, which felt like an odd sort of triumphal car, and drew up in line at the gates and again at the great door to cheer us, and to welcome me. 'Another cheer for Lady Sitwell, another.' I thanked them as best as I could, but was glad to escape to the solemn house. . . . Reresby's Batchelor rooms are so pretty and so droll, and we had a pleasant evening in them, with Eckington Church bells ringing as if we had *all* been married that morning, and the wind howling through the empty passages of this huge house. The next morning Reresby tried to show me over it, thereby making me sadly confused in my head, and afterwards I tried to explore alone but could not get it done, some distant door slammed, or the wind howled like a human voice, and back I ran, never stopping till the *two* boudoir doors were shut behind me." After a week, they left, to go to Rome. ". . . Frank the gardener made me a parting bouquet of lovely ferns and orange blossom, and I gave my last look at the little boudoir with real regret, and again from the train at the grand old house standing in full sunshine, looking as if it wondered how it *could* be left, dismantled and deserted."

When they returned from Italy, they made their home at Renishaw, living in a quiet way there, with much sport and wood-carving — his hobby — and a great deal of religious and charitable activity. But four years later, my grandfather died at the age of forty-two. His widow, sad and lonely, with the responsibility of two young children to care for and the wreck of the Sitwell fortune to nurse back to health, lived thenceforth mostly at Scarborough, only paying visits to Renishaw. And during the years of my father's minority, by her constant attention and cleverness, she pulled the estate round. She was, indeed, a woman of remarkable ability and charm, with latent fires in her, a great personal dignity, and an inflexible but softly masked will. And with her, we approach a family of whom I believe many members to have been of outstanding character — not necessarily always pleasant.

My grandmother was the daughter of Colonel Hely-Hutchinson, a brother of the 3rd Earl of Donoughmore. His grandfather, the founder of the family, was John Hely, son of Francis Hely of Gertrough, and he married the niece and heiress of Richard Hutchinson of Knocklofty, whose name he soon added to his own. An eminent lawyer and statesman, and a magnificent orator — as a young man he had been an intimate friend of Quin, and it was said that the great actor had helped him with the preparation of his oratorical effects — he was known as "Silver-Tongued Hely-Hutchinson," and his portrait by Sir Joshua shows us a man with a certain appearance of fervor and animation. A friend of Edmund Burke and many other celebrated politicians, he possessed as many, and almost as distinguished, enemies. Nobody, I believe, ever attempted to disparage his ability or to deny that he was a most extraordinary character, but he was accused of venality, and his opponents described him as a "harlequin genius" and declared that he had "received more for ruining one country than Admiral Hawke had been given for saving three," and that he was "so avaricious, that if King George III gave him Ireland one day, he would ask for the Isle of Man the next," while the *Dictionary of National Biography* sums up by saying that, in spite of "many public and private virtues," his political career "was throughout vitiated by an intense and inordinate desire to aggrandise his family."

In fact, he was a master of the bland art of nepotism, at which many of his nation excelled. As Secretary of State for Ireland before the Union, he enjoyed, therefore, the most interesting and fruitful field for its exercise, and some of the coups he achieved were so remarkable, even in that day, as to seem worth recording. For example, a son of his, Lorenzo, continued to draw army half pay — £133.5.8 a year — long after he had become a clergyman of the Established Church of Ireland, and also long after the Act of Union had been passed. But even this arrangement must have appeared simple in comparison with the other which follows. The Chief Secretary contrived to obtain a commission as Colonel-in-Chief for one of his nieces or favorite cousins.

This young lady never, of course, commanded — or even joined — her regiment; nor, though a colonelcy

was a valuable thing to own in days when commissions were articles of commerce, varying in value like stocks and shares owing to the state of the market, did she dispose of it. On the contrary, being evidently no believer in small profits and quick returns, she held on to her investment until her death at an advanced age — though as an old woman she used energetically to denounce the authorities for having, a little while before, removed her from the full-pay list and placed her on half pay.

In 1785 Hely-Hutchinson accepted a peerage for his wife, who was created Baroness Donoughmore. He had six sons, nearly all of whom were remarkable men. The eldest, who had commanded the Cork Legion in 1797, was made an earl in 1800, and was an enlightened statesman and a great friend to Catholic emancipation. After his death, the Catholic Association described him with enthusiasm as “the hereditary patron of the Catholics.” The second son, John, was the real founder of the English power in Egypt. He possessed abilities of the highest order. When Sir Ralph Abercromby went there to take charge of the Army of the Nile, he insisted on Hely-Hutchinson’s being appointed as his Second-in-Command — perhaps because he so well understood the French Army and French mentality, having been educated partly at the Military Academy of Strasbourg, and later, during the French Revolution, having held an appointment for a time on the staff of Lafayette. After Sir Ralph’s death he took command, and in 1801 turned the French out of Egypt. Bunbury describes him at the time of his great campaign in these rather unflattering terms: “He was forty-four years of age, but looked much older, with harsh features, jaundiced by disease, extreme short-sightedness, a stooping body and a slouching gait, and an utter neglect of his dress.” He shunned “general society, was indolent, with an ungracious manner and a violent temper.” A portrait of him by Phillips, now in the possession of my brother, depicts him on the other hand in his scarlet coat and white buckskin breeches as a good-looking and elegant man, with a somewhat cynical aplomb; a real eyeglass face; and it seems odd that, if Bunbury accurately describes his characteristics, he should have been so intimate a personal friend of the Prince Regent, that model of worldly elegance. Moreover, all the other members of his family were unquestionably handsome, of a fine, intellectual appearance, and with a look of distinction.

Of his famous campaign, the *Dictionary of National Biography* remarks that his “movements were at first slow and cautious, but when his plans were formed, he carried them out with great sagacity and success.” On his return to England, the General was granted the resounding title of Lord Hutchinson of Alexandria and Knocklofty, with a pension of £2000 a year attached to it, and, in 1807, was made Military Plenipotentiary in Russia at the time of the Treaty of Tilsit.

From this family, I am sure, my father took much in his make-up, his voice and power of speaking in public, — he was an unusually good public speaker, though he required, to be at his best, a large audience, — his financial outlook and grasp of practical detail, and also his essen-

tially forensic point of view, which enabled him to champion, clad in the shining white armor of unquestionable justice, any cause which happened to appeal to his way of thinking or feeling.

Of Lord Hutchinson of Alexandria’s brother, Francis, and of his wife I know little, except that he, too, like so many of his family, was for some time a member of Parliament, and that she was a cousin of his. Their son, my great-grandfather, from his portraits, was a startlingly handsome and agreeable-looking young man, and his career displays all the adventurous qualities of his family and his race. He ran away from Eton at the age of twelve, and joined a Portuguese regiment, since the English Army would not have him at that age, in order to fight in the Peninsular War. (The Duke of Wellington, his godfather, subsequently obtained for him as soon as he was old enough a commission in an English regiment.) He fought or traveled or lived in Spain, Portugal, Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Italy, and South Africa.

When stationed in Paris in 1814, he formed an attachment for a Polish Countess, a daughter of the Prince de Ligne, who had been married against her will to a man thrice her age, and for a long time they were lovers. Thirty years or more after this liaison had been broken off, when he had become a most respectable married man, reveling in the conventions of the mid-Victorian age, she died, a widow, and left him all the immense Polish estates and possessions of her late husband! At the request of his wife, however, he relinquished these legacies. But when my brother inherited his house, Weston, about twenty years ago, we found in the library, discreetly framed on the inside of a blotting pad, a miniature of Sidonie, portraying her as a radiant young creature, with masses of fair curls and muslins, in the style of the Empire; all that was left of this romance.

During his travels, the Colonel kept a diary. Some of it is in Spanish, which lends it variety, and there are certain erasures made by his wife, and later by his daughters, who acted as self-imposed censors, cutting out any remarks that offended their epochal sense of morality. Even their efforts could not altogether banish from every entry the signs of his susceptible disposition as a young man, but, in spite of them and his extensive travels, the few dull patches that went to the composition of his character — for in life he was apparently anything but dull — all contrive to make, together, a powerful impression in the pages of his journal. Devoted to details of agriculture and commerce, one is irresistibly reminded, when reading it, of Arthur Young, author of the *Travels in France*, of whom Miss Maxwell has written in a recent book, “When attempting to describe a house, he will give merely the measurements of the rooms, and only the baldest account of the scenery.”

The Colonel had a similar passion for seeing countries, and he is forever measuring statues and basilicas, gardens and waterfalls, battlefields and armies: he even measures the month, beginning the new one with, let us say, “1st November. November has 30 days.” He tots up

leagues indefatigably, but the endurance of at least one reader is stretched almost beyond the point of endurance, when, having gone to Russia and Poland, he begins to measure in *versets*!

In most of the entries, a curious, very British, censoriousness is evident, and I shall now make one or two brief quotations to prove their quality:—

“*Lisbon, 27th February (1814).* . . . The people are wonderfully altered since I was here the first time. They have entirely left aside the *Capote*, wear round hats and dress to a degree smart and clean, without anything tawdry, which formerly they valued themselves upon. They ride on saddles made after the English fashion and cut short their poor horses’ tails to make them look English—they ape and endeavour to copy us, and do everything, but to think and act like Englishmen.

“*Sunday 6th March.* I went to General Neronha’s funeral. He was buried at 9 o’clock last night with all the honours due to an eminent General, and with the pomp and swaggering of his Nation. Before the body arrived at the Church, the conduct of the spectators was shameful, and shewed a great lack of Religion, and certainly of feeling. The principal people of Lisbon assembled in the Church, and it was more like, a *Levée* than a solemn meeting, everyone talking upon trivial subjects and laughing. During the Service, three gentlemen behind me were engaged in dispute; whether Admiral Martin (by whom I was standing) was a Christian or a Heretic. The firing of the guns from the Castle was fine and awful. . . .”

These entries have a little of the atmosphere of Beckford’s letters from Spain and Portugal, though they are written twenty years after, and have not been touched up, as were Beckford’s. A year later, a laconic entry possesses a certain family interest:—

“*Paris, 1816.* The month of March passed in a most particularly dull manner. No society, bad weather, no hunting, and my brother in a rascally prison for having helped in saving the life of a Frenchman.”

This last grumble relates to the sentence passed upon his elder brother, John—afterwards 3rd Earl of Donoughmore—for having helped General Count de Lavalette to flee from France. The general had incurred the death penalty by his Bonapartist activities, but on the day upon which he was to be guillotined, his wife dressed him in her own garments and smuggled him out of the Conciergerie in a sedan chair. But Paris was so well guarded by English, Austrians, Russians, and Prussians that he could not succeed in leaving the city.

At last his friends appealed to General Sir Robert Wilson, who was noted for his chivalrous generosity, and he, aided by the two officers Bruce and Hely-Hutchinson, dressed Lavalette as an English officer and smuggled him in a cabriolet through the barriers and over the frontier into Belgium. “The English gentlemen,” says a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, who refers to the incident many years later, “were arrested in Paris and tried before the Court of Assizes of the Seine. . . . They were sentenced to a brief term of imprisonment; but they found their reward in the cheers and embraces of the spectators

in court, and in the applause of all liberal France.”

John Hely-Hutchinson was sentenced to three months’ imprisonment and was deprived by the King of his commission; but he was soon pardoned and returned to his regiment. His brother, however, continued to regard him as very ill-used.

In the winter of 1817–1818, when he was twenty-seven years of age, my great-grandfather went to Italy, for pleasure and the improvement of his mind. At Weston there is a walnut, each half of which contains a kid glove of Princess Paulina Borghese, Napoleon’s lovely sister, famous for her small hands, though her whole body was celebrated so exquisitely by Canova. Of her he gives a lively account on December 30, 1817:—

“I dined with a beautiful and famous personage, who thinks of nothing but her little handsome person and of her dress. She is illiterate, and amusing when she does not attempt to read Tasso. Her court is made up of Singers, some Sycophants, and of young handsome officers. It is astonishing how people are breaking their heads to get even a sight of her.”

His account of the Roman Carnival, too, is not without charm:—

“*7th January 1818.* The sight of one Carnival at Rome will, I think, content me for all the rest of my life. Pelting *confite* is amusing to those who like such fun. The masks are good, but little to say for themselves. The most curious part is to see about twenty thousand—they say forty thousand—people ranged by an impudent soldiery on either side the Corso, a charge of cavalry ensues in the space of a few minutes, and then the Horses, who run from one extreme of the Corso to the other without riders. The last day finished with an exhibition of rather a singular nature, which is call *moccotelli*. After the Horse-race, the Corso is one sheet of fire—everyone carries lighted candles and the carriages are filled with them. A great noise is heard, crying out ‘*Morto chi non porte moccotelli!*’ . . . From the Principessa Borghese’s balcony we saw the sight remarkably well, and covered the people underneath with wax—they try to put out each other’s candles, and you will see a Clown blow out the *moccotelle* of a Princess, and push his way into the carriage to light it again, and perhaps then blow it out a second time. . . . These people are the most good-natured and illiterate fools I ever met; they are just fit to live under their present government.”

At the monumental and magnificent Royal Palace of Caserta, near Naples, two months later, the young Colonel mingled with the disapproval he meted out some enjoyable measuring:—

“The palace has 746 feet in length by 576 in breadth, and is rectangular. It is 113 feet in height with 2 *grands étages* and 3 smaller. Vanvitelli was the architect. The rascal ought to have been hanged five times over for laying out, or rather throwing away, so much of his country’s money. And it is yet unfinished. The Staircase is fine—the gardens and waterfall, of both of which they so much brag, are quite horrible. As to the Aqueduct, it is nothing to those who have seen Lisbon, Pont du Gard or Llangothlen. . . . I hate kings more than ever.”

It is of a certain interest, besides that which attaches to the difference in feeling manifested between two periods a hundred years apart, to compare Colonel Hely-Hutchinson's account of the palace with that of his great-grandson, Sacheverell Sitwell. In the century that had elapsed, Caserta had been forgotten, buried under the dusty accumulation of Ruskin's crockets, pinnacles, and gothic lace and lavender, and it was my brother's book — his first prose work, written at the age of twenty-two, fresh, strange and lovely as the music of *Petrouchka* — *Southern Baroque Art*, and especially the essay in it entitled "The Serenade at Caserta," which again brought sightseers to this shrine of the eighteenth century, when it was said by English travelers "to be the greatest building since Roman times."

Alas, discursive and disquisitional as I want this book to be, I must nevertheless refrain from a very lengthy quotation, and content myself with the passage which follows: —

"Those who object to the conscription of labour in Russia can take pride in Caserta, built in the last days of despotism. It is the work of slaves, some of them negro, but in great proportion European. This last great work of slave labour is heartless, as you would expect. The staircase, with its ceremonial landing, the chapel and theatre are famed for their marbles. . . . The porticoes leading through the house recall drawings by Bibbiena. Beyond them lie the gardens, rising for two miles up a hill, and of such length as to necessitate a carriage. The innumerable groups of statuary on successive landings along the cascade become monotonous. The water drips down slowly past you, passing from basin to basin, between the two straight roads that border it.

"Arriving at last at the height of the hill, where a mere fall of water into the topmost basin precipitates this small avalanche, there awaits you the biggest and most imposing of the statue groups. But it is the view when you turn round on your ascent which is the culmination of this immense work. Very far down the avenue, just filling the space between its two arms, lies the palace, absolutely still and uninhabited. On the left there is Vesuvius, like an inkpot with a cut-down quill pen in it. Then the eyes naturally travel again down the groove laid for them. The trees of the avenue, as they fade and go smaller in the distance, have the air of gently spinning like tops in a slight mist. But the dropping water and the hot afternoon turn them to hundreds of bells, smaller than almost any leaf. These millions of little tongues are lolling, or beginning to chatter, and the whole volume of their song, swinging as it goes along all the little bells it touches, eventually jumps right off the trees over the palace. And there, in the heart of the mist, over

the middle of the palace roof, far enough at sea for this music to be heard, lies Capri, looming out of the mysterious sea like a huge whale's back."

Of the landscape so imaginatively described above, all that Colonel Hely-Hutchinson notes is: "The hills around are bleak and naked, with few even of those miserable olive trees upon them."

In April our traveler had reached Venice, where he indulged in an orgy of measurements and statistics. At the Armory, "the ropewalk has 995 feet in length. The whole is three miles in circumference." Then, swelling to a mood of Jeremiah-like prophecy, his culminating paragraph runs: "Since the revolution there are eighty palaces in Venice utterly destroyed and two hundred houses, the population amounts to only a hundred thousand. . . . There is no commerce of any sort, not a single English flag in the harbour. All foreign productions are prohibited. From January to June the entry made in English vessels was of 4000 tons. From June to November of the same year it had diminished to 300. . . . Before the Revolution there were 15,000 gondolas here, now there are not 4000. In fifty years, Venice will be no more."

Colonel Hely-Hutchinson's entries in his diaries of travel become more dry as he grows older, until finally he no longer went so far afield. In the spring of 1825 he married Harriot, the daughter of Mr. William Wrightson of Cusworth, and the widow of Sylvester North Douglas, the only son of Lord and Lady Glenervie, and thenceforward, apart from long visits to Ireland, divided most of his time between London, where he had a house in Brook Street, and Weston in Northamptonshire. After his wife's death, he went abroad for a change: he was by that time an old man, and took with him two of his grandchildren — my father and my aunt, then very young. My father told me that, when they reached Brussels, the veteran offered them the choice of a treat: they could visit with him the field of Waterloo, upon which he had fought, or he would take them to a circus. Unhesitatingly, they both plumped for the circus. But the old gentleman seemed in no way put out.

Unlike so many other members of the family, however, Colonel Hely-Hutchinson entertained — as the reader will have deduced from the entry concerning Caserta in his diary — a horror of overbuilding. No doubt Weston, a compact and pretty manor house, appealed to him for this reason. And after his first visit to his daughter at Renishaw — this, it must be remembered, was subsequent to the sale of much of its contents, so that no doubt many of the rooms looked bigger for being so bare — he remarks in a letter, "By whom, or by how many, Renishaw was built, it is a folly."

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR